

COUNTRY LIFE

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Bassano, Ltd.

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

38, Dover Street, W.

The Duchess of Beaufort, whose husband has just succeeded to the dukedom, is the elder daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, and, therefore, a niece of H.M. Queen Mary.

COUNTRY LIFE

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A GREAT COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

WITH the late Duke of Beaufort there passed away one of the last of a fine old type. In him were epitomised the traditions and instincts which we like to think typical not only of the great gentleman, but of Englishmen as a nation. It was men such as he, through long generations, who gave to the old aristocracy, and through them to every stratum of society, the national ideals of hard, clean living, true sportsmanship and chivalry, straight dealing in the administration of a trust, great or small, and loyalty to the established order of things. All who have the slightest acquaintance with the great Beaufort domain in the West recognise it as but slightly changed in spirit from that of the feudal fief. The duke, who bore rank and titles as splendid as any in the land, was a great country gentleman even before a great nobleman, and dwelt at Badminton in the manner loved and celebrated from the earliest dawn of our literature. The type can be traced distinctly through the centuries, and its characteristics vividly survived in him. Chaucer's splendid description of the Knight:

That fro the Tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and courtesie

might have been written of this duke. The same type was drawn by Fuller.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the true gentlemen are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to inferiors. He rejoiceth to see his tenants thrive. If he be no great rhetorician, he counts it great wisdom to be the good manager of yea and nay.



IN HIS HUNTING PRIME.

If his tenants loved him, his immediate servants adored him and his duchess. The visitor to Badminton, where the fine old state described 250 years ago by Celia Fiennes was still in some measure kept up, could not but observe in the attitude of all, from the groom of the chambers downwards, that same love described by Addison in the household of Sir Roger de Coverley:

I could not but observe the Joy that appeared on the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's arrival at his country Seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master. At the same time, the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered his Enquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves.

The name "Old English," given by Mr. Galsworthy to the character in his recent play, might with yet more justice have been applied to the duke. When, on his succession, he obtained the hereditary control of the pack, the Badminton, he hunted six days a week, and at one period there were often two packs out the same day. Though he kept a magnificent stable, it was rather in the kennels that the duke's real interest lay, and in him Peterborough loses a famous judge of puppies.

Fine sportsman though he was, we have chosen to dwell on that rarer characteristic of his—the Chief of a great Clan, composed of gentry and yeomen farmers, whose ancestors had farmed their acres and accepted the duke's conditions time out of mind. Many of the latter held their farms for centuries only by the year, for no money, no bribe, could terminate the leases of "the duke's men."



COUNTRY NOTES

QUEEN ALEXANDRA attained her eightieth year on Monday, and the event was celebrated by a gathering of affectionate relatives and friends, among whom were included the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. It was a birthday kept in the good old style, with much giving of presents and good wishes. As the years pass, the latest birthday of Queen Alexandra differs from those that have gone before only in being, if possible, more affectionately observed. Her Majesty won the hearts of her future subjects when she first landed on these shores as the affianced wife of the Heir Apparent. From that day to this their love and loyalty never have abated.

ONE of the literary events of the year was the production at Dorchester of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The version was made by Mr. Thomas Hardy thirty years ago, and this was its first representation on the stage. We are sure that it will not be the last. Mr. Hardy has been eminently successful in bringing the wide spaces of the novel into the compass of a single night's entertainment, all made as clear and definite as heart could desire. If the same cannot be said of the Dorset moorland and scenery, it is because that was simply impossible in a play. "Tess" is sure of a welcome when she makes her appearance in London, as must inevitably be the case. We have all the greater joy in this success, because it happens that Mr. Hardy contributes to this Christmas number a poem perhaps the most appropriate that could have been devised. The very title "Winter Night in Woodland" falls in with the sentiment of Christmas. That is just the moment when fancy conjures up the bird-baiters with their clap-nets and lanterns, the land-carriers of the smugglers carrying their tubs from "some nearest bay," and, at the end, the music of the carols as the waits go round from house to house. It is a finished old-time picture.

NOTHING could have been more appropriate than the little sermon on the maintenance of good-will that the Minister of Agriculture addressed the other day to the Agricultural Wages Board at its opening meeting. First, he drew attention to the fact that local committees are in each case advancing the minimum wage. In his own words, the first four committees "have agreed rates that indicate a definite advance in wages." Since the fixing of these rates, however, there has been an improvement in agricultural prices, and the prospect is that this improvement will be accentuated and continued. His advice to the farmers was that, should this good prospect materialise, they would do well to share their prosperity with the workers. Mr.

Wood boldly laid his finger on what must be a point of discussion. Both parties should approach it with good-will. They know that fluctuations in price must be looked for in the world conditions now prevalent, and it is necessary to future success that good-will must be maintained on both sides. What he meant was that the low standard of wages rendered necessary when agriculture is depressed is not sufficient to keep an efficient population on the land, and should be cheerfully increased when profits admit. A shilling a week gained or lost either way is a small matter in comparison with the maintenance of cordial relations.

MANY interesting speeches have been made at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club, and in many respects that of Sir Charles Hyde on November 28th will compare with the best of them. At any rate, it showed the working of a mind comparatively fresh to the task. The speaker has been an owner for only two years, but the time has been sufficiently long for him to form a number of very decided opinions. One is, that there should be no racing on Mondays except on Bank Holidays. The change would provide racing people with a day of rest and give bookmakers and backers a chance to get over the Monday's settlement. Sir Charles thinks that Epsom should be replanned and rebuilt. As a "carnival" it has had its day. Another suggestion of his will, we feel sure, meet with a great deal of support. It is that, in his view, parades before a big race are absolutely unnecessary. They upset the horses and delay racing. They should be abolished; in other words, it is of very little use to maintain anything connected with racing that is merely spectacular. Did space permit, we should also like to say a word in support of his remarks about "mugs" who lose their money on racing.

WEEK END.

I lit your fire, I picked you flowers . . . I found that
rose—

The last—I aired your linen and your books I chose . . .
I opened wide your window and I heard the robins sing.
(You see, I cannot help remembering everything!)
It was so quiet here. And, suddenly, so cold,
The last leaves were falling down like discs of rhymy gold . . .
I felt the east wind on my face, and knew there'd be no rain,
When I took the little car, and flew to meet you at the train.

Laughter . . . music . . . talk . . . and pleasant
things to eat,
Firelight and silence and scent of burning peat—
And then, it's Monday morning! Bring the suitcase down . . .!
Good-bye . . . I'm in the country and you've gone back to
town!
GRACE JAMES.

MR. F. S. JACKSON, in a letter which appears in our Correspondence pages, makes a very interesting comment on a recent article in COUNTRY LIFE by Colonel McTaggart. Racing men know too well how many a great-hearted young horse has been irretrievably ruined by injudicious use of the whip, and many a sluggish or bad-tempered brute flogged into winning when his own inclinations would have left him at the tail of the field. In one case a good horse is possibly lost to the stud; in the other a bad one sent to it to perpetuate in his stock the most undesirable qualities of equine character. As Colonel McTaggart says, the use of the whip should be for encouragement, and for encouragement only. His suggestion is that a standard pattern whip, strong enough for all reasonable purposes, but not strong enough for punishment, should the jockey lose his head in a moment of excitement, should be made the rule. This has the double recommendation of being in the best interests of our racehorses of the moment and of the future. Fortunately, the abuse of the whip is far less frequent than it used to be here; but abroad, where jockeys are often less experienced than ours, many distressing incidents of that sort have occurred. A strong line taken by the Stewards of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee would have far-reaching effects, and it would be well if they would consider at the same time the question of forbidding the wearing of the cruel and utterly useless sharp spur in steeplechasing.

THE New Zealanders beat the Welshmen at Swansea and beat them easily, as most people thought they would. They played a fine game in difficult circumstances and deserve unstinted congratulations. There was more anticipatory excitement over the match than, perhaps, strictly speaking, it deserved. Our visitors contributed to it, apart from their skill and their unbeaten record, by openly regarding it as the great event of their tour. When told that Welsh football was not what it was and that the English fifteen was now far the stronger, they always came back to the fact that Wales had won nineteen years ago and that, above everything else, that defeat must be wiped out. The Welshmen, too, are nothing if not patriotic; they hoped against hope that, inspired by memories of Gwyn Nicholls and Morgan, their men would rise to unsuspected heights on "the day." And thus a tense and dramatic atmosphere was created, which is not the best possible one for a football match. The excitement of the Welsh crowd is apt to be rather too contagious. However, all went well; the two teams exchanged jerseys as friendly mementoes on leaving the field, and there can be no kind of question that the right men won.

THE Rugby match is *the* event of the Michaelmas term, as far as University athletics are concerned, but last week's relay races provided at least a stimulating introduction. It was pleasant to see so large an assemblage at Fenner's, and those who came had their money's worth in the matter of excitement. From the beginning it was tolerably certain that everything would depend on the hurdle race, and so it did; it depended on the inches by which the judges, after some debate, decided that Lord Burghley had beaten A. E. Porritt, the "Olympic" sprinter from New Zealand. Very often a relay hurdle race ends in a fiasco, since one of the four pairs of runners falls and thereby gives the other side a start that can never be recovered. This time, however, there were no disasters; there was scarcely a foot in it between any of the couples, and as the last two rose dead level at hurdle after hurdle the scene was breathlessly dramatic. That race won the match for Cambridge, for they were practically certain to win the four miles, and the illustrious D. G. A. Lowe, his honours from Paris still thick upon him, enjoyed a placid and triumphal progress as he strode home in the last mile. It is, indeed, the one disappointing feature of relay racing that too often the great men who come at the end are left either with too easy a task or a hopeless one.

THE festival of St. Andrew's Day at Eton was very pleasant overhead and very unpleasant underfoot. The playing fields are always capable of a desperate muddiness in the winter half, but they excelled themselves last Saturday. Football must have been a prostrating business, and the feet of the small boys in the final of the Lower Boy House Cup looked very heavy towards the end of the game as they tried ever so gallantly to muster a last gallop. In the circumstances, two teams of old boys representing Oxford and Cambridge gave a very fine display in the afternoon, and they maintained an unflagging pace to the very end. There was no score in this match, neither was there in the match at the Wall, and it never seemed likely that there would be any. The only reason why a team drawn from seventy Collegers can generally hold its own with the pick of a thousand Oppidans is that the Colleger learns the game from his youth up and the Oppidan only plays it, if at all, in his last year or two. This contrast between science and strength was particularly emphasised on Saturday. The Collegers were young and light, and a good side must needs have overpowered them; but the Oppidans showed no enterprise and did not know how to use their superiority, and Colleger sticking to it grimly made a draw of it. Seldom has a muddier or more exhausted side trailed homeward through Weston's Yard, but they had fully earned the traditional battering of spoons on tables which greeted them later on in Hall.

THE extent to which the Chamberlain Housing Act has succeeded in its purpose was stated the other day by its author to have been not only in excess of his own expectations, but far beyond the figures hitherto published.

The greatest number of houses ever built in a year was achieved in 1905, when 129,000 were erected. For the twelve months ended in September 30th last actually 110,000 were built, and on October 1st 90,000 more were in course of completion. These figures, as Mr. Chamberlain remarked, gave reason to hope that a far greater number would be completed in 1925. Of this 110,000 over 90,000 were of a rateable value under £26 a year. The future policy of the Government will be to make as little reversal as possible in housing policy. Thus the Wheatley Act, which merely increased the subsidy from £75 per house to £240 in order that the house should be let at an artificially low rent instead of being sold, will be left on the Statute Book and be allowed "to hang itself in its own rope." Calculations made by several local authorities go to show that, in spite of the Wheatley subsidy, houses built under that scheme would have a rent as much as, and in some cases more than, that of houses built under earlier legislation. If the Government can reach an annual output of 150,000 houses, kept up for five years, the shortage will be practically remedied.

MR. MILLMAN'S second list of meat prices such as the retailer should charge is extremely interesting. According to his figures for good-class British and imported meat, Scotch beef should cost the housewife from 1s. 10d. to 2s. a lb., English 1s. 8d. and imported 1s. a lb. We need not go over all the beef prices, as these are a fair sample. Mr. Millman quotes for the best meat, but points out that there are inferior grades available which should be sold at lower prices. The corresponding figures for mutton are: English and Scotch legs, 1s. 8d.; imported, 1s. 2d.; lamb, Scotch, 1s. 10d., New Zealand, 1s. 7d.; while a leg of pork should be purchaseable at 1s. 4d. a lb. wherever it comes from. These figures ought to prove useful aids to those who go shopping.

PONTE-VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

The heart of Arno holds in ward
A shining lily, and a sword;
A King's delight of jade and pearl
To coif a favourite's head;
The still gleam of a dancing-girl
In naked beauty, dead.
All secrets lie in Arno's power
At the old, tremulous evening hour.

From tower and mart and dim arcade
Upspring the lights to star her shade—
For Love is there, and Hate is there,
Terror, and trust, and shame,
And children's play, and loneliest prayer
In Arno shine the same.—
The darkling cypress from the heights
Unheeded, broods upon those lights.

O hearts that hide a deadlier stream,
A deeper dusk, a lordlier gleam—
O memory, wonder, hope, that are
Where men and women meet
Between the silence of a star,
The clamour of a street—
Unbridged ye pass; ye buy and sell,
And flow your ways to Heaven, or Hell.

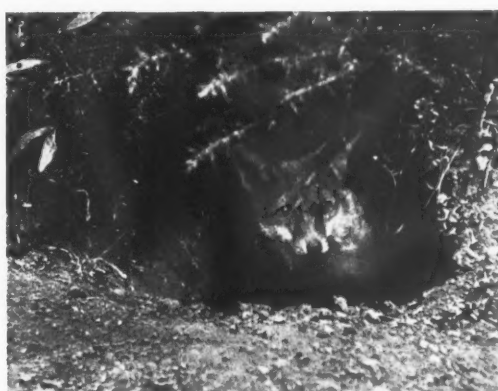
MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

IT is to be hoped that the Home Secretary was right in hailing the re-opening of the City and South London Railway as a great step towards the re-organisation of London traffic. The problem offered by traffic he described as almost a nightmare to him, and he was convinced that that problem would never be solved by allowing everybody to travel above ground. The streets are so congested that it is difficult to see how they can bear more traffic. Our oldest "tube" railway, now that it has been reconstructed and extended, will be a very considerable help out of the difficulty. It has been re-christened the City Railway. When the improvements are all completed, the service is to be extended north to Edgware and south to Morden, and the total length, according to Lord Ashfield, will be over twenty-one and a half miles. We need not dwell on

the facilities that it will afford those in trade for travelling to and from their residences. A great many will be able to pitch their camps in the country, travelling back and forward to their work at a minimum of expense. The combination of omnibus and underground services, for which season tickets will be available, ought to turn out a boon and a blessing to those who make a daily journey.

ON Saturday night the Prime Minister, in his address to an audience of schoolmasters, touched lightly upon many aspects of education and very gravely upon one of them. This is, that education is of more political importance now than it ever was before. Ignorance is a great danger when the franchise is vested in millions liable to be led astray by any specious doctrine poured into their ears. "It has never been more urgent," he said, "to wage the war of reason against the passion that may be stimulated by mob psychology." Yet it is not a merely pedantic education which will secure this end, but one in which

moderation and common-sense have been cultivated by teachers who were as much distinguished by these qualities as by scholarship. In our schools character should receive as much attention as intellect. His little portrait of the ideal schoolmaster could not be bettered—"the man whose character all unconsciously impressed us, the man who was patient, who was honest, who was fair." In the performance of his daily task that kind of man showed a spirit that makes us feel a thing right if we believe that it would have met with his approval. In this Mr. Baldwin was pointing the way in which he hoped that progress would be made, but he did not take at all a pessimistic view of the present state of education. Children are healthier, and that is saying a great deal. There are still insanitary schools and ill-nourished and defective children, but their number has decreased and will continue to decrease under the auspices of the present Government. It was a speech that lost nothing of its weight by being delivered in an extremely pleasant manner.



WINTER NIGHT IN WOODLAND

(Old Time.)

The bark of a fox rings, sonorous and long;
Three barks, and then silentness; "wong, wong, wong!"
In quality horn-like, yet melancholy,
As from teachings of years; for an old one is he.
The hand of all men is against him, he knows; and yet, why?
That he knows not—will never know, down to his death-hallo-cry.

With clap-nets and lanterns off start the bird-baiters,
In trim to spend most of the night in the copse,
Where they bivouac jollily, while their awaiters
Grow heavy at home over sundry warm drops.
The poachers, with swingels, and matches of brimstone, creep, creep
To steal upon pheasants and drowse them at roost and asleep.

Out there, on the verge, where a path wavers through,
Dark figures, filed singly, thrud quickly the view,
Yet heavily laden: land-carriers are they
In the hire of the smugglers from some nearest bay.
Each bears his two "tubs," slung across, one in front, one behind,
To a further snug hiding, which none but themselves are to find.

And then, when the night has turned twelve, the air brings
From far distance, a rhythm of voices and strings:
'Tis the quire, just afoot on their long yearly rounds
To rouse by quaint carols each house in their bounds;
Robert Penny, the Dewys, Mail, Voss, and the rest; till anon
Tired and thirsty, but cheerful, they home to their beds in the dawn.

THOMAS HARDY.

THE LOMBARDY POPLAR

OUR STATELIEST TREE.

In stifling lane and garden bed
The flowers droop, listless in the heat,
O'er petals lying dead.
The elms stand motionless. The fir's
Hot scent hangs stagnant. No breath stirs
Across the shining wheat.

But far above the flowers a-swoon,
And far above the silent sheaves,
From pallid dawn to languid noon,
The poplar trees are whispering low
To little secret winds that blow
Among their murmuring leaves.
The poplar trees are singing, throughout the sultry hours—
Songs the cherished garden flowers
Will never, never know;
Songs the blessed harvest field will never, never know—
Are singing to the little winds that flutter to and fro.

"Songs of a Day," by Isabel Butchart.

IS not Miss Butchart's a wonderful example of what a masterpiece of description can be achieved with only a very few words? Here is an epitome of English landscape in high summer. It has in it a garden of flowers, a harvest field, a lane with elms and oaks as wayside trees, and, as centre, a tall fastigate tree, with little winds blowing

in England with the cypress in Italy: but this is not to say that they have any racial connection. It means only that both are highly ornamental trees; but the climate of this country is unsuitable to the cypress, which otherwise would be grown to as great an extent as the poplar.

One cannot avoid thinking that a fine passage in one of the "Songs of Angus" was also produced by the joint efforts of the tree and the poet, for the poplar is a tree that sings.

An' whaur the trees are meetin',
There's a sound like waters beatin',
An' the bird seems near to greetin'
That was aye singin' bauld.

When they are little higher than bushes, the young poplars answer the wind's caress with a noise like the clapping of small hands or of raindrops pattering on the leaves. So close is the resemblance to the effect of a summer shower that it makes the eye look round for shelter after the millionth time of being surprised by it. The freedom of movement is common to all varieties, but most marked in the small but interesting aspen. The aspen is the trembling poplar (*P. tremula*). The motion of its foliage is, in a greater or lesser degree, that of all the poplars,



M. O. Dell.

THE VALLEY OF LUZ.

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music through the high tops. All is set forth with the aid of one hundred and seven words, and the structure is as complete and graceful as the tall poplar itself, and it leaves us listening to the music of "the little winds that blow." But we must not forget the co-operation of the tree. Its beauty invited and engendered the song. From time immemorial its compact, upright and slender figure, rising in a straight line, has pleased the eye and quickened the imagination of the singer. It may be that certain passages in Ovid, Virgil and Horace referred to trees in general rather than to the poplar in particular. *Populus* at first seems to have had a wider meaning than it came to possess later. The tall trees which Horace admired in the rich man's garden might quite possibly have been eastern cypresses. Indeed, it is often said that the poplar corresponds

but it is more pronounced in the aspen, and is caused by the long and slender foot-stalk which is flattened vertically, thus giving to the leaf such freedom of motion that the slightest breath of wind produces the quivering which Sir Walter Scott loved to watch. Sir Walter Scott made many references to it, of which the most familiar is that in "Marmion":

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made.

So good a forester was unlikely to fall into the mistake of some of his countrymen and take the aspen for a willow. This quivering of the leaf is as interesting to watch as it is to listen to the gentle noise with which it is accompanied.



AT BOURNE END.



Frith.

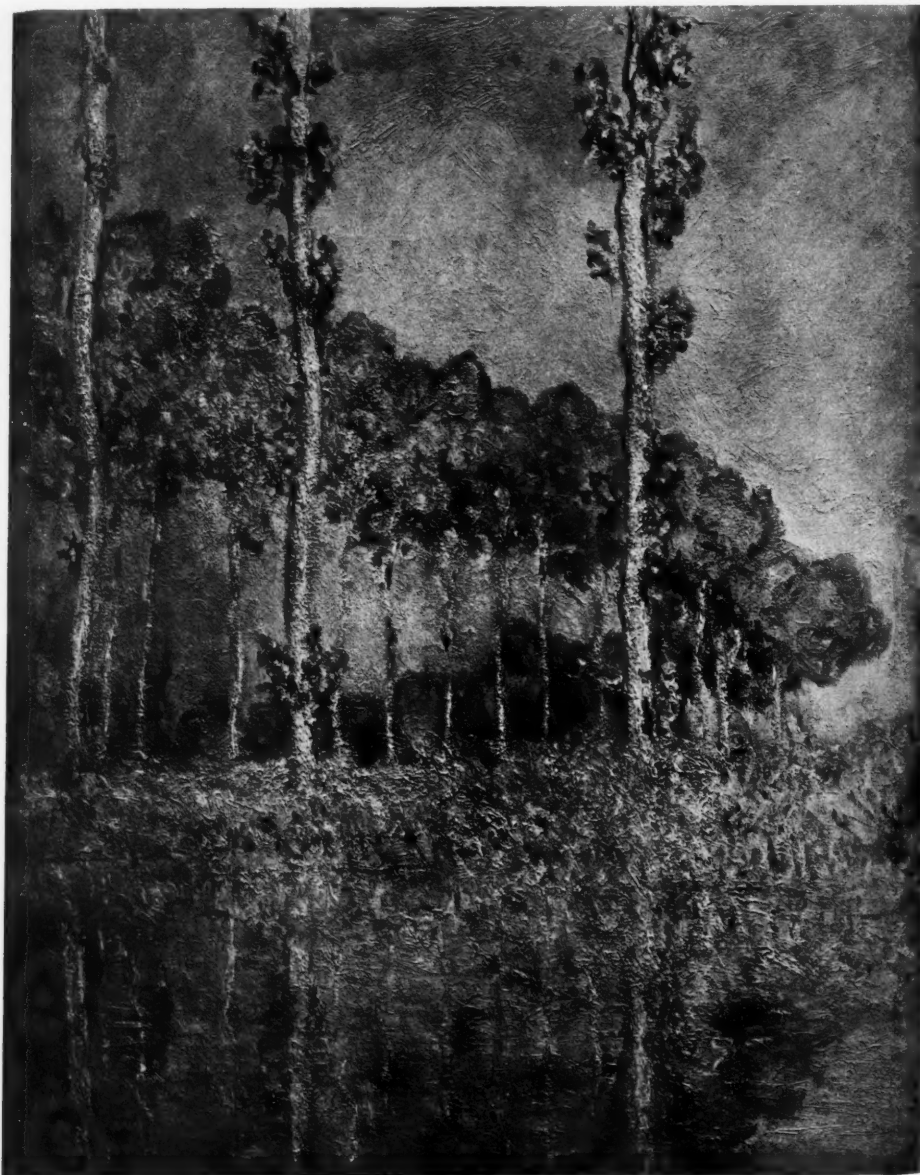
THE TWELVE APOSTLES.
(On the Severn between Buildwas and Ironbridge.)

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But the poplar's greatest claim to attention lies in its stately beauty. It makes little appeal to the timber merchant, although there are parts of the world—Asia Minor, for example—where its long trunk is sawn into narrow planks and used for building houses. The reason advanced for doing so is sometimes quaint. A friend of the writer, who was a student of forestry when the war broke out, asked a native in Thrace why the poplar was preferred for house building, and received the curious answer that it is the only timber which keeps away bugs and fleas! Poplar wood serves other purposes, but they are not very important. In this country, at all events, the poplar is essentially ornamental, and the Lombardy variety is by far the best and most imposing. A well grown specimen standing in solitary grandeur, with his imposing height, his branches closely knit and growing upwards, is an aristocrat among trees. He is even more impressive as part of a group, and the poplar has qualities

show the trees with their beautiful reflections. One could not wish for a finer example of the beauty of well grouped poplars. A companion picture to it affords another example of the beauty of poplars in a riverside setting. Anyone who has the good fortune to have a stream running through the garden, or a good sized pond or little lake can always produce a charming effect by planting a group of poplars by the edge of the water. Spenser may have had that in his mind when he spoke of the "poplar never dry," but he is pretty certain to have known also that the characteristic of the wood is to be soft and wet.

The poplar does well in London and in the Home Counties. There is a lovely avenue of them between Brentwood and Romford. The three commonest species in the metropolis are the Lombardy poplar, the aspen and the necklace-bearing (*Populus monilifera*). Fine specimens are to be found in Lincoln's Inn Fields and around Poplar. One of the best known grows in



"THE POPLARS," BY CLAUDE MONET.

which make him ideal for a London avenue. This is largely due to constitution. Smoke and other disadvantages of town life do not disagree with him in the slightest. Many times in London a poplar has grown up happy and healthy in building refuse. There is one great need of his which must be satisfied. Into a list of well characterised trees, "the cedar proud and tall," "The builder oake, sole king of forrests all," "the vine-propp elme," and so on, Spenser places "the poplar never dry." He was probably thinking of its pronounced love of water. It will grow in almost any soil that is sufficiently moist. Anyone travelling, say, in the West of England, Wiltshire, for example, will never find poplars climbing the hills. They love best to grow in the valleys and moist depressions. They are seen to perfection in such a picture as that which we show over the title of "The Twelve Apostles on the Severn," in which the photographer has skilfully taken advantage of the position to

the grounds of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. Mr. Webster estimates that some of those growing by the banks of the Regent's Canal contain fully 200 cubic feet of timber. Those in Waterlow Park and on Primrose Hill seem to thrive excellently on the deep, stiff clay. They were planted in 1886, and when measured in 1918 the average height was 73ft. and some of the stems contained 52 cubic feet of timber.

What must be regretted is that, according to Augustine Henry, who probably has a fuller knowledge of the poplar than anyone else living, "it appears to be a short-lived tree, and is said to be dying out in Germany. As it does not now apparently attain the immense size recorded in former years, there may be some truth in the opinion advanced by Focke that, as all the trees have been raised by cuttings since the origin of the first sport, they may now be dying of old age." Mr. Elwes held very much the same opinion. P. A. G.



on exhibition at The Sporting Gallery.

NEARING THE END.

From the painting by G. Denholm Armour,



From the painting by Gilbert Holiday,

THE CANAL TURN

on exhibition at The Sporting Gallery.



on exhibition at The Sporting Gallery.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

From the painting by Lionel Edwards,



on exhibition at The Sporting Gallery.

DOWN THE WATER.

From the painting by J. M. W. Turner.

GHOSTS OF SPORT

I WILL not swear that he was a ghost. Possibly a mere fancy, a trick of the night—any one of the half-score cold reasons which you may find if you are minded to be material. But I prefer to believe in my fancy as a ghost—a spirit of the old "bucks." I knew him for his kind as he brushed me by in the street, a flitting nothing, like a delicate trick of the night wind.

There are many of his kind whom one may meet in these quiet by-ways off Covent Garden any night of autumn, when the skies are full of the whisper of winds, and old memories are awake in houses that once held the great, streets that once knew the nightly games of the bucks. My ghost may well have been of that dead crew. Such a buck—ruffled, silver buckled and periwigged—as must often have dined with my lord of Orford when his great house near by was full of the Norfolk squires, come to town to talk with the victor of La Hogue.

Yet, again, my ghost may have been of later vintage, a buck still, but of a more forthright sort—the kind of fellow who tied himself each night to Evans', there to sup and watch the play, after a day at the "Old Hats," watching my Lord Kennedy or "The Squire" dusting the tails of pigeons and fellow-gunners like.

Either of these he may well have been, or, for that matter, any one of a half-dozen of the famous sportsmen who, through the ages, have made this square half-mile of London the Mecca of their kind. I know no other part of London which holds such traditions of English sport as this maze of quiet backwaters whose central point is King Street, wherein The Sporting Gallery has now opened its doors.

How many memories of dead and gone men whose names are blazoned for ever in the annals of British sport and Bohemianism are awakened by the names of the streets alone—patrons of the National Sporting Club, members of the Garrick, bloodstock breeders and coursing men of Aldridges, heroes of the ring and men whose gun-dog sales at the famous repositories in St. Martin's Lane are a yearly landmark.

Go but a step farther back through the centuries and the list is greater. No. 35, King Street was the first home of the Garrick when the Duke of Sussex and the Earl of Musgrave were patron and president respectively.

The house which is now the home of the National Sporting Club is a place steeping in traditions of sport still older. Few buildings of its size have housed greater men. Originally a convent, it was later tenanted by the Earl of Sterling, Sir Henry Vane, Sir Kenelm Digby and, most notable of all, that Lord Orford who won the battle of La Hogue.

The first Cabinet Council ever held took place there in 1696, during Orford's time. He it was who introduced a great staircase, decorated with carved ropes and anchors, which was commonly said to have been taken from his flagship, the 100-gun Britannia. Nine dukes once dined there together, and Claude Duval practised sword-play in the garden.

Other tenants of the house were West, the antiquary, and Sir John Webb. Later, in 1773, it became the first hotel in London. Hogarth, Dryden, Pepys, Fielding, Boswell and Charles James Fox all visited there.

Its greatest fame prior to that which it now enjoys came, however, when Evans' Supper Rooms, the resort of all the bucks in town, was opened there. Evans' was half supper-rooms, half music-hall, and was famous, among other things, for baked potatoes, glees, madrigals, and mixed company. Thackeray

immortalised it in "The Newcomes," for it was there that Captain Costigan was called "a hoary old sinner," and there also that Thackeray, after reading the description of the death of Colonel Newcome to James Russell Lowell, was so overcome by the pathos of his own work that he burst into tears.

Other famous *habitues* of Evans' were Dickens, George Augustus Sala, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, John Leech and Serjeant Ballantyne.

Evans' vanished in due course, and the "Pelican" of blessed memory took its place, to be succeeded in 1891 by the National Sporting Club, which took over the premises then made famous by Ernest ("Swears") Wells and that pungent journalist "The Shifter." Thus began the home of great fights, the first important one being that in May, 1892, when Peter Jackson defeated Frank Slavin. Small wonder that there are ghosts still in King Street to mingle with the living men who are drawn to-day to the newest sporting venture in that district of sporting traditions—The Sporting Gallery.

J. WENTWORTH-DAY.

ELEPHANTS OF THE GANGES FORESTS

ALL along the base of the Himalayas, from the west of the United Provinces to Assam and on through Burma, wild elephants are still found in small numbers, but in most places they are preserved by Government so as to retain a sufficient number for replacing the Government stocks of tame elephants whenever the necessity arises. Hence the would-be elephant slayer has to go to South India or



A TUSKLESS MALE AND THE BROKEN TREE.

Burma if he wishes to add an elephant to his bag, unless he is prepared to wait until one of these elephants becomes a public danger and is therefore proclaimed by Government to be shot.

Probably the largest number of these wild elephants is to be found in the dense forests of bamboo which exist at and near where the Ganges debouches from the hills a few miles above the sacred Hindu city of Hardwar, and it is in these forests that the present writer has had many opportunities of studying and photographing these elephants at home.

Wild elephants are not very easy to approach closely on foot, as they are either nervous, and bolt straight away, or are liable to charge, neither of which eventualities makes their photography any easier. Also, they live in such dense forest that they are often practically invisible from so low a standpoint as on foot. Hence, probably the easiest way to approach them is on a tame elephant, but the trouble is that most tame elephants are extremely frightened of wild elephants, and nothing will induce them to go anywhere near one if they possibly can help it. Luckily, however, there is one Forest Department elephant, named Balamati, and she, with her mahawat, Karim Buksh, is willing and keen to face the ordeal

—which is much more fancied than real—and it is with the help of this couple that the photographs illustrating this article have been obtained.

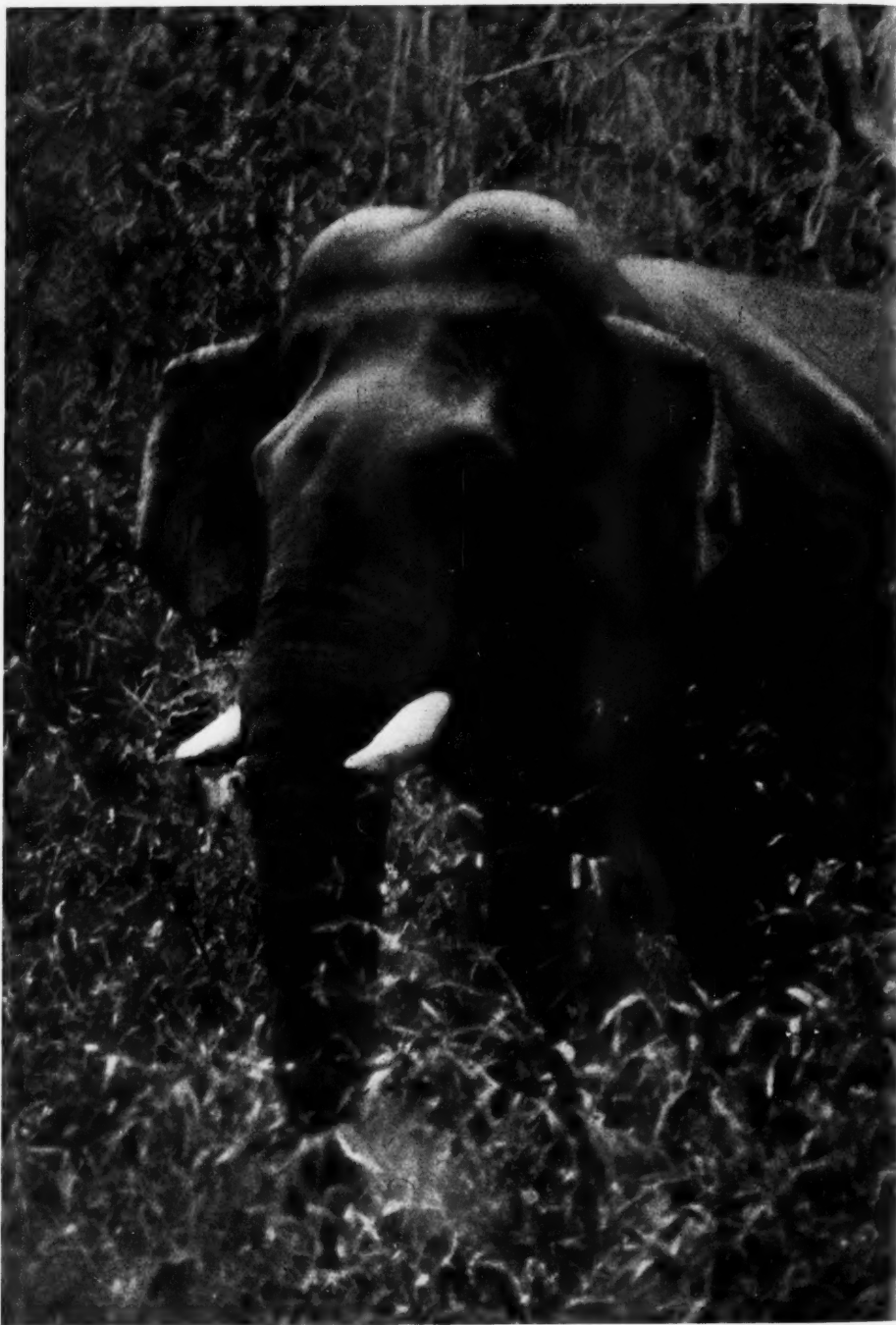
The first few efforts at obtaining photographs were far from successful, as all were new to the game, and what with a swaying elephant, poor light, and the photographer's heartbeats, all the negatives were blurred. The attempt at photographing the first wild elephant ever seen by the writer is well remembered.

It occurred when marching on Balamati from one camp to another, when a loud report, which the writer immediately thought to be the sound of a poacher's gun, suddenly rent the air, but the mahawat said it was caused by a tree being pushed over by an elephant. This was not quite believed; but on investigation it was found to have resulted from the breaking of a young sal tree, over which a wild elephant (a *makna*, or tuskless male) was standing amid dense undergrowth. The writer was much excited, and at the same time annoyed, at being able to see so little of the beast, so he did what he has since realised to be a very foolish thing, and stood on his elephant's pad to make an exposure with a valuable reflex camera. Had the tame elephant got scared (which was more than possible), he must have fallen off, and even if he had not hurt himself in falling or been touched by the wild elephant, he would most certainly have smashed his camera to pieces. However, the wild elephant looked at him for a minute or two while he was endeavouring to hold the camera still, and then, turning suddenly, went off at a sharp walk, and, strange to say, hardly seemed to make any sound whatever in brushing through the dense jungle. It seemed almost impossible for so large an animal to make so little noise, and the impression he gave was that of some weird grey phantom balloon floating away through the trees. This was the first effort and, although quite unsuccessful, was a very interesting experience. Since then many exposures have been made with varying success, but the greatest difficulties with which one has to compete are poor light, due to the denseness of the bamboo forests, and the shaking of Balamati owing to her violent heartbeats when close to a wild bull elephant. One often wonders what she is thinking about at the time, as she herself used to roam about wild in these very forests at one time before she was caught in a *kheda* of twenty or thirty years ago. Hence it is quite possible that she may recognise some of her own brothers and sisters, and that her agitation may be due to this recognition, rather than to fear, as one usually supposes.

The vast majority of wild elephants here will let one approach fairly close on a tame elephant—they probably do not see one—and then they either suddenly realise that there is something wrong and turn to flee for long distances without stopping, or they come nearer to investigate. The latter type are those that give photographic chances, and on a number of occasions it has been possible to expose several plates as a bull has come nearer and nearer, being covered with a shot-gun for emergencies by the mahawat all the while, until he has drawn too close to come properly within the field of the camera. This is the exciting time: the elephant coming nearer and nearer, one never knows what he will do next; the third illustration was taken on such an occasion as this, with the photographer's wife, on Balamati, with him at the time. This tusker came within about ten yards of the party, until it finally became necessary to fire in the air to drive him off; and even then he only went back about twenty yards, and stood swaying his

head, so that the party decided that discretion was the better part of valour and retreated, leaving him in possession of the ground. On other occasions elephants have looked nasty; but about fifty exposures have been made within 30yds. range in two seasons without any trouble, so that there would appear to be little danger in approaching quite close to these animals beyond the chance of coming across a bad-tempered individual, which risk must always be present.

It is probable, however, that Balamati will now never wish to go near a wild elephant again, as she was out recently grazing in company with three other tame elephants, when they were suddenly attacked and injured by a small wild tusker. The reason for the attack is not known, but the tusker attacked each



AN ELEPHANT WHOSE TUSKS HAVE BEEN BROKEN OFF AND SHARPENED AGAIN.

of the four tame elephants in turn, and inflicted savage tusk wounds in the hinder portions of each one, the injuries in one case being very severe. This attack was very unusual, as the tusker in question had not previously attacked men or cattle in the neighbourhood or made himself notorious in any other way. At the time of the attack he was accompanied by a large calf, and it is possible that, not being strong enough to obtain any wives for himself, he tried to bear off one of the tame ones, and in endeavouring to drive them off into the jungle with him he inflicted these injuries.

However, whatever the reason may be, Balamati will probably be of no use for this work any more, so that the writer will have to seek his photographic adventures elsewhere in future.

ULTERIORA PETIT.



"COMING NEARER AND NEARER."



TYPICAL BAMBOO JUNGLE IN WHICH THE WILD ELEPHANTS LIVE.

THE PERIL OF ENGLAND'S ANCIENT ROOFS FROM THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE

By H. M. LEFROY, *Professor of Entomology, Imperial College of Science, South Kensington.*

TWELVE years ago the discovery that the precarious condition of Westminster Hall roof was mainly due to the ravages of the grub of the beetles known to entomologists as *Xestobium rufovillosum* led to attention being directed to its habits; and, though there are many scanty accounts of the life history of this beetle in the literature, not much was known in detail.

Westminster Hall yielded no live material; the grubs had done their work, the attack had ceased, and during the following eleven years very little live material was ever available. A church roof near Aylesbury was found full of live grubs, but one could not remove it and had to kill the grubs. So with other roofs. St. Paul's was slightly attacked, Staple Inn more seriously. In Gray's Inn the attack has ceased. It is in progress, unfortunately, in Peterborough Cathedral, in some city churches, in many old country churches, in the stately buildings of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, in probably a very high percentage of buildings which contain any oak. In 1923 the present writer was on holiday in Lowestoft, and a

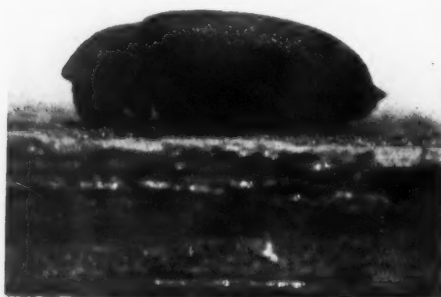


1.—From a drawing of the death-watch beetle $\times 10$.

it will take time to work out the life history, it is already certain that eggs laid in 1924 will certainly not be beetles before 1926 and more probably 1927. Furthermore, the eggs are obtained plentifully (one beetle laid eighty-seven). It is known that they are not inserted in the wood, but in cracks; and it is known that the beetles fly with great speed.

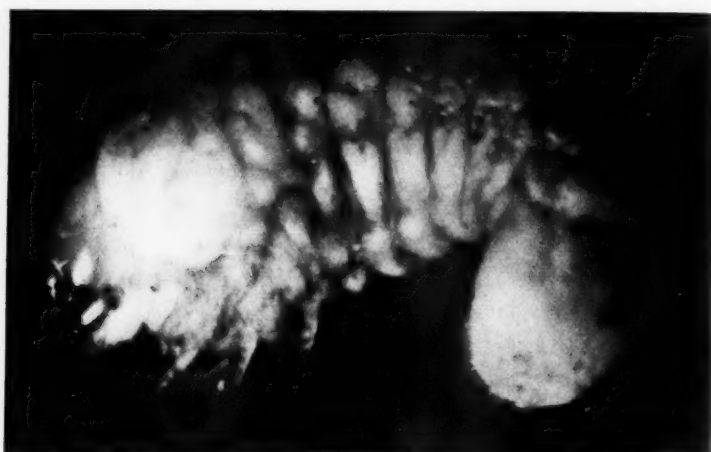
After eleven years' study of the beetle during which time enough had never been available to determine these points it was interesting, to say the least, to be one of a party at Knapton sitting round watching the beetles to see if they would "tap," and to see one vanish in very rapid flight. Flight is apparently rare, but when the beetle does get off it does so with great speed. With this material it is probable that the definite basis of fact can be soon obtained upon which real protective measures can be based.

Two more experiences may be mentioned. In an endeavour to get material, a survey was made of the many thousands of oak trees in Richmond Park. Nine were found to show the characteristic flight holes of the

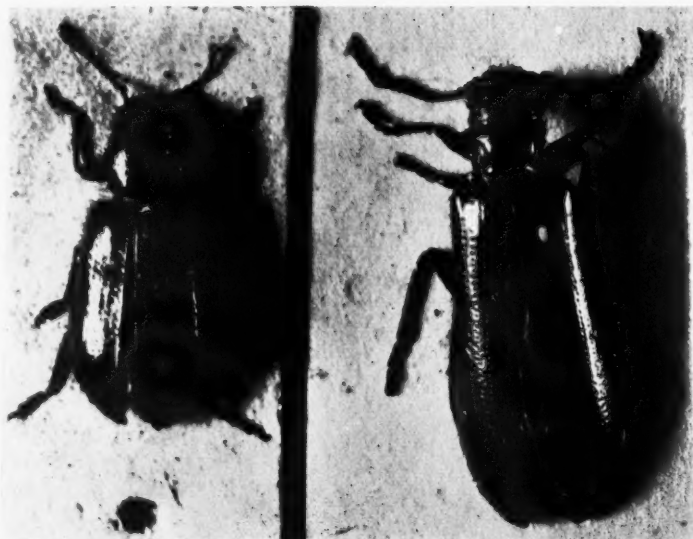


2.—SIDE VIEW OF THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE $\times 10$.

fellow visitor advised a visit to Knapton Church in Norfolk; this has the very beautiful decorated Angel hammerbeam roof known to all interested in architecture. A visit to Knapton was literally a shock. The oak block floor put down in 1882 was, after forty-one years, devastated by the beetle. To an entomologist who has never had more than a dozen or twenty beetles alive it was amazing to find that beetles there were caught in hundreds, and that one could pick up a loose block and shake out grubs in plenty. Thanks to private generosity, the floor was bought, transported to London and placed in security where plentiful beetles can be bred out, studied and their habits elucidated. There are three tons of oak blocks in a certain spot in London from which are being obtained abundant grubs, chrysalides and beetles. With this material it has been possible to learn something more definite, and though



3.—GRUB OF THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE $\times 20$.



Corynetes cœruleus.

Tillus elongatus.

4.—THE ENEMIES OF THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE $\times 8$.

beetles, and from one such hole a live beetle was seen emerging on a certain morning in May, 1923. Through the kind offices of Sir Frank Baines, K.C.V.O., H.M. Office of Works granted permission for the removal of this tree and had it cut down and split. This went in a lorry to the laboratory. Intensive splitting up yielded one beetle and one grub of the beetle which is believed to feed on the death-watch beetle. The death-watch beetle that had emerged before my eyes had been the sole survivor, but there was nothing on which to feed these two very much more valuable insects. We had no death-watch grubs then, not having found Knapton, so they perished.

The second experience was equally heart-breaking. The oldest church in England has a beautiful lych gate. It, too, was decayed, and the churchwardens sent bits to the proper official authority, who said, "Your gate has had death-watch beetle, but is now only inhabited by *Corynetes cœruleus*" (one of the beetles that eats death-watch beetle), and the lych gate was accordingly repaired, treated and restored. One does not want to rob any church of a lych gate, but imagine one's feelings to hear of the loss of a priceless stock of the natural devourer of the death-watch beetle, which we could have multiplied and spread to old buildings to do their beneficent work.

It is known that there are four beetles found in the burrows of such beetles as the death-watch and the furniture beetle which apparently devour the latter. They are common probably in the wild habitat of the death-watch, notably old oak trees, and have apparently not spread to buildings or to worked timbers except in the tragic case of this lych gate.

To readers of COUNTRY LIFE two aspects of the death-watch beetle's activities are of special interest, and it is these I desire to emphasise now. The first is the fact that, literally, nearly every building in which oak is used structurally is probably attacked, or has been. If it has been and no further attack is in progress, well and good. Such cases occur, and though they are few, they are definite. One must only be sure not to repair or restore with new oak unless it has been rendered proof against fresh attack. Unfortunately, most buildings are now attacked. It has been my

holiday task (not an enviable one when it means climbing roofs) to examine churches and country houses in search of the enemy of the death-watch, and it is utterly disheartening to find in nearly every case definite evidences of attack now in progress. I have a list before me of buildings that have been investigated. Nearly all are attacked, and I dread going to see a building for fear of what I shall find. I am not exaggerating nor trying to alarm those in charge of churches or owners of country houses, but it is a sober fact, and in many cases it is explained by the fact that in the prosperous times between 1850 and 1900 roofs were restored or repaired with oak and the attack then started.



6.—The exit holes of the furniture beetle, *Anobium punctatum*. ($\times 3$.)

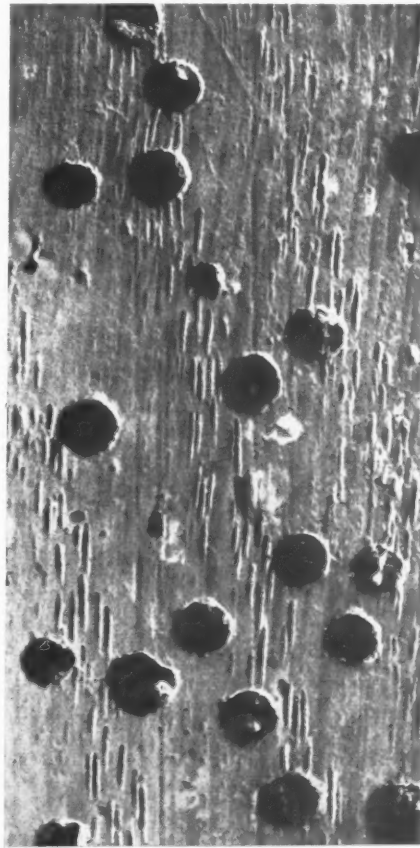


5.—OAK IN RICHMOND PARK INFESTED WITH THE DEATH-WATCH BEETLE.

In one case, a very perfect oak roof, the only sign, apart from old emergence holes, was a few little heaps of fresh pellets. One could not undertake expensive treatment upon such evidence alone. A detailed survey produced a loose oak piece with live grubs! And treatment must be done. As a rule, attack, if any, is at the ends of beams near the walls, in wall plates, at the ends of principal rafters; in fact, wherever the wood is not well ventilated.

Recent investigation brings some measure of comfort if attack is found. It lies herein, that superficial dressing of even infected timber may be sufficient. The beetle must go out, the grub must get in. Therefore a poison dressing that will penetrate reasonably, that will give off a vapour poison where there is a burrow system, that will leave an unalterable permanent poison, should be sufficient. This is not beyond the skill of the insecticide manufacturer, and it is a relief to know that we need not take a roof to pieces or do extensive pumping in of fluids under great pressure. The main difficulty is to get at wall plates, the ends of principals, etc.; but if these are uncovered and well soaked, they should be secure for all time.

This article has been written to stress one point: Will those who have infested timber, and particularly old oak trees infested, look out for beetles, and especially those that prey on the death-watch? For eleven years we dreamt of finding a abundant death-watch material. We found Knapton; now our dream is another Knapton or, maybe, oak trees full of the beetles that eat the death-watch. We have the material to feed these on if we can get them, and we know where we can let them loose when they have bred and multiplied. So if any have the opportunity of helping, those interested will do all in their power to collaborate.



7.—The exit holes of the death-watch beetle, *Xestobium rufovillosum*. ($\times 3$.)

The second point is how one knows if attack is going on. We know now that the beetle must emerge from the wood. In so doing he makes a characteristic-sized hole, shown exactly in Fig. 6. No other insect makes such holes. If the holes are old, dirty, the edges not clean cut, they may be neglected; but if new, then one must investigate. In many cases of floor or roof timbers, one can whitewash and wait. If after the next spring there are no new holes, well and good. If there are, then beetles have emerged and trouble may be looked for.



LAST IMPRESSIONS ON DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

THEY were marking where the new street is to run, from Berkeley Street to Stafford Street, as we peered through the grubby windows of the ballroom. The grass in the garden of Devonshire House is rank and grey, fading at the north end of what were the lawns into a grove of noble trees. Still amid the unkemptness it is possible to see where used to be quiet alcoves and walks. On pedestals above the decay are statues of Greek athletes, sooty, but still vigorous. They and their prototypes have the power of surviving man's works. They stood alert and upright when Greece was falling about their ears, when Byzantium and Rome and a hundred rich cities of the ancient world mouldered to ruin. Here, when the housebreakers and auctioneers and builders and surveyors have taken possession of Kent's perfect little mansion, for two centuries the scene of Cavendish hospitality, the Wrestlers seem awaiting the word to spring off their plinths and bundle the whole crowd of dingy workmen into the street. For two thousand years and more they have waited, and again they will be carted ignominiously away, still waiting.

People on 'buses gazed at us curiously as we stood in the forecourt or passed across the drawing-room windows. We must have looked like ghosts in that deserted house. A romance is connected with the fate of the Portland stone urns, those miracles of weather-etching in pearl white and sooty black that charm me every time I pass along Piccadilly. It is said they have been bought, together with balls and coping, by an American gentleman, well known in this country. This gentleman and his wife once had rooms at the Ritz, thirty years ago, which looked straight out on to a pair of these urns. They fell in love with them then and there, hopelessly, covetously. Every year that they were over here they reserved the same rooms, to be near the urns of Devonshire House. Now the wheel of fortune has creaked round, and they have bought the whole set, to be erected on a reproduction of the brick screen, on Long Island.

Inside, Devonshire House bears the marks of the Save the Hospitals campaign, in which it played an honourable part. The pillars of the under-hall are painted carmine. There are still notices directing to the cloakrooms and giving instructions to holders of tickets for balls, two years stale. The great gilt circular staircase, with the glass handrail, is cold and bare. The end of one of the steps—I think, the sixth from the bottom—is carved with acanthus leaves; all the rest are plain. Some carver, it is said, wrought it as a trial of his skill for treating the whole staircase; the exhibition seems to have been thought unfavourable, for he carved no more.

Occupying the centre of the first floor, on the south side, is Kent's great drawing-room, with coved and painted ceiling. Later than his work at Kensington, it is better than most of his work at the palace. It has been offered by Messrs. Holland, Hannen and Cubitts to the Victoria and Albert Museum. Some of the ceilings in the other rooms are to be incorporated in the flats that will be built on the site. The rooms are inexpressibly gloomy now; most of the chimneypieces and doors are gone. Empty frames hang on the walls, ticketed "Property of owner." And some of the rooms retain the impromptu decorations set up for one of the entertainments of the hospital campaign.

The ballroom at the head of the stairs, looking out on the melancholy garden, contains the almost life-size caricatures that we reproduce, done on large sheets of paper and stuck into Kent's rich moulded frames. They are good. They are, to do them justice, extremely funny. Most of these cheery artists are still delighting us once, some of them twice, nightly. But poor Charles Hawtrey's likeness is now a matter of history. I looked at the ludicrous pair—Hawtrey and Lottie Venne—with more harmonious feelings than at the others; for, at least, he is dead, while the rest are so out of place in this doomed, gilded hall. Their paralysed antics, frozen smiles and grimaces





THE BALLROOM CONTAINS ALMOST LIFE-SIZE CARICATURES. STUCK IN KENT'S RICH, MOULDED FRAMES. THEIR PARALYSED ANTICS AND FROZEN SMILES ARE LIKE MEMORIES OF A DISTANT PAST.

seemed to come over a sea of years. They were, all of them, like monuments of the dead past, like Mr. George Moore's memories of the gas-lit flounces of the music-halls. Framed in gilded dignity out of the present, they had the same blotched, grey glamour of my own recollections, forty, fifty years hence. I felt myself bowed and grey, boring an apathetic youth at a marble table: "You think you have heard women sing? Ah, but you never heard Clara Butt. What mellow notes! You never get such richness in a contralto nowadays. Then the soubrettes! There was Beatrice Lilly: she flicked her eyelid, and the house was at her feet. I loved her. All of us gay young dogs about town loved her. She was adorable. Then there was Odette Myrtil, who stroked the fiddle to perfection. 'June'—she still dances in my dreams, for she was always half a dream—diaphanous, sylph-like, if you take me. The war of 1914-18 was just over when I was a young man. Blaney and Farrer—you may have heard of them—no?—They had a stunning song:

how did it go? . . . Something about a frying-pan and the old cat's nose; I remember it well. Lord! how I danced to that tune—and we knew how to dance then: none of your modern milk and water slitherings. Leslie Henson was *our* model, bounding like an india-rubber ball. I saw him one night bound right up through the flies—clean out of sight. I saw that revival of 'Our Miss Gibbs' last month. They don't know how to revive, these days, by G— they don't! Now, when Playfair put on the 'Beggar's Opera' it ran for ten years. Ten years, mark my words, and every night I sat in the stalls and guffawed at Elsie French—with her purple nose and troublesome wind! It was rich. And as for clowning, there was a Frenchman—Grock—"

And there I collapse into helpless wheezing chuckles.

Meanwhile, I am going to try and forget about this unpleasant experience among the graves of the living, by seeing Elsie French in "The Duenna." CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE.—I

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY DR. FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

I THINK it is Selous, in his "Bird Watching," who calls the bird "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." Apart from the slur thus cast on the handsomer male, this pretty fancy hits off its characteristic features to a "T," for it is a refined, aristocratic-looking bird and, moreover, quite up to date, as it wears its thick rich black tresses bobbed quite short. Yet even in the days of the Pastons it was equally up to date in its coiffure for, seen in profile it shows a distinctly Plantagenet style of hair-cut, recalling portraits of John of Gaunt.

My friend, C. J. King, and myself have lately enjoyed the privilege of having a secluded broad all to ourselves in order to study and photograph its bird life.

It was a delightfully secluded place; although the cutting leading to it from the busy river was only a hundred yards long, yet not a soul ever came near us except by appointment. A very different state of things from the distracting uncertainty attending bird photography in a public place, where, just as one is expecting to photograph the most interesting event of the day, the principal characters suddenly vanish, and, after an interval, the explanation comes in an inquisitive lady's voice asking if the hiding shed is inhabited and, if so, whether by an angler or by an entomologist breeding caterpillars.

The cutting itself was charming, sheltered, but not smothered by the surrounding trees; its banks were a jungle of grasses,

reeds, flags and rushes, and in every little interval the marsh fern was pushing up its little solitary frond, uncurling like an ostrich feather, while here and there the dried stems of last year's bulrushes towered gigantic above the vigorous new growth. Often, on our way to the grebes, we lingered in it, sometimes to watch a pair of harriers quartering the adjoining reed bed, once to watch a panic-stricken brood of ducklings which our intrusion had deprived of their mother's guidance. We could hear her quacking anxiously somewhere in the jungle behind us, until, gathering courage from our stillness, she flew over us, and, coming down with a splash, gathered her family and piloted them ahead of us on to the broad.

Once, on a sunny afternoon, we passed within hand's reach of a sleeping pheasant which an awkward movement of the quant aroused with her brood beneath her; and when the tide was running strongly through the cutting we would let the punt drift noiselessly out on to the broad and surprise the grebe covering its eggs before diving off.

On our first visit to the broad two grebes' nests were pointed out to us: the first was in an extremely exposed position in a little bay into which the cutting opens, and we were told that the grebes had chosen the same site last year. But for the fact that the bird had not covered the eggs on leaving the nest, so that all four were plainly visible, it might easily have been mistaken by the inexperienced for a tangle of green flotsam and jetsam



TURNING HER EGGS.



FEMALE SITTING.



MALE LANDING, CARRYING CHICKS



LISTENING TO AN APPROACHING BOAT



—WITH A CHICK ON HIS BACK.



OFFERING TO RELIEVE THE COCK.

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caught among the broken stems of last year's reeds. Being hardly as large as a soup plate it looked rather small to be a great crested grebe's nest. As it was not more than 20ft. from the shore a Willford hiding shed was erected on the bank opposite to it in order to accustom the birds to its presence.

The second grebe's nest was in the middle of a broad belt of reeds in a similar little bay about 200yds. away and but for the backward growth of vegetation would have been much less conspicuous than the first. It was a replica of the first nest and in this case also the four eggs could be easily counted as the bird had hardly covered them at all.

As one of the birds kept us under observation all the time, diving and reappearing, but never going farther away than 20yds., we came to the conclusion that incubation was probably more advanced than in the first nest, and as it was quite 30ft.

from the shore we put up another Willford shed on a punt and, driving a long pole into the muddy bottom at each end, moored the punt about 20ft. away from the nest.

After a couple of days spent with a colony of black-headed gulls on a neighbouring broad, which we knew of old would not require such ceremonious treatment, we began operations with this second nest by moving the punt closer and mooring it securely so that the eggs would be about 6ft. away from the camera. Only about three or four dead reed stems had to be removed between the floating raft-like nest and the lens in order to give a free and uninterrupted view of the nest. I mention this because with some birds it is necessary to clear away so much of the surroundings of the nest for photographic purposes as not only to run the risk of offending the bird by destroying the privacy of its home, but also of giving the reader a misleading idea of the bird's habitat.

As this was towards the end of King's stay he had the first two days at the nest. When my turn came, the two most important items he had to record were the hatching of the third chick and the fact that on one occasion the snout of a large pike emerged from the water quite close to the nest, which occurrence may throw light on the fact that I never saw more than two chicks besides the still unhatched egg.

Apparently, incubation starts as soon as the first egg is laid, as they hatch out on alternate days. On my first day, as we approached the nest there were no grebes near enough to be identified as its owners, but there were several pairs in the distance looking like black and white ducks with cormorant's heads. About ten minutes after my boatman had left me the female bird came into view about 30ft. away, swimming towards the nest at a rate which promised a photograph of her getting on to it in a matter of fifteen seconds, yet she tantalised me for over half an hour before she actually did so. Just at the critical

moment some doubt seemed to assail her and, peering for signs of danger, she would pass by the nest and go out of sight or else she would give a little jump, not so pronounced as that of the shag, and dive, either to emerge again close by or else to vanish for some minutes, at the end of which time she would again appear, swimming rapidly towards the nest, jerking her head forwards like the coxswain of a racing eight. Once or twice she got as far as tidying up the margins of the nest and it was evident that she was annoyed from the irritable way in which she pecked at the nest. Although the shed was no doubt the cause of her uneasiness, she did not stare at it, but seemed to be looking for danger from other quarters.

But at long last she breasted the nest and, craning her neck over, peered intently at the last egg and then, as King had described, she began to tread water vigorously so

that it boiled round her and concentric waves spread outwards from her. The next moment she leaped right out and landed with both feet on the nest. As she waddled forward awkwardly, with feet wide apart and head swinging from side to side to maintain her balance, she displayed her long white snaky-looking body and peculiar lobed feet, feet which, like those of the coot, are supposed to show that the species have only taken to the water in recent, geological times and are still in the apprentice stage compared with ducks and gulls.

Standing over the egg she picked up and rearranged several bits off the nest, turned the egg with her beak, shook herself, and then, as she settled down on it, her abdominal feathers rolled apart, disclosing for a moment the bare incubating patch. Then she snuggled down contented, for once on the egg her doubts and uneasiness vanished and all the nest-tidying was done gently and deliberately. I found this defective reasoning power very convenient, as it meant that extreme stillness was only necessary

during the approach. Once on the nest, neither bird paid much attention to the shed: striking matches, drawing the slide or even accidentally dropping a bottle on to the floor caused no more than a quizzical glance towards me.

While tidying up the nest she exchanged remarks with the male, which was somewhere near, but out of my sight. Their language seems intermediate between that of the duck and the moorhen, but I forbear from trying any notation, for, as a rule, the attempt to write down a bird's cry only finds favour with the writer himself.

After a time she settled down to meditation and repose, with her beak on her breast, her head began to sink and her eyes to close; but she never actually dropped off, for always some noise on the mere would call for her attention and she would rouse and peer anxiously around her.



THE OFFER ACCEPTED.



TWO months before George I approved the plan of a new central block at Kensington, in June, 1718, Wren had been dismissed from the Surveyorship of Works that he had held virtually since 1661. His successor, William Benson, was also one of his chief accusers, on the ground that he was unnecessarily prolonging the work on St. Paul's for the sake of the ridiculous salary that he received as Surveyor of the Works there.

The important alteration of the Palace made at this time involved the demolition of the whole of the original centre portion of Nottingham House, which, in 1689, had formed a nucleus for Wren's additions, being the body on to which

"the new pavilions and the staircase pavilion" were grafted. Hitherto the date of this undertaking has been accepted as 1723, and its architect as William Kent. But among the Office of Works documents in the Record Office is to be found the following letter to the Treasury, signed by John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, in the capacity of Lord Chamberlain of the Household:

His Majesty has commanded me to signify his pleasure to your Lordships that you give orders for erecting a new building at Kensington according to the plan herewith sent your Lordships, which His Majesty has been pleased to approve of. 19 June, 1718.

Appended to it is the plan reproduced in Fig. 18, tinted with grey wash, the new portions of a darker tint than those to be left.

The Treasury forwarded the plan to the Office of Works for an estimate to be made, which, on August 20th the Commissioners gave as £5,827, the quotation being signed by Benson as Surveyor, Vanbrugh, Surveyor of the King's Gardens, Dartiquenave, Paymaster, and William Watkins, Surveyor of Roads. The latter, it may be observed, is the "Brigadier Watkins," the correspondent of Vanbrugh, whose identity was puzzling us just a year ago in the articles on Seaton Delaval.

These names are given since their presence on the Board of Works may exclude them from the authorship of the design. If, as in the routine recognised by William and Anne, the King had asked the Surveyor to make out designs, it is certainly unlikely that the plan would have been returned for an estimate. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the surveyor was new to his job as well as incompetent, and the Office of Works was disorganised for over fifty years after the loss of its chief. It may have been that the plan was sent in without an estimate, in which case Benson himself may have been the designer. Vanbrugh could scarcely have designed anything so second-rate and characterless, though, as we shall see, the design was radically modified in construction. The hypothesis that the Board of Works supplied the design is supported by the existence among the Office of Works papers in Whitehall of a rejected plan of the Royal apartments for these same alterations, reproduced in Fig. 17. In this, the new portions are tinted yellow, the old grey. The script of the dimension numerals in each plan is



1.—THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

Copyright.

Ironwork by Jean Tijou, 1695. Wall paintings by William Kent, 1725-27.

"C.L."



2.—THE NORTH AND EAST WALLS OF THE GRAND STAIRCASE.
The arcade contains portraits of contemporary characters of the Court.

it will be noticed, distinctly similar. This plan provided for two instead of three rooms, each, in this case, 40ft. broad by 34ft. deep, and preserved the space between the two eastern pavilions, the eastern walls and those on the north and south sides, but, in order to make the rooms symmetrical, withdrew the west wall some feet further west. It was rejected, and so found its way back to the Office of Works. Its date must, of course, be prior to June 19th. Had it been drawn before April 26th, it would have been the work of Wren, who did not give place to Benson until that day. Unfortunately, we have no means of deciding this interesting point. As matters stand, Benson appears as a possible author for the Office of Works. It is possible, though, that some independent architect was consulted. It cannot very well have been Kent, as has been the received opinion for over a century, since he was either still in Italy, if we receive the Dictionary of Architecture date of his return, 1719, or had only just got back, if we accept Mrs. Stirling's date in her "Coke of Norfolk" of May 13th, 1718. Of the remaining possible architects, the more likely are Ripley and Archer. Campbell would probably have designed something neater, for it cannot be denied that the elevation to the east, which is the only one of any pretensions, is exceedingly clumsy (Fig. 19). The accepted design provided three rooms, of which the cupola room was the middle. The space between Wren's two eastern "pavilions" was filled in, and the west wall abutted on to the corner of the staircase pavilion.



3.—THE CUPOLA ROOM IN 1819. FROM PYNE'S "ROYAL PALACES."

But here again the pitch is queered, for the design was modified during construction. On January 13th, 1719, we find that the King had asked verbally for another estimate for finishing the two lower floors of the new building "with all speed in the cheapest and plainest manner possible." By this time, moreover, Benson had, in his turn, been dismissed from the surveyorship for having terrified both Houses of

Parliament with a report that the roofs of their chambers might any day collapse on them: a report which was shortly shown by another authority to be wholly fictitious and that the repairs would not, as was proved in the event, amount to over £2,000. It was, therefore, Sir Thomas Hewett who replied to the King's question, as Surveyor-General, that these two floors could be finished for £330 and £789 respectively; Dubois and Gibbons being the co-signatories. In reply to a second query, in February, they estimated that the upper and best storey could be completed, as the King wished, by March 1721, at a cost of not more than £2,230. In the following month (March 19th) we find that Benson had absconded with the plans, for the return of which the Commissioners had to apply to the Treasury. Among them was stated to be "a new design for bringing Kensington Palace into a regular fine building." This is important as showing that the extensive rebuilding of the back premises which took place between 1720 and 1726 was conceived in harmony with and possibly, by the same architect as the principal block. What the whole scheme involved is suggested by another plan at the Office of Works, the date of which was previously thought to be much later, showing all the office courts demolished, but part of the arcade of Prince of Wales's Court, and the north end of that in Princess's Court already constructed, and the rest, which was subsequently built, only lined in with a tracer. To the north of the east façade, moreover, it is shown that an extra wing or pavilion of three bays was contemplated, balancing the end of Wren's gallery. This cannot be the actual plan with which Benson decamped, or even a duplicate of it, since the progress of the buildings in



4.—THE GRAND STAIRCASE IN 1819, SHOWING THE ORIGINAL "LANTHORNS" AND STOVE.

the courts suggests a date a few years later—about 1722; but it denotes that the project for adding this northern pavilion was not immediately dropped. If it may be said to throw any further light on the question of who designed the shell of the State apartments, it seems to strengthen Benson's claim; but the most that can be said with certainty is that whether Benson or Campbell or Ripley or Vanbrugh made out the plan, the elevation was modified very considerably by Sir Thomas Hewett or his staff. As for Kent, he was, in 1721, at work painting the Cupola Room, but had never yet designed a building in his life. It is, however, very tempting to credit him with the delightful gilt and Portland stone finial at the apex of the roofs above the Cupola Room. This is so characteristic of him, and so unlike anything thought of by his predecessors, that he may be allowed it. This does not weaken the case for depriving him of the rest of the architecture, for that is firmly grounded, and it was in designing just such things as finials that Kent made his reputation.

During February, 1721, interior designs were being considered. For the decoration of the principal apartment contained in the new building—the Cube or Cupola Room—Sir John Thornhill, the Sergeant Painter, and other artists submitted models from which Thornhill's, he subsequently stated, was selected by the King. But by the end of the month the decision had been reversed in favour of an unknown protégé of the young Lord Burlington, whom that nobleman had recently met in Rome and then had living with him at his house in Piccadilly. His name, of course, was Kent. It can hardly have been the youthful Burlington who introduced him to the King. Perhaps Horatio Walpole, the uncle of Horace, who was then Secretary to the Treasury and a steady promoter of Kent's interest, may have been instrumental in his introduction, considering the subsequent relations of Kent with the Walpole family. Kent's "proposition" for treating the room—whether to be intelligible to the King, who had no English, or whether to impress the authorities with his gentility—is written in French, and is sufficiently interesting to quote:

La Proposition de Mons. Kent pour peindre la Voute de la Grande Chambre à Kensington :

Il propose de la peindre, étant 37 pieds de Quarrée, selon le dessein qu'il a fait, d'être ornée avec des Enfants et des Masques etc., et de la peindre en Chiaro Oscuro, et le fond du Quarrée, où les roses doivent être peints, avec la bleu Prusienne, laquelle est la plus propre, et la Reste avec de l'Or de 4 livres sterling par mille, ce qui est le meilleur et le plus cher qui se trouve, n'y ayant point de 6 par mille.

Je l'exécutei avec le plus grand soin et la plus grande diligence pour 300 pièces d'argent contant payé à la trésorie sans déduction. Mais si Votre Majesté le voudrait avoir fait avec de l'Ultra Marin, au lieu de la bleu Prusienne, la peinture reviendra à 350 pièces.

Endorsed 28 February 1721.

It was decided that ultramarine was to be used, and the progress of the work was to be viewed from time to time by "several of the best artists." The reason for the acceptance of Kent's tender and the rejection of Thornhill's may have been on account of the former coming cheaper, for all this block was built and decorated with a strict eye to economy. But "interest" no doubt decided the matter, and Kent's design is, beyond question, extremely attractive. At that date, too, it would have been something quite new and fresh, while Thornhill's scheme probably included copious human figures in a manner that just then was a trifle passé.

The purpose of the Cupola Room was partly for evening entertainments, when it was lighted not by the great Venetian

window which by day is inadequate, but by four magnificent brass chandeliers hung on purple ropes, and shown in Pyne's engraving (Fig. 3). Under such conditions, when the room was filled with the bright, formal dresses of the ladies and the gay velvets of men, these low-toned walls of olive-grey, luminous with gold and brown *sgraffiti*, must have formed an entrancing setting, not rivalling, but, like a restrained stage setting, showing up the figures to their best advantage. To our eyes, and to those of its contemporaries, there is a delightful *insouciance* about this room: formal, giving the effect of richness, but gay. It is a piece of more than competent Decoration, but nothing more; burdening the walls with neither the make-belief nor the actuality of ostentation. Insincere, affected, a little cheap—yes. But how urbane and polished. With what suave charm the mock trophies are painted; how obviously the pilasters are wooden troughs propped against a wooden wall! To eyes weary of the realistic groups and grand manners of Verrio, Lanscroun and Thornhill Kent's make-belief came as agreeably as the polished couplets of Pope and Gay on ears jaded by the richer music of the Augustans. The taste of the years following



5.—THE CUPOLA ROOM DESIGNED BY WILLIAM KENT, 1721-25.

The walls of wood, painted olive grey and with gold and brown *sgraffiti*.

Queen Anne's reign and the wars of Marlborough had certain affinities to that of the present epoch; affinities that render the works of such men as Kent and Gay more popular than at any period since their first appearance, with the possible exception of a hundred years ago, when a similar combination of historical accidents produced a similar affinity.

The older men appreciated the change no better than their successors two hundred years later. Mr. Van der Vaart, Mr. Nisbett, Mr. Goupée, Mr. Cornwall and Mr. Rambour ("several of the best artists") viewed Kent's work with consternation, in May, 1722, when they found the Cupola Room "better than half done." They reported that—

having examin'd the particulars thereof, 'tis our Opinion, that the Perspective is not just; that the Principal of the Work, which consists in Ornaments and Architecture, is not done as such a Place requires. Mr. Nesbot adds that the Boys, Masks, Mouldings, etc, far from being well, he has seen very few worse for such a Place; and Mr. Rambour affirms that the said work, far from being done in the best manner . . . is not so much as tolerably well perform'd.



6.—THE CHIMNEYPIECE OF "DOVE-COLOURED" MARBLE.
Above it is a bas-relief, "A Roman Marriage," by Rysbrack.



7.—ONE OF TWO DOORWAYS DESIGNED BY KENT.

They went so far as to doubt the ultramarine's quality, and hinted that they suspected it of being "nothing but Prussian Blew." Whichever it was, though, it has lasted peculiarly well, together with all the paint, for the room has never been restored, except in small places where the surface had come away.

The authorities seem to have been disturbed by the unfavourable report of these gentlemen, so that Mr. Dahl and Mr. Gervais (usually known as Jervase), the two most respected portrait painters of the day were called on for their opinions. Dahl, however, excused himself warily, "for fear of mistakes," and Gervais's report, if ever made, has not come down to us.

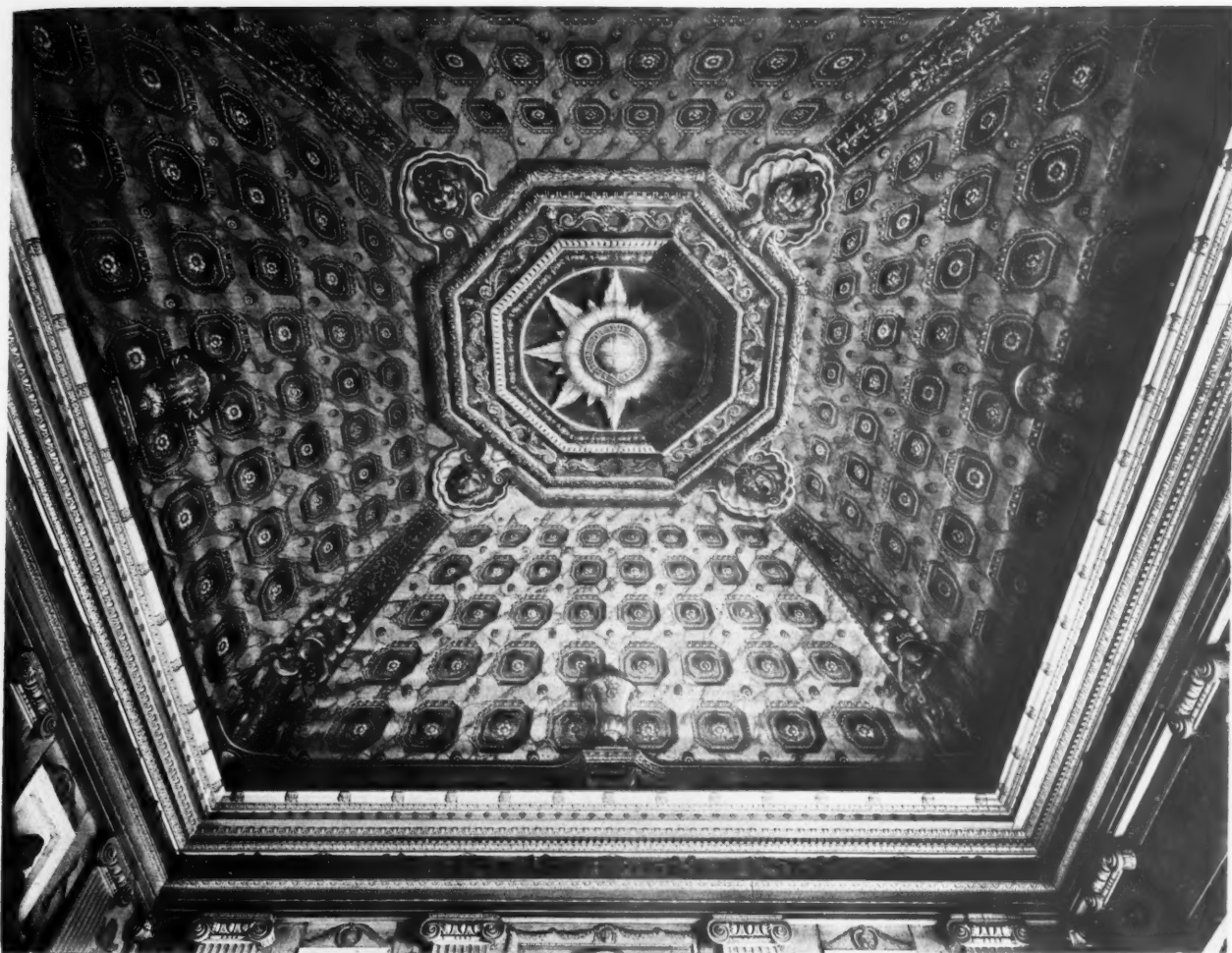
In June, 1725, Kent was paid £324 on the completion of the walls of the Cupola Room. As he had been "very uneasy" for some time owing to the non-payment of his fees, an uneasiness that is shown by occasional notes in the Office of Works papers to have been equally acute among the humbler artisans, it is probable that the actual work of painting the walls had long ago been completed. Possibly,



8.—A YOUNG BACCHUS.

One of the gilt bronze statues, possibly the property of William III.

the "dove-coloured" marble door-cases, chimney-piece and niches, with the various bronze busts and statues, were not ready till then. Unfortunately, only one mention of the latter is made in such papers as survive of this period, and that one somewhat vague. Nor is there reference to the marble slabs supported by sphinxes which Kent designed to stand at the base of each niche, shown in Pyne's plate though now they have been removed to Windsor. The bas-relief over the chimney-piece, representing a Roman marriage, is, however, definitely the work of Rysbrack. The excellent gilt bronze statues in the niches are most probably of Italian workmanship, adaptations of various Hellenistic originals. It is probably to these that a letter in the Office of Works papers refers, dated April, 1724, in which Sir Thomas Hewett is shown to have appropriated some statues. He is required at once to send a statue of young Bacchus to the gallery at Kensington, and to say where "all the other statues are." Now, one of the pleasantest statues in the Cupola Room is that of a young Bacchus (Fig. 8), and April, 1724, is just the time when that



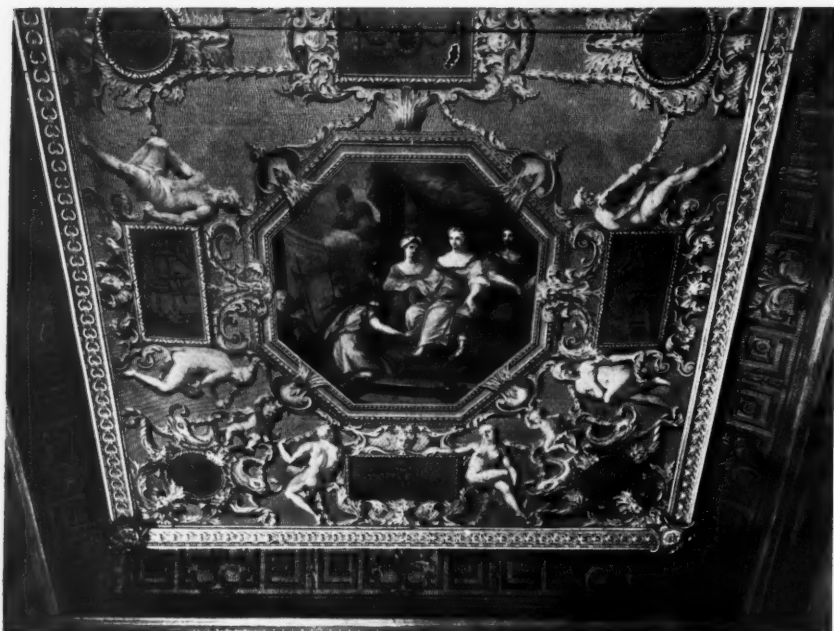
9.—THE COVED CEILING, PAINTED TO REPRESENT A DOME.
The coffers painted blue, the mouldings gold. A painted shadow on the right, over the window.



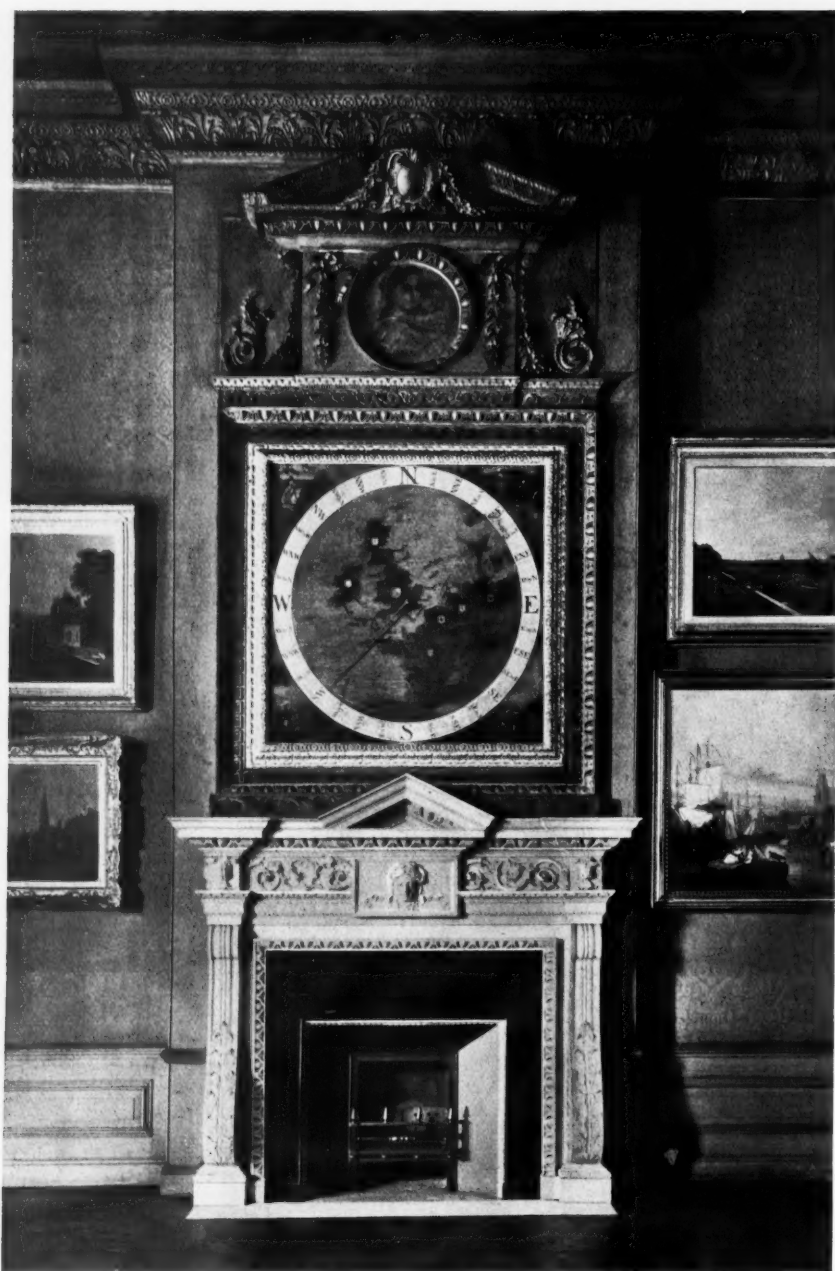
10.—THE GREAT VENETIAN WINDOW, LOOKING NORTH.



11.—DETAIL OF THE WALL AND WINDOW TREATMENT.



12.—THE KING'S GALLERY: WESTERNMOST SECTOR OF KENT'S CEILING. 1725-27.



13.—THE CHIMNEYPIECE (1725), SURMOUNTED BY WILLIAM III's WIND DIAL.

room was nearing completion. During decoration these statues would be, very likely, without a home, and Hewett, as Surveyor General, no doubt borrowed one or more in the meanwhile. Why he has to send them to the gallery is uncertain. Either the gallery was used as a lumber room during alterations, or else these six statues originally stood on the six gilt pedestals shown by Pyne as still standing between the windows there: a possibility not discountenanced by the proportion of the pedestals. The busts of Greek poets in the upper niches were for long at Buckingham Palace, whence they have returned. They, too, are earlier than the room, having belonged to Charles I. They are of Italian work.

The monstrous clock that stands in the centre of the room, and has done for a century and more, is the combined work of Charles Clay, who began it in 1730, and John Pyke, who concluded his labours on it in 1750. The bronze figures on its cupola are by Roubilliac, a remarkably spirited group, and the silver reliefs on the four faces by Rysbrack. The faces are painted by Amiconi, and in its prime the clock played airs by Handel at appropriate moments. It belonged to Augusta Princess of Wales, mother of George III. The Thomas Hope stools and chairs that are at present disposed forlornly about the apartment are admirable examples of their period, but are dwarfed.

This superb room is the finest, as well as almost the first, piece of interior decoration that Kent achieved. There is nothing at Houghton or Holkham to compare with it. Kent was one of those brilliant, facile artists who never quite achieved the first rank; and was wholly unreliable, especially if allowed his own way. He was best when working under some restriction. Robert Walpole recognised this when he limited him at Houghton to chiaroscuro. In this room, apart from the fact that it was his first big commission, which may have influenced even his supreme self-confidence, his success is owing to the limitations set upon him by the economy of the Treasury. Compared to his other work at Kensington, where he had a freer hand, it is infinitely superior.

After the completion of the Cupola Room, probably at the end of 1724, Kent painted the ceiling of the Presence Chamber (which will be illustrated next week) and that of the circular Council Chamber beneath the Cupola Room. In January, 1725, he was commissioned to paint the King's Gallery ceiling and the grand staircase.

The grand staircase (Figs. 1 and 2) is contained in one of the five pavilions contracted for in 1689 by Hills and Hughes. Originally it appears to have been of wood, and was renewed in February, 1695. It then appears to have consisted of sixty steps, which, with rail and baluster, worked out at 20s. per step. This alteration may have been a result of the difficulty that was experienced in carrying Mary's coffin down the original flight, when some of the steps are recorded to have been broken. Considerable obscurity, however, exists as to the nature of the work on the stairs at this time, for in the accounts of building the King's Gallery, in 1695, several entries occur which cannot but refer to this staircase.

Tijou, for instance, ran up a bill of £940 without there being any conceivable place for his work, unless on the grand staircase balustrade, which is not otherwise accounted for. When, moreover, alterations were made on the stair-head, in 1725, the charges are explicitly for paving the additional space, gained by removing a closet there, in black and white marble, evidently to harmonise with the other landings which were already so paved, though at what date can only be guessed. It is possible the difficulty arises from the old grand stairs, or the stairs charged for in 1695 at £1 per step, being transferred and adapted for the privy stairs in the gallery building, and so retaining their name in the accounts. There seems little doubt that the staircase as it exists to-day dates from 1695.

In September, 1725, Kent estimated for painting the walls at £500. Almost immediately, however, some alterations were made which, when he came to work, involved extra painting. The nature of these is given by the charges made in 1725—

for altering the windows of the Staircase, by making an arch window in the middle and two side windows [in the west wall, where formerly there had been two windows]. To taking away the closet at the stairhead, to make a good landing place of marble pavement, and wainscot where wanted and iron rails. To lower the arch of the staircase, and make good the roof and ceiling.

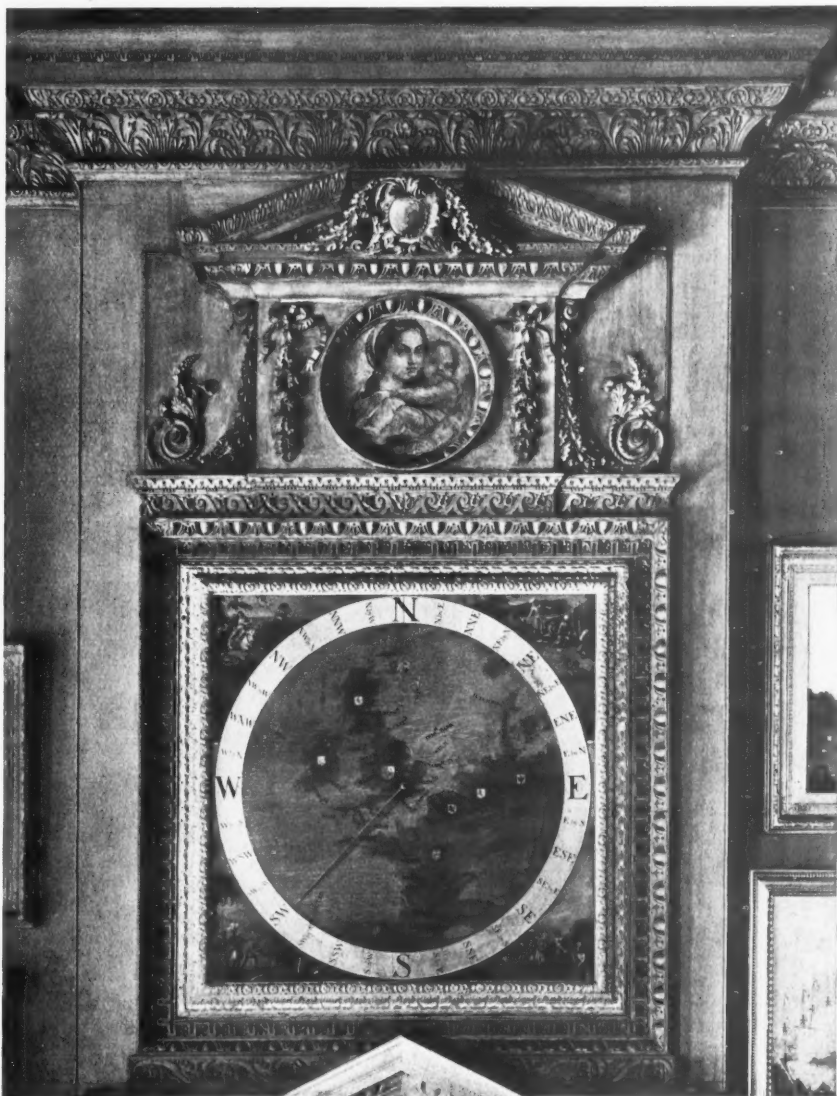
The alteration of the fenestration involved the filling up of the three windows that had originally lighted the stairs from the north. It is conceivable that the three arches painted by Kent on the north wall (Fig. 2) were, in the first draught of his design, intended to surround the windows, and were only filled with figures after the windows were blocked. But it is more likely that the fenestration was altered to provide space for the paintings. "The lowering of the arch of the staircase" probably refers to the vaulting beneath the landing and the construction of two arches, one of them seen in Fig. 1, where the stone gallery enters the stair hall. From the courtyard entrance the stairs were approached by an arch beneath the second flight of steps. Mr. Ernest Law, who had opportunities for examining the structure when the staircase was under restoration at the end of last century, implies that the arches beneath the landing are not constructional but introduced for effect. This effect is pleasing when seen from the staircase, but makes the approaches very dark.

The wall paintings are upon canvas which had reached an advanced stage of decay when the Office of Works undertook the restorations of 1899-1900. Considering how little was visible of Kent's work in many places, the restoration is eminently successful. The employment of canvas for wall paintings was occasionally used by Thornhill, but all the best decoration of Verrio and his contemporaries, and of Thornhill himself, notably at Hampton Court, Stoke Edith, Chatsworth and Burley on the Hill, is painted direct upon the plaster. The scheme here consists, for the most part, of grisaille. But on the upper part of the north wall and the north end of the east wall is an arcade of four arches, their perspective designed to be seen from the lower flight, and through them a barrel vaulted chamber, painted with grotesques, such as Kent had executed in the Presence Chamber. In these arches are huddled a number of characters at George I's court, said to have been selected by the Monarch himself. In the left-hand arch are two yeomen of the guard, some ladies, and, standing on the plinth this side of the balustrade, a page in the service of Lady Suffolk. The second compartment is dominated by a herculean highlander, whose identity, with those of his companions, has not been preserved. In the third arch a certain Mr. Ulric, a page, admired for the elegance of his person, is seen wearing a Polish dress, together with Mahomet and Mustapha, two coloured servants who are supposed to have been captured by the Imperialists in Hungary.

At the raising of the siege of Vienna in 1685 George I had been attended by these men, who remained in the royal service till their deaths. The pair amassed considerable wealth in presents from persons eager for their interest with the King; wealth which Mahomet, who had been baptised, employed to the noble end of releasing debtors from prison, to the number of three hundred. His admirable qualities are referred to by Pope in his epistle to Martha Blount:

From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing,
To draw the man who loves his God and King.
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet, or plain Parson Hale.

Mahomet died before his painting was put up, but Mustapha continued in the service of George II, and is supposed to have died in Hanover. The compartment on the east wall contains a Quaker, a Beefeater and "Peter the Wild Boy," another of



14.—THE WIND DIAL, DRAWN BY ROBERT NORDEN. Circa 1696. The outer frame and superstructure probably designed by Kent and executed by James Richards in 1726. The Madonna dated 1583.

George I's curiosities. Peter was found going on all fours in the woods near Hamelin. Brought to Court, he was taught to walk upright, to wear clothes and to sleep in a bed, but could never learn to speak, "and scarcely appeared to have any idea of things, but was pleased with the ticking of a watch, and the splendid dresses of the King and Princess." He was at first entrusted to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. But the state of nature in which Peter was found had not developed many of those qualities of the noble savage which Mrs. Aphra Behn and Gay himself had pleased the public by contrasting to the vices of civilisation. Peter withdrew eventually to a farm near Berkhamsted, where he died in 1785. The ceiling is designed to give the idea of a dome, in which, however, it singularly fails, principally from the reason that the observer is supposed to stand perpendicularly beneath the centre of it, from which position it is rarely seen. Four segments are "pierced" and contain other characters, among them the painter himself, two of his

pupils, and a handsome woman, an actress with whom he kept company and sometimes lived, in the Piazza, Covent Garden. Pyne's engraving (Fig. 4) shows the "6 lanthorns, 12 inches square and 17 high, with a shade over each and two flat sockets for candles," which were purchased in 1729.

The general effect of the staircase is rich, but the space is too low. As a result, the ceiling, the plasterwork of which is John Crow's, the plasterer of William III, tends to weigh down on the observer, loaded as it is with Kent's painted canvas. The effect would have been vastly improved if the attics above had been thrown into the open space, and the ceiling thus have been raised some 10ft.

The King's Gallery, running most of the length of the south front, built in 1695, is the last apartment with which we shall deal this week. In the preceding article attention was drawn to the curious fact that this building was begun little over a month after the death of Mary, and was the scene of William's last walk before his own death. It is 96ft. long, 21ft. 6ins. broad and 19ft. 8ins. high to the ceiling. Though it was redecorated by Kent in 1725-27, much of the earlier *décor* remains, notably the window-cases, door-cases, cornice and part of the overmantel. In spite of its present denuded state, it gives an impression of warmth and colour, largely owing to the mellow tones of Kent's ceiling. In Pyne's engraving, however, a wealth of colour is shown, and also the original furnishing. Many of William's pieces appear to have been retained up to the dismantling of the palace in 1820, and a few till its further denudation when the



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15.—THE KING'S GALLERY AS IT WAS IN 1819.

"C.L."

London Museum was accommodated in the Palace. Pyne shows a set of William III stools, a marble-topped table with gilt stand, pedestals for statues and *guéridons* apparently of the same date. The picture on the end wall in Pyne's engraving is an "Adoration" by Sebastian Ricci, who was working in England at the time of the George I redecorations. William III had a collection of pictures here that was thought very fine at the time. Those hung by George I were unimportant. The pictures given as hanging here in 1900, by Mr. Law, were a very interesting collection of marine subjects by Serres, Monamy, Pocock and others. These have given place to another charming series of views of London of early eighteenth century date, and two large canvases by Huggins of the Battle of Trafalgar. The period note is given by a few dramatic full-length portraits. As they were always intended for pictures, there is no reason to suppose the walls were ever panelled above the existing dado.

The most remarkable fitting of William's Gallery is the wind dial over the fireplace (Fig. 14). It is thus referred to in the accounts:

To Robt. Norden for his pains in drawing a map for the chimneypiece and attending the painters—£5.

Norden was probably a younger son of John Norden, the cartographer of James I. The painters, whose identities do not transpire, coloured the coats of arms and executed the pretty groups in the spandrels, illustrative of the four continents. The frame is probably by Alcock, gilded by René Cousin, and a reference to £40 paid to Tompion for work in the new gallery building suggests that he was employed for the connecting rods actuating the pointer. It was this dial, which is somewhat similar to the one in the Board Room at the Admiralty (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. LIV., page 688), that most excited the curiosity of Peter the Great when he paid a private visit to William in 1698. A night later he was accommodated in the closet at the east end of the gallery, whence he could watch, but not participate in, a ball given here on the birthday of the Princess Anne.

The closets referred to were subsequently used as the nurseries of Princess Victoria, for which they were emptied of all ornament and done up



16.—DESIGNED BY WREN 1695. REDECORATED BY KENT 1725-27.

The cornice, door-cases and dado are of William II's time.



17.—REJECTED PLAN FOR THE 1718 ALTERATIONS.
(Office of Works documents.)

as clean, white, healthy rooms. Originally they must have been richly ornamented, as Grinling Gibbons was paid £839 for work done in them, the gallery and other rooms. At the same time the gallery was divided into several nursery rooms.

In June, 1725, immediately after he had been paid for the walls of the Cupola Room, Kent was ordered to paint the gallery and closets to the designs approved by the King, the former for £700, the latter for £150. Already, in March, instructions had been given for the marble mantelpiece to be inserted, "with ornaments over it," probably from Kent's design. The former is a good piece of work, allied to many at Houghton, Holkham, Compton Place and other houses where Kent and Campbell worked. An outer frame was placed round the wind dial to carry the superstructure. In this was inserted a roundel of the school of Raphael, inscribed 1583 on the back, and it was decked with excellently carved festoons of oak leaves, the whole being probably executed by James Richards, the master carver.

Among the innovations for the introduction of which the Burlington school are responsible was the painting and



18.—THE ACCEPTED PLAN. THE CUPOLA ROOM IN THE CENTRE.
(Record Office Manuscripts.)

gilding of wainscot, which in the previous quarter of a century it had been more usual to varnish or grain. So, when Kent was at work on the ceilings, which, since they are on large square canvases, he could execute in his studio, a Mr. Howard was ordered to paint and gild the panelling and to gild the cornice. This order immediately aroused Thornhill, the successor of the younger Streeter as Sergeant Painter, of which office all the gilding in the Royal houses was a profitable monopoly. "I cannot help thinking," he wrote to the Office of Works, "it is a great encroachment on y^e office, as well as on my patent." Howard was accordingly countermanded. The painting of the wainscot was deprecated by Mr. Law twenty-five years ago, when the idea was accepted that it was designed to be neither varnished nor otherwise treated. The restorations, therefore, have left no scrap of Georgian paint or gilding or of the earlier varnish, except, in the case of the latter, in some rooms not open to the public.

Before the ceilings were up, George I had died and his son had been crowned; and Vanbrugh's death in 1726 left a place



19.—THE EAST FRONT AS ALTERED IN 1718-19.

The central feature then built is usually attributed to Kent, but is here ascribed tentatively to Sir William Benson. It filled the space between the "pavilions" by Wren on either side of it.

for Kent on the Commission of Works. The work on the various rooms that Kent was then decorating was interrupted by the coronation of George II, when he did a triumphal arch that was erected in Westminster Hall.

The ceilings of the gallery are a good example of what was called "mosaic" and "grotesque" work at the time. In each section a frame, containing a decorative painting, was surrounded by grotesque arabesques—grotesque signifying "in the manner of grottoes," which were then ornamented with plaster and stone *motifs* of this kind—on a ground painted to represent gold mosaic. The inset paintings are far from meriting the abuse with which Kent's colouring and drawing have been unthinkingly assailed ever since Horace Walpole's time. Kent was not a Michelangelo, and in these panels did not pretend he was. On the contrary, the painting is well up to the standard of contemporary Italian decoration. There

is about these panels, moreover, so far from a "heavy hand," a very charming daintiness of which Angelica Kauffmann need not have been ashamed.

Horace Walpole was a crank in many ways, and only came across Kent when the latter was beginning to recede into the limbo of the *démodés*, as Thornhill and Wren had receded before him. Thus Walpole's antipathy to Kent must be compared to his dislike for a greater artist—Robert Adam—which no critic has thought of treating seriously. Walpole's objection to Kent was simply that of a *dilettante* for the style of his youth; he, a received pundit on matters of art, naturally ridiculed the taste of his predecessor in that role. A glance at Kent's work in this palace, dissociated as he now is from the architecture, will not place him on Parnassus, but will raise him far above mere competence and mere toadyism.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

(The remaining State Apartments will be described next week.)

A MECCA OF THE CATTLE BREEDER

THE BALLINDALLOCH ABERDEEN-ANGUS HERD.

BALLINDALLOCH! What a name to conjure with in the story of British pedigree cattle breeding! Away up in the Banffshire Highlands, overlooking the confluence of the river "A'an" (Aven)—whose waters run so clear as to "deceive a man of a hundred year"—with the swift, sparkling Spey, stands the ancestral house of Ballindalloch, a name known and held in honour wherever, throughout the world, the pursuit of cattle breeding is engaged in. For successive generations it has occupied, with general consent, the proud position of being the home of the premier herd of the Aberdeen-Angus breed. From it, during all those years, there has issued a reinvigorating and upbuilding stream which has permeated the whole breed; from its earliest days it has been, just as it is now, the recognised fountain-head of the Aberdeen-Angus breed, to which all other breeders look and repair for stock to improve their herds and to impart to them, as can be done through no other source, those qualities and characteristics begot of long and careful concentration of breeding.

To write a history of the Ballindalloch herd would be to write a history of the Aberdeen-Angus breed. This may sound extravagant, but it is nevertheless true, for there is scarcely a herd of the breed into which there have not been introduced and interwoven the improving influences of the Ballindalloch herd—a name equally well known in this country, in North and South America, in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—in every land, indeed, to which Aberdeen-Angus cattle have gone. With such a subject, therefore, teeming with names full of the greatest significance to those acquainted with the history of

Aberdeen-Angus cattle, the difficulty is to know what to omit. Take such a name as Erica or Pride of Mulben: to the uninitiated they are simply the names of two cows, but to the student of Aberdeen-Angus lore they are the names of the foundresses of two families whose name and whose fame have travelled far. With either name as a text, a goodly volume might be written, and as we traced the story we should find its links stretching from the old home at Ballindalloch to the uttermost ends of the earth. Ballindalloch herd is something more than a collection of cattle; it is an institution which takes rank among the national possessions of this, the Stud Farm of the World.

It would be impossible to say when pure cattle did not exist at Ballindalloch, and records show that Sir John Macpherson-Grant, the great-grandfather of the present owner, Sir George, was a purchaser at one of the early sales held by Mr. Wm. McCombie of Tillyfour. Tribute is paid by Mr. McCombie to the excellence of the Ballindalloch herd in these early days, for in his "Cattle and Cattle Breeders," he mentions that this herd is perhaps the oldest in the north of Scotland, adding (he was born in 1805), "they have been the talk of the country since my earliest recollections, and were then superior to all other stock." A tribute this to which the historian of the present day can truly subscribe, for year after year show yard and sale ring combine to produce striking proof of the reputation which Ballindalloch stock hold among breeders generally, and of the excellence of the stock which, under the aegis of the present owner, are emerging from the historic homesteads at Marionburgh and Georgetown, the two farms upon which the herd is kept. Just by way of illustration, it may be noted that at the



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ON THE HOME FARM

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THE TEN YEAR OLD COW, EQUITANIA OF BALLINDALLOCH.



FOUR YEAR OLD TROJAN-ERICA COW, EVELUSIVE OF BALLINDALLOCH.



THE JILT BULL, JORUM OF BALLINDALLOCH.



THE ERICA BULL, EVILESCO OF BALLINDALLOCH.

latest show of the Highland and Agricultural Society—that held at Perth in 1924—three animals from Ballindalloch won first for cows and the supreme championship of the breed, and second and fourth for junior yearling heifers, while animals bred at Ballindalloch, but exhibited by other owners, were first in aged bulls (winning also the male championship of the breed), first and second in two year old bulls, and fourth in cows, and animals by sires bred at Ballindalloch were third for two year old bulls, first for yearling bulls, first and fourth for three year old cows, first, second, third and fourth for two year old heifers, third for senior yearling heifers and fourth for junior yearling heifers. In these days, when competition is so keen and when improvement all round has been the order of the day among Aberdeen-Angus breeders, such a record constitutes a wonderful tribute to the continued excellence of the Ballindalloch herd, to the position it occupies as the recognised headquarters of the breed, and to the marvellous intensity of blood which has been bred into the members of the herd, and the great and valuable prepotency of Ballindalloch-bred sires, which has thus been secured.

But, though Ballindalloch has thus time out of mind been the home of a

superior herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, the history of the herd whose members to-day browse by the fertile banks of the Aven and the Spey may be said to take origin from a purchase made in 1861 by the late Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bt., grandfather of the present owner. That was the year in which Sir George came to reside at Ballindalloch, and it marked a new era in the history of the herd. Journeying in that year to the sale of cattle owned by the Earl of Southesk, Kinnaird Castle, he purchased a cow named Erica, which founded a very prolific family, members of which have figured in every showyard of the world where Aberdeen-Angus cattle have been represented, and a family which is as highly prized by breeders to-day as ever it has been. Indeed, the Ericas and the Prides, descended from Pride of Mulben, purchased at the sale at Mulben in 1876, are recognised among breeders as

the most desirable families of the breed, and the popularity of the Prides and the Ericas is shown in the fact that they are to-day the two most numerous families of the breed, while records will prove that no other two families in this country can claim so large a proportion of showyard honours.

Nor, in mentioning the most



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TROJAN-ERICA COW, EVA 7TH, WITH HER SON BY JORUM.

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famous families of the breed with which Ballindalloch is associated, can there be omitted the name of Jilt, styled, in picturesque American phraseology, the "mother of monarchs."

Jilt was acquired at the sale of cattle owned by Mr. M'Combie, Tillyfour, in 1867, and among her other produce at Ballindalloch was

that world-renowned trio of bulls, Juryman, Judge and Justice—Juryman twice first at Highland Society shows, Judge the first prize bull at the French International Show in 1878, and Justice another first prize winner at the Highland Society's Show on two occasions. But to mention such names is to conjure up long lists of show-yard honours, for members of the Jilt family retain all their former glory, while good bulls of the tribe are in great demand for stock purposes. Thus, at the Highland Show—the leading show for the breed in this country—in 1923, the first prize-winning bull in the aged class was Jorum of Ballindalloch, descended from this matron of the breed, Jilt, while one of the stock bulls in the celebrated herd of Mr. J. E. Kerr of Harviestoun Castle, Dollar, is Jason of Ballindalloch, another member of the same family.

And here it may be noted that the Ballindalloch herd has all along occupied, and still occupies, a unique position as a source from which other breeders draw their stock bulls; and an analysis of all the leading herds will reveal how extensive have been the contributions made from it to the building up of other herds. It has played a great part in breed history throughout the world, and it has shed its brilliant lustre and benign influence over the whole of its native locality, giving to the district a reputation for the class of cattle raised which is surpassed by no district throughout the world.

When in 1861 the late Sir George Macpherson-Grant laid the foundation of the modern herd at Ballindalloch, the breed was confined to a small, circumscribed area in the north-east of Scotland. To-day it is world-wide. Sir George, who served the breed with rare devotion and with unflagging enthusiasm, has put on record the difficulties that had to be overcome before the breed came to be generally recognised—"some of us were determined that we would do what we could to get the Aberdeen-Angus to the front! We were a little band, but we stuck to it." What a march of progress is represented by the events which took place between that first transaction in



PROMISING HEIFERS.

the name "Ballindalloch" writ in large and golden letters ever in the vanguard of breed improvement. Fittingly it was he who, at a meeting of breeders held in 1879, moved the motion for the formation of the Aberdeen-Angus Cattle Society, of which the first President was the Venerable and Honourable the Marquess of Huntly, and the first Vice-Presidents, Sir George Macpherson-Grant and Mr. Wm. M'Combie.

Sir George was succeeded in the ownership of the herd by the genial Sir John Macpherson-Grant, who died in 1914, and was succeeded by his son, Sir George Macpherson-Grant, the present owner. We doubt if the history of pedigree cattle breeding can offer a parallel case—four generations continuing one after the other to be "the talk of the country," and, indeed, of the world, where Aberdeen-Angus matters are concerned, and with such success in their successive days, setting forth the high perfection to which Aberdeen-Angus cattle can be brought.

Visitors from the farthest corners of the earth hurry north to that Mecca of cattle breeding. Standing in the verdant fields, or in that historic haughland around the castle, with eyes blind, it may be, to the beauties of a bounteous nature, to the lure of the purple heath-clad hills, to the lights and the shadows of dark green fir and shimmering silver birches, to the charms of the rapid-flowing, twining and winding Spey, they can call up in fancy a procession of names which transforms the place whereon they stand into classic ground. The unbeaten Young Viscount—one of the most renowned stud bulls in the history of the breed—passes in front of us; he has been in the Duke of Fife's herd at Duff House and has joined the Ballindalloch herd at the then unprecedented price of 225 guineas. Four years ago bull calves reared on the same fields made an average at public auction of over five times that amount. The great Jilt bulls we have mentioned crowd through the memory; those epoch-marking sons of Iliad and a Pride of Mulben dam—Prince Inca, Prince Iliad and Prince Ito—

1861 and that December day in 1907 when, just as he had won the breed championship at the Scottish National Fat Stock Show, Sir George passed away. He had lived to see the Aberdeen-Angus breed emerge from its localised birthplace to take a foremost place among the beef cattle breeds of the world—with



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COWS AND BULL CALVES AT GEORGETOWN FARM.

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YEARLINGS AT BALLINDALLOCH CASTLE.

succeed in the panorama ; Erica fills the vision with her daughters Eisa, Erica 2nd, Enchantress and Elba, worshipped of American pedigree connoisseurs, and their sons and daughters follow on—such sons as Elcho, Erroll, Eblito, or to come right down to present times, Evilescio, now ten years old, as shown in one of the illustrations. A first prize winner, and bred by the present owner of the herd, he headed his class at the Highland, and has also proved a great breeding sire, his calves including Eclintus of Ballindalloch, purchased as a calf four years ago at 2,800 guineas by Mr. F. L. Wallace, of Candacraig, Aberdeenshire, and the 2,000 guinea Boxer of Ballindalloch, owned by Sir John R. Findlay of Aberlour, and winner of the male championship at the Highland Society's Show in 1924. Of daughters the list is interminable: Edelweiss, which produced the first of the Evergreens, now so famous a family in the herd of Mr. J. J. Cridlan of Maisemore Park, Gloucester; Ebb Tide, the dam of the record-breaker of his day, Lord Rosebery's Ebbero; or Evelusive, the champion of her breed at this year's Highland. There crowd through the mind such names as these, full of brilliant associations of the past and of the present, and as we pass through the classic fields we cannot but turn again to gaze at those groups of line-bred cows with their calves, and of the rising generation of heifers, and note the handsome heads, the beauty of outline, the lightness of bone, and that aristocratic bearing and carriage which generations of careful breeding have infused into these animals—the true patricians of their race!

Several other families of the Aberdeen-Angus breed have been evolved at Ballindalloch, the most notable, perhaps, being the Miss Burgess family, of which Sir John R. Findlay's Boxer of Ballindalloch is a member; and the Georginas which have produced many showyard and herd notables of both sexes. One only will our space allow us to mention—the cow Gentian of Ballindalloch, a champion of her breed, which was acquired for Queen Victoria's herd at Balmoral, now owned by His Majesty the King, Patron of the Aberdeen-Angus Cattle Society. Here the strain has done exceedingly well. The principal stock bull at present in the King's herd is Prince Powerful of Harviestoun, bred by Mr. J. E. Kerr, sired by Euripus of Ballindalloch (a 2,800 guinea bull) and champion winner at the great Perth Show and Sale last spring. Here it may be noted that the Prince of Wales also owns a herd of the breed on the Duchy of Cornwall estates; that Viscount Lascelles is a very successful breeder of the variety on his Irish property; that the Earl of Strathmore, father of the Duchess of York, owns a famous herd from which have gone forth no fewer than four Smithfield Fat Stock Show champions; that Princess Arthur of Connaught and Lady Maud Carnegie are daughters of the Duke of Fife, who owned a very famous herd; and that at Kinnaird Castle, the ancestral home of Lord Carnegie, there was born the cow Erica, which, passing to Ballindalloch, has so largely shaped the history of the Aberdeen-Angus breed during the last six decades.

THE FOX

(Hampshire Hunt.)

Chesford Head looms heavy and high,
Fringed with its woods on a western sky;
Chesford Head is aloof and proud
In angry struggle with angry cloud.
The downs are dim with a drifting mist
Save a distant slope which the sun has kiss't;
And, steep and heavy, the road runs straight
Over the uplands of Matterly Gate.

Over the bank, with a rattle and slide,
A flash where he takes the ditch in his stride;
Out of the mist and the small fine rain
A fox has come—and is gone again—
No faltering rogue with a hedgerow slink
Pausing bewildered to listen and think;
He has planned his course like a line on a slate,
And weighs no chances at Matterly Gate.

Over the furrows he dips and flies;
A streak of red as he breasts the rise;
A darker streak on the distant green;
And a galloping dot on the sky-line seen.
Listen! The clink of a sheep-bell stirred;
Far in the distance, hardly heard,
Indeterminate, mingled sounds—
Then, O hear them! The Hounds! The Hounds!

BRYCE McMASTER.

THE ELKHOUND IN ENGLAND



CHAMPION WODEN.

EVER since I first began to take a serious interest in dogs, many years ago, we have been coquetting with elkhounds, few shows of the Kennel Club or Mr. Cruft passing without one or two specimens being entered. Occasionally there would be a well filled class, as when Lady Cathcart and Major Hicks Beech were exhibiting, but in the year or two preceding the outbreak of war there was little doing, Mrs. George Powell being the most prominent owner. This lady's Ch. Woden, a son of Wolfram and Thelma, born in 1915, is still most liked by judges, having characteristics that make him stand out conspicuously. Whether he is indisputably the best according to the Norwegian standard, or it is that we have become familiarised with his type, I cannot say, my acquaintance with the breed being restricted to English shows, but he certainly impresses one favourably, as do Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Scovell's Bob av Glitre, imported from the principal native kennel, and Lady Dorothy Wood's Musti, bred from imported parents.

With all thoughts of the great conflict set aside, elkhounds have shared in the renaissance that has been such a striking feature of the last two or three years. At least 50,000 pedigree dogs will be registered at the Kennel Club this year, compared with about 20,000 in 1913. Although the contribution made by elkhounds will not be considerable by the side of that of terriers, Cocker spaniels and Alsatians, it will be greater than in any other similar period, and, judging by the number of enthusiastic owners, we are tolerably safe in assuming that the prospects are most encouraging. Before long they are likely to be a force in the canine world. In the last sixteen months between 150 and 200 puppies have been bred, and the stream of importations continues. The British Elkhound Society, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Scovell, Ashmansworth Manor, Newbury, Berks, is hon. secretary, is already a sturdy infant, with a long list of members. Lady Dorothy Wood is president,

Commander R. F. Eyre, R.N., vice-president, and the committee consists of Lady Kitty Vincent, Mrs. G. Powell, Miss B. G. Eyre, Mrs. G. M. Soames, Mrs. A. O. Lombe, Lord Alington, Lieutenant-Colonel P. L. Reid and Mr. W. Stuart Thompson.

The accompanying illustrations of the leading dogs explain better than words the class of animal that breeders are trying to establish. In the words of the approved standard, the general appearance is that of "a very handsome, virile sporting dog of compact build, with medium size, erect, pointed ears, a tightly curled tail and heavy weather-resisting coat. He must not be long in back, but muscular, elastic and sinuous in movement, with a deep chest, well sprung ribs, strong neck, and sturdy limbs." The bone has to be strong without coarseness, but, unlike those of most sporting dogs, the hocks are not greatly bent or much let down, their formation showing plainly in some of the illustrations. The coat is well suited for the protection of the body, being thick and woolly underneath, through which the harsh outer hair grows, standing straight away with an even surface, and without curl. S. Laing, describing a visit to Norway about 1830, speaks of a special breed of dogs whose skins were turned into wearing apparel. One imagines that the pelt of an elkhound in full bloom would make up attractively, the usual colours being very pleasing. These may be grey of various shades, with black ends to the longer hair, light grey, wolf grey, elk or brownish grey. On back and haunches the surface tips of the long hair are usually darker than at the roots, and the ears may be black. Chest, underparts and legs are lighter, inclining to silver white. Pronounced dark markings below the knees are a blemish; definite black markings on grey are disliked, and whole brown, black or white are not permissible. Dark eyes with a forward look, and not set obliquely as in the wolf, complete the picture.

These are the outward and visible signs. What of the inward character that cannot be depicted by brush or camera? This



T. Fall.

BOB AV GLITRE.



MUSTI.

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TYPICAL HEADS.

is said to be "hardy, courageous, intelligent and sensible, with great independence, and with no signs of undue nervousness." Most of those I have seen seem sensible and of an equable temperament, which is desirable in dog or horse. It is reasonable to assume an affinity between them and the Eskimo, except that in disposition they are more civilised. I shall never forget Peary's account of the sledge animals on one of his Polar expeditions. "You may talk about lassoing wild steers in Texas, but it does not compare with rounding up Eskimo dogs. The usual mode of procedure was to entice a dog by judiciously thrown morsels of meat to within reach, and then to make a rapid grab for him, throwing our fur-clad bodies upon him, and forcing his head into the snow as quickly as possible. This, if skilfully done—and constant practice rapidly taught—could usually be accomplished without receiving more than two or three bites." Not exactly the companions for one who wishes to lead a quiet life.

The vocation of the elkhound is implied by his name, but with the decadence of the sport his services are not so much in demand as they were. He is said to be a clever tracker, and to have rare powers of endurance. Unfortunately, the



"HARDY, COURAGEOUS, INTELLIGENT AND SENSIBLE."

Norwegians have not always been careful to preserve the purity of the race, so that it is necessary to exercise discretion in making purchases. Since the Norwegian Kennel Club inaugurated annual shows, more attention has been given to the matter, and the advent of British and American buyers has strengthened the market. Indeed, one American has stated that values are



ORNA.



BOB AV GLITRE.



THORA.



NORA AV GLITRE.

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T. Fall.



DROMA AT SIX MONTHS.



CHAMPION BELTSA.

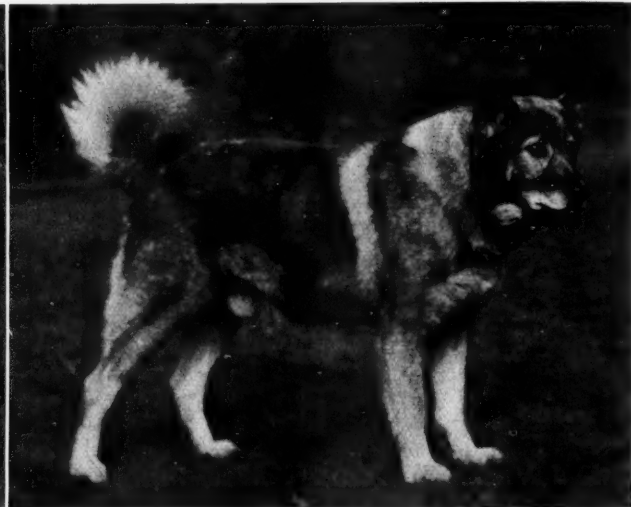


ODIN AT SIX MONTHS.



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THOR.



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being forced up by the destruction of bitch puppies, thus creating an artificial scarcity. Most of the best, I believe, are in the south of Norway, the leading strain being that of Veterinary Surgeon Hensen at Ski, distinguished by the affix "av Glitre."

Colonel Scovell has kindly given me some notes of a tour he made after a fishing expedition two years ago. First he explains that elk-shooting is much on the wane "I think I am near the mark in saying that the total number of elk that may be killed annually under existing laws does not much exceed 300. As can well be understood, the sporting proclivities of elk-hounds in this particular direction are therefore to some extent curbed, yet somehow or other this does not seem to prevent those farmers who are the fortunate possessors of these lovely dogs from taking the keenest interest in the development of the breed."

From Christiania Colonel Scovell ran out to Ski, where he saw half a dozen dogs and bitches belonging to Mr. Hensen, most of which had won prizes at recent shows, but he missed the celebrated Senny II, that had just died, leaving behind her offspring of the highest class. Thence he journeyed farther afield into the Province of Telemark, which, apart from its magnificent scenery, has claims as being one of the chief sporting centres of Norway. Up in the mountains he made the acquaintance of Smik, another champion dog, beautiful in shape, dark in coat, and of a delightfully friendly disposition. His son Rugg, by his show-ring victories, was proving the usefulness of the strain. Both were good sporting dogs much beloved of their master, Gaardbruker Jon Saur, a great sportsman and a magnificent type of man, who received his visitor with hospitality and showed with pride the pictures on his walls of elk-hounds



SIX WEEKS OLD.



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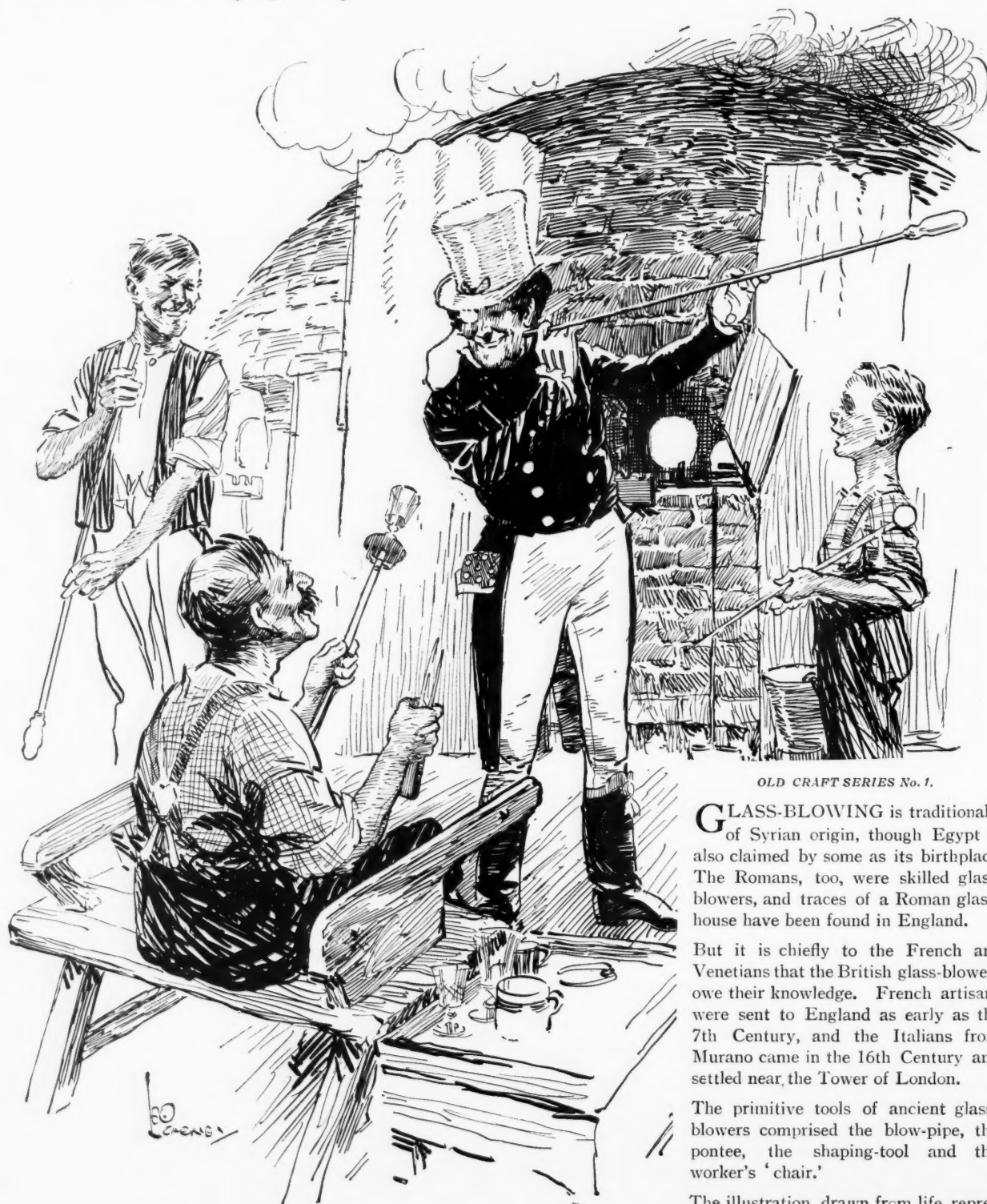
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GLASS-BLOWING is traditionally of Syrian origin, though Egypt is also claimed by some as its birthplace. The Romans, too, were skilled glass-blowers, and traces of a Roman glass-house have been found in England.

But it is chiefly to the French and Venetians that the British glass-blowers owe their knowledge. French artisans were sent to England as early as the 7th Century, and the Italians from Murano came in the 16th Century and settled near the Tower of London.

The primitive tools of ancient glass-blowers comprised the blow-pipe, the pontee, the shaping-tool and the worker's 'chair.'

The illustration, drawn from life, represents the ancient craft as it still survives in London.

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and their quarry in various situations. Later he took Colonel Scovell to Sauland to inspect Finn, the sire of many prize-winners. The old champion, surly and shy, permitted no approaches. His son, Bamse, remarkable for size, bone and vitality, was much admired. A long motor ride took them to the kennels of one Hans Fosse, whose bitch, Lova, another celebrity, was as inhospitable as her father, Finn, but Colonel Scovell was not as much impressed by her as by some of the others. The fact that she was tethered by a long chain to a tree was not calculated to improve her temper. Another ride of two hours through gorgeous country ended at the mountain farm of G. Rue, at a place called Jondalen, where a sight of the champion bitch Senny III was ample reward for the trouble taken. Colonel Scovell says, "I have seen and owned a good many dogs of all kinds in my time, but never have I seen anything to approach for real beauty and symmetry of shape, in coat and quality, this most wonderful of bitches. We could not take our eyes off her. Her master and his children adored her, and no wonder, for besides her beauty she had the most delightful disposition, and, what counts so much with the Norwegian

farmer-expert, she was bursting with vitality." She stood without a rival. Mr. Hensen was her breeder. Altogether, Colonel Scovell had a most instructive visit, as the outcome of which he warns owners against tying up elkhounds. The more they become part of the family the kindlier will be their disposition and the less trouble will they give. They should never be chastised, a rating or stern look being all that is necessary.

I have already mentioned several of the best dogs, to which should be added Mr. W. Stuart Thompson's Odin Woodbythii, Colonel Scovell's Thor, Mrs. A. O. Lombe's Orna, and Colonel Reid's Thorvah. Of course, there are others. Commander and Miss Eyre have some good ones, and a recent recruit, who should be of much use to the breed, is Mr. W. F. Holmes. Precedence in the other sex should be given, I think, to Mrs. Waterhouse's Ch. Beltsa, a bitch of the highest merit, and a daughter of Ch. Woden. Mrs. Powell's Nora av Glitre; Mr. Thompson's Droma and Mrs. Lombe's Thora are also conspicuous at shows. Mrs. Lombe has kept elkhounds ever since 1886, most of the British-bred stock tracing back to her Freeja. Thora is by Smik, referred to above.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS

I MUST be getting much older than I feel, for I often find myself violently reminiscent. Some memories being droll; some, alas! sad; many historic. I used to hunt pretty regularly with the Royal Buckhounds from the very early 'eighties till super-humanitarians and motives of economy effected their abolition somewhere in the 'nineties.

The Royal Buckhounds' country proper was a western slice of Middlesex (known as the Harrow country, and chiefly grass), a portion of South Buckinghamshire, and, of course, Berkshire.

Hunting days were Tuesdays and Fridays, and the Great Western Railway used to run a "hunting special" of a few first-class carriages and a great many horse-boxes to the station nearest to the meet. From this train used to emerge some hundred or so of London sportsmen, in "pink," gorgeous of silk hat, and snowy breeches: the latter often protected from the dust and dirt of travel by a white apron reaching to below the knees.

The mastership was a political appointment, and went in and out of office automatically with the Government of the day. In this capacity I remember that fine old sportsman (still, happily, with us) the Earl of Cork, Lord Ribblesdale (whom the late King Edward—then Prince of Wales—nick-named "The Ancestor," by reason of his possessing a clean-shaven eighteenth century face) and, afterwards, Lord Hardwick. The latter was a large, strikingly handsome man who, with his pink coat adorned with the silver-hound couples, worn bandolier-wise over one shoulder, was a splendid specimen of an English county gentleman.

The season always opened on the first Tuesday in November with a meet at Salt Hill on the Bath Road, about half a mile west of Slough. Salt Hill was famous as the site of the world-famed "Eton Montem" of an earlier time, held there on June 4th till the 'forties, when, for a reason I have never heard, it was, like the Buckhounds, abolished.

There were three other Tuesday meets in that neighbourhood: Langley Station, Goddard's Farm; the Crooked Billet on Iwer Heath; and (for "the Harrow country") Uxbridge Common. Almost within living memory Tuesday meets, it is said, were held at Ealing Station on the Great Western.

Now as to the cruelty charge against "hunting the carted stag." This, of course—like the cry of "agricultural land wasted as deer forests"—was made by people who knew nothing whatever about the subject.

There was no cruelty whatever. The stag, one of those rounded up in Windsor Forest in October (equivalent of the foxhunters' "cubbing"), was stabled at Swinley Paddocks, near Ascot, and kept there, well fed and groomed, for November.

The mode of procedure on hunting days was this. The stag-cart—

In form half like a hearse but not

For corpses in the least;

For this contained the deer alive

And not the dear deceased

as Hood describes it in "The Epping Hunt"—adorned with the Royal arms and a driver and attendant in green velvet surmounted by a tall hat, and having the general appearance of a "Black Maria," immediately moved off, closely followed by carriages and people afoot, to a spot some mile or so away, where, on the order of the "yeoman pricker" (a gorgeous person clad in gold lace, scarlet coat and velvet cap), who had remained behind at the meet to receive the command from the Master, the stag would be "enlarged." On the doors at the back of the cart being opened, with a mighty spring the stag would bounce out, stand a moment with raised head sniffing the morning air, and then, cheered by the spectators and by a cap or two thrown at it by excited yokels, and galloped after by the yeoman pricker, would canter away. What the duty of the pricking



"WITH A MIGHTY SPRING THE STAG WOULD BOUNCE OUT."



A MEET OF THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

official (who, so far as I saw, never pricked) was supposed to be I have never known. He usually followed to the first fence, and then came slowly and aimlessly back to the stag-cart, having apparently achieved nothing.

After fifteen minutes "law," the Master would lead the pack and field to the immediate neighbourhood of the empty cart, and lay the excited animals on the scent. It was a beautiful sight to see those large, powerful hounds (so fast that when the going happened to be heavy no horse could live with them) spread out like a fan as they were cast, and, following a whimper from the hound quickest to pick up the scent, suddenly burst forward with a clash of music and be off at a topping pace.

"Hold hard, gentlemen, *please!* Give 'em a chance!" implores the Master, holding his horse hard by the head as he gallops after the fleeting pack: and the field is off. Red coats, black coats, women's habits, riding horses of all sizes, colours and qualities, and probably accompanied, at least to the first fence, by a sporting sweep on a donkey, away they go!

The spectators—some attempting to follow afoot—see a many-coloured avalanche sweep over the first fence and away, with many an empty saddle and dangling reins to mark the spills. Away they go! Some riding their own line; some following the lead of bolder spirits; some galloping wildly away in a totally different direction in an endeavour to "cut in" later! Away they go! In front rides Valour without Discretion, and behind rides Discretion without Valour; while, between these two extremes, rides a motley crew among whom neither quality is noticeable. Almost invariably it is among

the latter motley crew that the majority of the falls occur. The stags knew all about the game, and when, after about an hour and a half, they began to feel they had had enough, used to take shelter in some convenient farm building, there to await their stag-cart carriage to take them home. Never but once did I see the hounds get hold of the stag, or get within fifty yards of it—but on the before-mentioned occasion. That time the quarry swam out into the centre of a large lake, with the hounds strung out in a swimming line behind him. On that exceptional day one hound, getting dangerously near his quarry, the latter turned suddenly about in the water and struck its pursuing enemy on the head with a fore leg, so that it was stunned, immediately sank, and was drowned: the stag, after this act of vengeance, swimming out on the far side of the lake, taking sanctuary in a barn, and finally being sent home to the paddocks in the stag-cart in the usual way. Most of the stags were hunted again and again; all had pet names and, having been hunted many times, knew all about the game, and, probably, I honestly believe, enjoyed it.

So much for the "cruelty" charge!

Through the western growth of London, the Harrow country was abandoned some little time before the abolition of the pack. The last time I was with them we ran the stag right up to the pavements, and finally took it in Kensal Green Cemetery—much to the amazement of the Cockneys! I often wonder how many of the cheery crowd out that day have survived to this one. Various famous people used to come for a gallop with the Royal pack. I have several times been out when King Edward—then Prince of Wales—was with us. On those occasions the



AT DENHAM WATER-SPLASH.

hounds had sometimes to be whipped off for a space; his Royal Highness's great weight precluding his "living" with the hounds when the going was heavy. I have also seen with the Royal pack (though I was too young at the time to ride) the late A. E. Southern, of Lord Dundreary fame. Neville of "Nevil's Bread" fame was another follower: a fine-looking, big man, with a great tawny beard, and invariably mounted on a fine horse. The followers nicknamed him, rather appropriately, "The Master of the Rolls"!

Among the funny incidents, I remember one, the publication of which, I fear, from a computation of dates, is not likely to trouble its heroine. She was a fine, very stout London woman, no longer in the first blush of youth, with a profusion of golden hair that made an excellent contrast to her gleaming silk hat. In consequence she was known as "The Golden Image." On a certain day this good lady immediately preceded me through the only possible gap in a high, brambly, unjumpable fence. As I brushed through in her wake, I saw, to my astonishment, her silk hat hanging on one of the obstructing briars and—tell it not in Gath!—the whole of the marvellous golden hair as well! I managed somehow—despite the shock—to put my hunting-crop into the hat in such wise that I burst through the fence, to the amazement of several chance spectators, with both hat and wig balanced on the end of my crop! I had no sooner landed than I found myself in an extremely difficult position, for there, withdrawn to a remote corner of the field, was the poor soul, with such a completely bald head that it glittered in the sun!

I galloped to her with my unusual spoil of the chase, and presented it with a face as straight as I could make it; and she, poor woman, took both the hat and my apology in excellent part: explaining that she had been suffering from fever and had been compelled to have her head shaved. It may have been true—but it was remarkably close shaving, to say the least of it! She was always very friendly with me afterwards, and once coyly referred to the incident as "our secret"! And—unless someone else saw the happening—I have taken the hint and kept that secret till this moment.

I also remember a droll incident in the days of Lord Hardwick's mastership. He was an extremely autocratic Master, and above all resented any suggestions connected with the working of the hounds. Now, there was a quaint old sporting chemist of Windsor who used often to come out with us, and he had the misfortune of holding an inalienable belief that he (Pestle and Mortar) was much more skilled in the working of hounds than was Hardwick or anyone else. From this illusion he was constantly tendering well-meant, friendly advice that was greatly offensive to Hardwick. On one particular day matters came to a climax. The Master had shut him up once or twice already during the run, and, on his tendering further advice during a check, Hardwick,

goaded to desperation, burst out: "I wish to God—you'd stay at home and take your own pills, instead of bothering me!"

I think that must have finished the poor old fellow, for I never saw him out again.

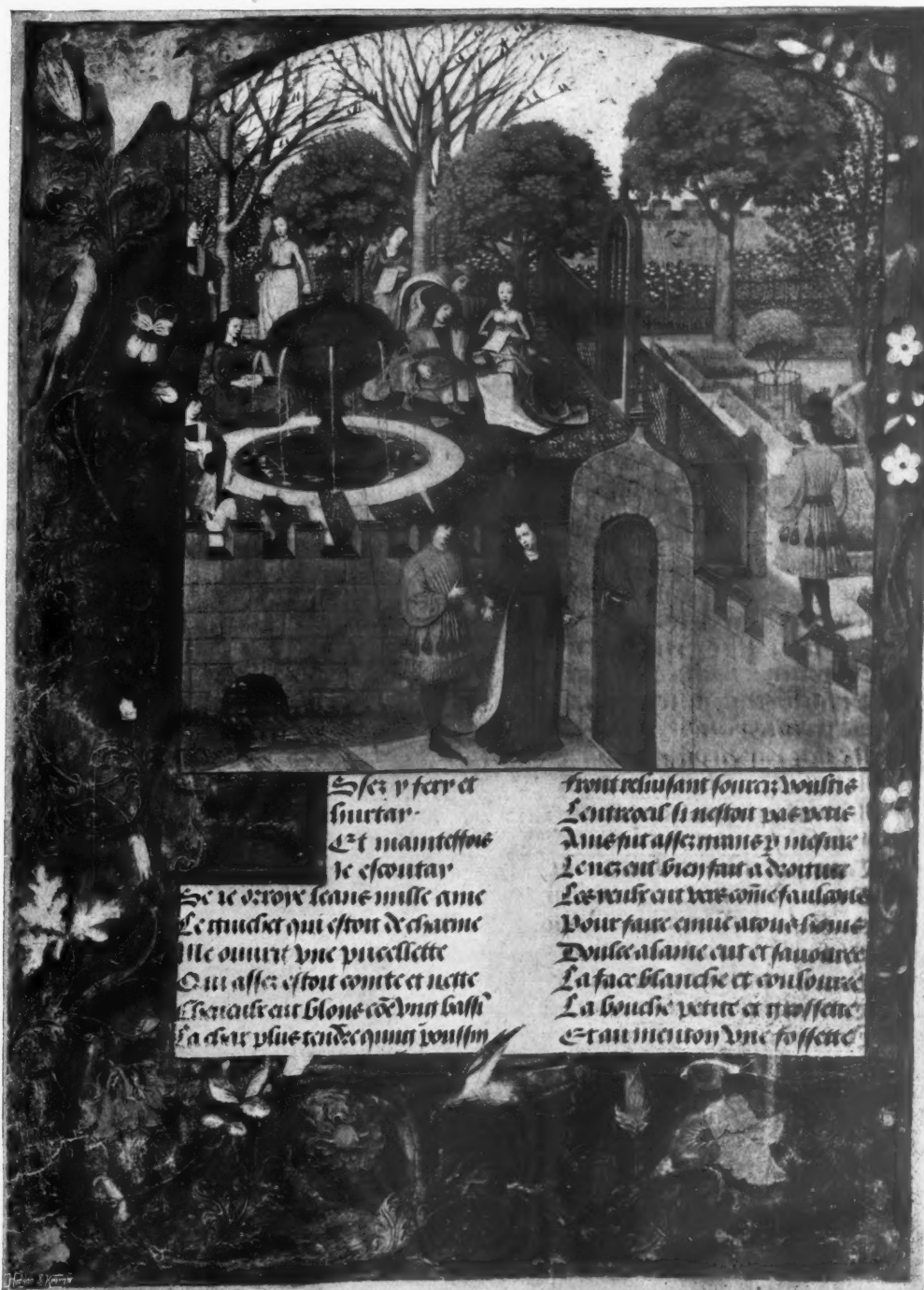
A call at some local hotel to gruel the horses and quench the riders' thirst would bring round comfortable time for a jog back to the waiting special for London, a hot bath, and a dinner to which one brought an excellent appetite.

Well! It is all as a vision of the night now, and most of those men whom I remember so vividly have trotted their horses away to the silent land; but once it was all very real and very sweet!

CHARLES JAMES (Lieut.-Col.).

MEDIÆVAL GARDENS

THE late Sir Frank Crisp, who was a distinguished member of the Linnean Society and a keen, practical gardener—his rock gardens were deservedly famous—also devoted much of his leisure to the fascinating hobby of collecting illustrations of mediæval gardens. The outcome of his enthusiasm for this subject are the two large volumes, *Mediæval Gardens* (Bodley Head, six guineas), edited by his daughter, Mrs. Paterson. The book is undoubtedly the best collection yet published. They cover a very wide range



A FIFTEENTH CENTURY GARDEN WITH FOUNTAIN AND TRELIS AND GATE DIVIDING THE GARDENS.
FROM THE "ROMAN DE LA ROSE."

from the earliest and crudest pictures to the exquisite miniatures in some of the more famous Books of Hours and the gardens depicted in the masterpieces by Fra Angelico, Van Eyck and other great painters. The collection is so interesting that it is a matter of regret that in a large number of cases no indication is given of their source.

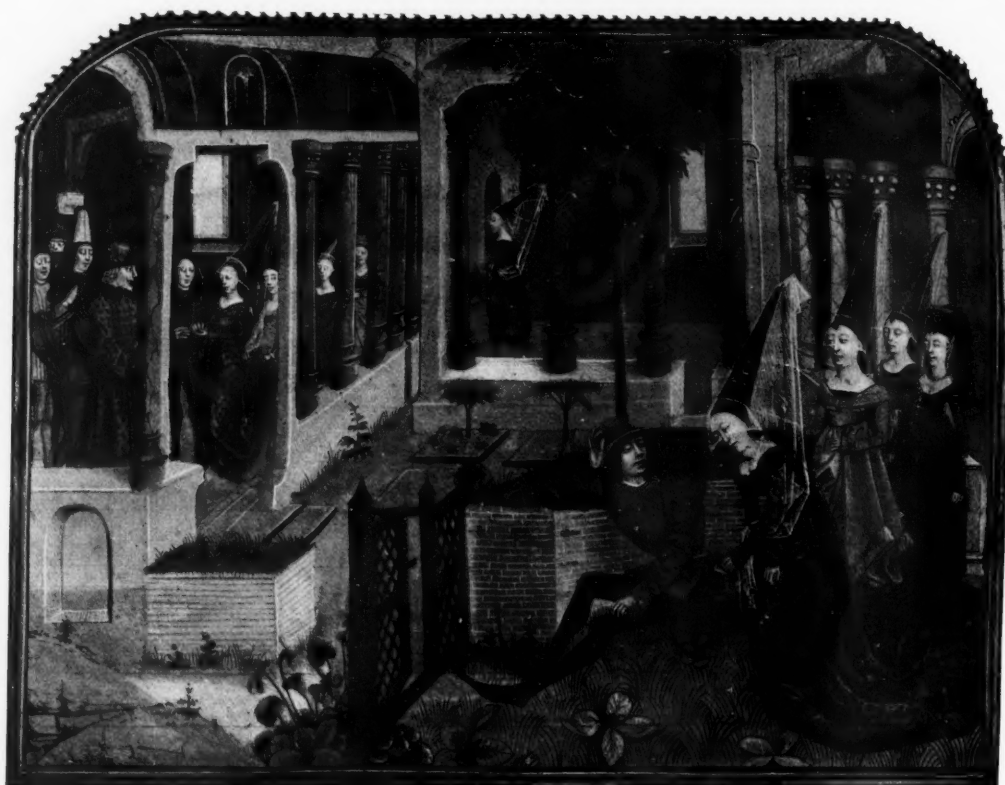
Figs. 67 and 118, for instance, are from a MS. in the British Museum (Add MSS., 1885). Figs 120 and xxxix are from the Hennessy "Book of Hours" in the Brussels Royal Library. But these and other sources are not given. Fig. xviii is dated 1577. This interesting illustration appeared for the first time, however, fourteen years earlier than the date cited, on the title page of Hyll's first book, "A Most Briefe and pleasaunt treatyse teachyng howe to dress sowe and set a Garden" (1563), an excessively rare little volume and one of the most diminutive and charming of old gardening manuals.

But these are minor points, and so vast a range of illustrations as this—the book is avowedly a collection of these illustrations rather than a treatise on mediæval gardens—is one which cannot fail to interest all garden lovers and particularly those interested in the history of gardening both in this country and on the Continent.

In these illustrations of our ancestors' gardens we see a manifestation of that love of nature which in mediæval days found an infinite variety of expression, ranging from the romances to the solemn yet joyous splendour of cathedrals, such as Chartres. A simple and almost childlike delight in the return of spring

of our garden lore—Persia and Turkestan. This lore, preserved by the monks through the Dark Ages, received a great impetus on the return of the Crusaders. Even as late as the sixteenth century illustrations of gardens show features suggestive of the gardens the Crusaders had admired in the East, notably the pavilions and pleached alleys and the predominance of fountains.

In the famous miniature in the "Romance of the Rose" (British Museum, Harl. 4425), and in the miniature depicting a "hortus conclusus" in the Grimani Breviary, the fountains are singularly beautiful, and in these, as in the vast majority of other illustrations of fountains in gardens, it will be noted that the basin is the dominant *motif*. The monasteries, in fact, carried on the tradition handed down from very ancient times of the washing of hands on the part of those about to engage in sacrificial rites. The turf-raised seats, sometimes shown encircling a tree in a fashion which seems curious to modern eyes, appear to be of very ancient origin, for they are suggestive of the mounds raised round the *pipala* (the sacred fig tree), serving at once both as a shrine and a seat for the village elders. A large mound or "mount" was a common feature in the larger gardens, and the mount in the Privy garden at Hampton Court remains to this day. These mounds were sometimes the site of arbours or even magnificent pavilions. It will be remembered that Bacon suggests that in his ideal garden "a fine Banqueting House" should crown the summit of a 30ft. high mount. In these mounds we again find silent testimony



GARDEN OF THE PALACE OF AVIGNON (A.D. 1470) WITH ENCLOSURES AND BEDS OF VARIOUS HEIGHTS, ERICK-FACED AND TURFED. FROM A MINIATURE BY LOYSET LIEDET.

pervades the whole of mediæval art and literature, and it was, indeed, a time of rejoicing when the earth donned afresh its "rich green mantling of resplendent sheen." It is little wonder, therefore, that so many of the old illustrations of social life have gardens for their backgrounds, and though depicted by the artist merely as a subsidiary detail, they form a valuable record of the gardens of those days.

There is no doubt that in the early Middle Ages the revival of the love of gardening was largely due to the monks—especially to the Benedictines. Manual labour being obligatory and the flesh of four-footed animals forbidden them, the monks devoted considerable time to the fruits and vegetables they grew in the comparative security of their gardens. The earliest plan of a garden that has been preserved is that of the monastery garden of S. Gall in the ninth century, but even as early as the sixth century there was the famous nunnery garden made by Radegonde, wife of Clothair I, when she took the veil at Potiers. It was in this sunny garden that the bishop-poet Fortunatus delighted to wander in springtime and compose his verses.

Illustrations of mediæval gardens charm our eyes by their beauty, but their symbolism makes a still deeper appeal. For the gardens of those days, simple as they were, show the impress of their ancient Eastern origin. The simple rectangular beds (suggestive of the cosmic cross), the fountain in the midst, the raised and turfed seats, the mount—to mention but a few of the more prominent features—take us back in thought to the source

to the Eastern origin of the most distinguishing features of mediæval gardens. For are not these mounds suggestive of the Hindu Mount Meru from which flowed the four life-giving, fertilising streams?

Illustrations of castle gardens in mediæval times are somewhat disappointing. The highly imaginative descriptions in the old romances—notably in the "Roman de la Rose"—are so delightful that it is sad to find how far removed the real gardens were from the poetic ideal. A typical fifteenth century castle garden shows Mangis and the fair Oriandes sitting on turfed seats and leaning against a turfed wall. A gilded fence surrounds the enclosure in which the most conspicuous feature is the fountain. On the turfed wall behind the lovers are two blue vases with growing plants in them, one being an interesting illustration of miniature topiary work in mediæval days and somewhat suggestive of a Japanese dwarfed tree. Another very good illustration of this topiary work may be seen in the miniature depicting Chastellain offering his book to Charles Duke of Burgundy. ("Instruction d'un Jeune Prince," No. 33, S.A.F., Arsenal Library.)

Mediæval pleasaunces seem to have been fairly numerous in England, but of the six hundred castles known to have been built between the Conquest and Tudor times more than half have entirely disappeared and but few traces remain of the old gardens. At Hampton Court may be seen a picture painted in Henry VIII's reign showing very clearly what part of the beautiful

Privy Garden must have looked like when the King hobbled about in it in his premature old age. In those days it contained both an arbour and a mount, there were cypress and juniper trees, and the formal beds were planted with "violets, pinks, sweet williams, gillifer slips [carnations], mynt and other sweete flowers." The picture gives a faithful representation of the railed beds, the rails painted green and white (the Tudor colours), and the impressive carved heraldic beasts supporting shields which were a feature of the garden. From the accounts preserved at Hampton Court we learn that there were more than 140 of these curiously interesting garden ornaments—lions, greyhounds, dragons, bulls, griffins and leopards, "bearing

shields with the King's arms and the Queen's." The same accounts show that this garden, then known as "the King's New Garden," was weeded by women gardeners, weeding being accounted women's work in those days. They were paid 3d. a day, and many of their names have been preserved.

The gardens at Thornbury Castle, which, in the early sixteenth century, belonged to the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, were typically mediæval; but, of all the gardens in England to-day, Penshurst perhaps bears most clearly the impress of its mediæval origin. The main enclosure is still surrounded by "castle" walls, the banqueting house remains, though, alas! the old pavilion has disappeared.

HERMIT

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

NOT long ago I was allowed to record in COUNTRY LIFE some personal memories of a very great horse, Gladiateur, who made history sixty years ago, and now I am again allowed to give similar memories of one not nearly so great a horse, who has been, by reason of his strange story, far more in the mouths of men, and is likely to remain so. There are scores of horses, known and unknown, whose lives and careers have touched romance, but few have so touched tragedy as that of Hermit, the Derby winner of 1867. For all men knew in that day that the great Turf duel, which lasted some four years, between the two Harrys—Harry of Hastings and Henry Chaplin—had its real impulse in something which lies far deeper than any racing rivalry. In that great game of beggar-my-neighbour, hearts were trumps. And all the world knew it. It would not be well to say more.

It was in the spring of 1865 that the two men, both but a few years old on the Turf, fairly crossed swords. The marquess had The Duke, a really good three year old, in all the classic races, but the horse was all amiss that spring and could not run. Meanwhile, Mr. Chaplin had bought from Mr. I'Anson for what was then considered a huge sum, £11,000, the two sons of Stockwell—Breadalbane, full brother to Blair Athol, and Broomielaw, whose dam possessed much the same blood. For a time no one else was talked about; but a little later, when both the rose jackets were nowhere in particular for the Two Thousand Guineas, men scoffed at the poor bargain that Mr. Chaplin had made. A little later the bargain proved far from a bad one. Breadalbane, whose dam, the sweet Blink Bonny, had died at his birth, had been suckled by a cart mare; and there were people found to declare, absurdly, that his slightly coarse appearance—he was a big chestnut with a Roman Stockwell head—was due to that fact. But he proved more than useful, while Broomielaw, in spite of turning into a perfect savage, was a really good horse over short courses. Yet, for the purpose in hand both had failed. But before the Two Thousand Guineas day the marquess, in like manner, had made a costly bargain, one of the worst that ever was made. Those were the days when the Biennial (now forgotten) in the Craven Meeting was held to be the key to the Two Thousand Guineas or even the Derby itself; and when an outsider, Kangaroo, sailed home in front of a big field of second-raters the marquess bought him at a small king's ransom, merely to see him nowhere. Indeed, I think he never again won a race. And for that year the honours between the rivals were easy—or, perhaps, a little uneasy.

But in the June of that year, two of the lots at the Middle Park sale—they followed one another in the catalogue—were Hermit, by Newminster from Seclusion, by Tadmor; and Marksman, by Dundee from Shot. The first fell to Mr. Chaplin for 1,000 gs. and the second, whose breeding naturally appealed to Mr. Merry, fell to him, also for 1,000 gs. Twice in their racing career they were to finish in the same order. Once more the price paid for these two yearlings—though there had been bigger—made talk for several months. The day had not yet come when a man was to be ready to pay 14,000 gs. for a yearling destined only to earn the last three figures of his price.

The first time that these two specimens of the gilded equine youth of that day were to wear silk in earnest was in a very small race that was next on the card in front of Lord Lyon's Two Thousand Guineas. The value to the winner would, in these days, hardly tempt an owner to send a great two year old for a walk-over; but things were otherwise then. You might see a future or past Derby winner brought out to fight out a £100 plate with others of his own quality. Twice, indeed, did the triple-crown winner, Lord Lyon, who seemed always doomed to sore heels and sore races, suffer this indignity. In the present instance there were four runners—Celia (the winner), Hermit, Marksman and Lady Hester. Two of the four were of the highest quality. Lady Hester was good, while Celia was of the early come and early go sort. They were five minutes early at the post, by good luck, and one had time to take them in. It is strange how some pictures impress themselves on the memory, while others fade beyond recovery. It was a lovely spring day, with the great green expanse of the heath behind that beautiful quartet. We may take them in their order

as they stood: Celia, with Arthur Edwards in Lord Stamford's very pretty pale blue with black and gold; T. Cannon in the Beaufort blue and white hoops on Lady Hester; Hermit with Tom French in the all rose; and Harvey Covey (I think) on Marksman. Here let me say that whatever excellences the American seat of to-day may claim, it would fare ill in a beauty competition with those four horsemen. Of the two horses whom we were really out to see there is much to say. Most people would, I think, have chosen Marksman as the horse of the future, a truly magnificent two year old. He was a yellow chestnut, a full half-hand higher than Hermit, and of great substance and power, like his sire, Dundee. He was at this time a big unfurnished baby, with a slight tendency to coarseness, which was, perhaps, emphasised by his rough flying mane as compared with the neatly plaited locks of the others. It was rare to see a racehorse in those days with an unplaited mane; but one or two trainers, less bound by convention, saw that the plaiting of a mane, especially of a two year old, told the wondering animal just what they did not want him to be thinking of all the morning beforehand. They were undoubtedly wise. As for Hermit, he was, in many ways, a great contrast to Marksman. He was a beautiful rich red chestnut with little white. It was the custom to call him a small horse. Custance, describing his race as a four year old with Julius, speaks of "my little horse," and certainly he looked small beside a Marksman or a Julius. But he stood 15h. 3ins., and he girthed, Captain Machell told me, well over 6ft.: and he carried plenty of muscle where it is wanted, with a beautiful shoulder; while his quarters, as so often with the Newminsters, were of immense propelling power. He had very good feet; but the special hall-mark of this history-making horse was that indefinable something which we call "quality"—so easy to see, so hard to explain. It was a virtue which, together with his splendid action, he transmitted to his family. It was this action of his that carried him over, rather than through, the slush of his Derby Day.

They were gone in a flash, and up the course one could just see that the four were finishing close together, and next heard how Celia had got home by a neck or so, with Hermit a head in front of Marksman. It hardly seemed very good; yet it was a first lesson, and both were to improve upon it. Never again was such as Celia to show either of them a pair of heels; and before Hermit was laid by from his two year old career he had beaten nearly all that mattered most. Achievement, indeed, beat him at all ages whenever they met; and here let me step aside to express respectfully my belief that she was the most wonderful of all the fillies I have ever set eyes on. Hermit as a two year old never met The Rake or Plaudit, and after August he ran no more that year. Probably Captain Machell already realised that he had to do with a horse which could easily be run to death. It is interesting here to note the number of times the chief two year olds ran that year: Achievement, 13; Marksman, 13; Vauban, 15; Hippias, 12; Julius, 5; Knight of the Garter, 14; The Rake, 2.

And so winter came.

In those days men bet on the Derby summer or winter for the whole year beforehand. And bet, indeed, they did. There were rumours that winter—of which a few per cent. were true—of huge sums in which Hermit's name bulked large. One noble duke had laid another (or was it a commoner?) a colossal bet against the horse, and the matter, for some reason, was submitted to the admiral, who, being "in the ten-pound line of business" himself, as he said, promptly tore the bond asunder. But the Marquess of Hastings lost few opportunities of laying against the horse, and Lady Florence expressed her misgivings to a friend: "Harry is betting against Hermit as if he were dead." And as the spring went on the horse was going on too, and so was Harry of Hastings. The Two Thousand Guineas came and went. Watching that race, the present writer came to some conclusions. First, that no Vauban (who won) would get down the Epsom Mile with those wooden-horse forelegs; secondly, that Marksman (third) had stopped going up the hill merely from want of condition—anyhow, that he would beat Vauban. But in between the two came Knight of the Garter, who ran under great disadvantages, having bruised a fetlock and 13

been stopped. He was known to be fully 10lb. behind Hermit. So all three owners went to bed that night sure of winning the Derby. Above all, it supplied Lord Hastings with fresh powder and shot to fire into Hermit. And then in the next few weeks the great bomb fell. On the morning when Hermit was galloped with Vespasian the horse broke a blood vessel. The whole story will be found in the book of Custance, who was riding. The horse was got home, and the disaster (there proved to be more blood than danger), kept a dead secret, was all over England before night. From that time his price, till he had passed the post, ranged from 66 to 1 to 100 to 1. It was said he had done no work for a week and more! He was expected to break another blood vessel at any moment! He was a certain non-starter! Before the Derby came, by negotiations which are described by Custance, but seem a little mixed, Mr. Chaplin had resigned Custance to Mr. Prior, the owner of The Rake, and presently referred the matter to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who decided that Mr. Prior's claim must stand. Truly, at the time—we know better now—Fortune once more seemed to be standing by Harry Hastings. He had as good as won his money. He was safe. Alas for him! The cheating jade had loaded all the dice against him. First of all, the very disaster, which was a mere bursting of a vein in the nose—"bleeding at the nose" in a human being—gave him the very casing which he of all horses needed. And eased he was, but hardly stopped, save for a day or two of walking exercise, and then plenty of gentle cantering, which was just what was good for him. But how came it that Lord Hastings, to whom it was a matter of life and death, was as ill-informed as any man in the street? He could have covered his vast liability—men stated it at some £180,000—by a very small outlay now. But, shrewd as he often was where the doings of his own horses were concerned, he was blind, even mad, where a Hermit was concerned. *Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat*. Captain Machell, a far better judge both of horses and racing and of men, never lost faith. He weighed all the strange mishaps that seemed to gather round the horse in a different scale. Even the loss of the stable jockey, Custance, which seemed to most people the throwing up of the last hope, was probably anything but that to him; for he knew, probably, even then, that the horse had conceived a great fear and dislike of Custance. There is no discredit to Custance in that. These likes and dislikes are quite a common trait with thoroughbred horses, especially such nervous, highly strung horses as Hermit. Captain Machell told a friend of his in my presence nearly a year later that the horse had such a fear of Custance that "you could hear his heart beat" when that jockey went to saddle him. And so, when the Captain found John Daley free to ride, he was probably by no means discouraged, but took another 66 to 1. I suspect that no one else did. Daley, a very quiet rider, capable enough, was far inferior to Custance as a jockey, in the opinion of most men. Not so in the opinion of Hermit; and that mattered most. The horse was really going well with his light exercise, but no one, not even Custance, now knew it.

And so the Derby Day came, and oh, that day! Whatever wickedness the English climate has in its bag of tricks it set free that day. Snow, sleet, rain, wind. It is commonly said that the race was run in a snowstorm. This is not true. It had snowed pretty thickly a short time before the race, and the Surrey hills carried a grey powder for a while. Then it turned to sleet. The sight of the crowd while the snow was falling, moving solidly forward under its umbrellas—they were not kept off the course in those days—had no parallel till one came to know the Roman troops in the Column of Trajan, shields locked over their heads in the *testudo* formation! But by the time the thirty were at the post the snow had first degenerated into chilling sleet, and then, if I remember rightly, held up. In the canter through the slush nothing went so well as Hermit. He bounded along over it. But no one heeded that now. His case was held to be too hopeless. And so to the post, where for a dismal half-hour false start followed false start. The chief sinner was D'Estournel, who finally had his way and got left behind. But there were others which offended, and several jockeys got into trouble, among them James Grimshaw (suspended), who rode Marksman. A philosopher from the country, who was next to me, sat down and deliberately went to sleep till the roar "They're off" awoke him. It was, of course, a bad day for seeing colours, but the all-rose of Hermit and the yellow of Marksman were always in good places. The blue and white of Vauban faded out a quarter of a mile from home, leaving Marksman apparently to win. He was on the slightly higher ground, with Hermit lower on the far rails. And then the mighty roar as the rose jacket went forward! It looked as if James Grimshaw rode an ineffective finish for so desperate a rider as he had often proved. It was not till the very last, a stride or two too late, that he put in strong work; but Hermit won by a neck or half-length. Waugh, who trained Marksman, always asserted that Grimshaw had thrown away the race through watching only Vauban and not seeing Hermit; and certainly the race had that appearance. But I have always had it in mind that perhaps the explanation lay not in watching Vauban but in the possibility that the younger Grimshaw suffered in a less degree from the short sight ("conical cornea") which was notorious in his elder brother. I have never seen this suggested, however, but on such a day defective sight might count for much. The view that Grimshaw did not see Hermit is borne

out by the fact that he believed he had won, and was sorely disappointed when the mounted policeman (who would not be that greatest of men?) who annually precedes the winner to the weighing room, put himself at the head of Hermit.

What the moment meant to Harry of Hastings when Hermit's number went up the reader must guess for himself. It was ruin bald and blank, and coming from that source, too! That night in London there were tragic rumours. Later in the year it was declared that he had regained by Lecturer, Lady Elizabeth and the rest of his squadron of winners all that he had lost, and many writers have repeated it. Let those believe it who can. But this article is not out to trace his fortunes beyond the point when he loses touch with Hermit at the hoisting of the numbers. There the great duel ended. "Hermit broke my heart," he said, in those pathetic dying days of his a year later.

The rest of Hermit's career was of mixed value, but by no means the total failure that is sometimes described. He runs a good second to Achievement in the St. Leger and second to her again in the Doncaster Cup. After all, a first in the Derby and a second in the St. Leger make up good credentials when put together. It was later in the afternoon of the Cup that he was again sent forth for a race over the St. Leger course—against feeble foes, to be sure, but mileage is mileage when it has to be galloped. He won, but never won again. That autumn, in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, he failed to give 7lb. to that very good horse, Friponnier; but he gave 11lb. to Hippia, the Oaks winner, and 7lb. to Julius, who was, a few weeks later, to win a Cesarewitch under 8st. He ran seven times as a four year old, beginning with a Biennial at Newmarket, where he failed by half a length to beat Julius (a far more powerful horse). Remembering what Captain Machell had told us, as we stood beside Hermit in his box a fortnight before, of the horse's fear of Custance, I watched the race very carefully at just the point where that jockey took his horse up alongside of Julius. Hermit, though a nervous horse, was no coward, and it certainly seemed as if he shrank from something unknown—Custance writes of it as his "little horse curling up." A fortnight later, with the weights more in his favour, he again failed badly to beat Julius; and from that time forward his performances were, at best, respectable—hardly even that in a Derby winner. Twice he paid forfeit to the Palmer in prospective matches: which tells its own tale. For him it was "Ichabod" now—his glory had departed—and after the end of his four year old career he went to Blankney. He had in all his time won only one really great race, and it seemed as if Fortune, when she had used him once to her purpose, had no further use for him. And yet he was a good one.

He by no means fades out of history after his departure for Blankney. His later doings had greatly—perhaps unduly—tarnished his one great feat. His owner modestly placed the fee of £20 upon him, yet he at once began to return the value in kind. It was, as I have said before, his action, his quality, and perhaps also his nervous vitality which he gave to his sons and daughters, St. Blaise, Shotover, Marden, Ste. Marguerita, Friar's Balsam, Lonely, Thebais, Tristan, Holy Friar, Peter, Timothy, Trappist, Gay Hermit and many another.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that when Hermit died (at some thirty years of age) Mr. Chaplin gave his skeleton, to be with those of Eclipse and Orlando, to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Rowland Ward set up the skeleton, and it was in a room of his shop in Piccadilly that I once more stood by the framework of the gallant beast. At his feet there lay the rich chestnut coat which he had worn in life. But what interested me most was to notice that the jaw on the near side had suffered from a severe tumour, which must, when it occurred, have caused much pain. The thought flashed across me, could that (as in the case of his son, Friar's Balsam, who broke a tumour in his jaw in his Two Thousand Guineas race) have been the source of the blood, and not a broken blood vessel? It makes little difference, but it is interesting in the light of the fact, which "The Druid" records, that his sire, Newminster, suffered agonies in his teething. But these things are verily the dry bones of the wonderful romance. Eclipse and Hermit were afterwards transferred to the Natural History Museum of South Kensington, where they have remained ever since in the cold storage of the basements—so I am told. It seems a pity that they cannot take their place beside St. Simon and Persimmon, who now reign alone in the "Domestic Animals" section. But the authorities of that well ordered museum doubtless have good reason—probably lack of space and want of funds. It seems that even the Natural History Museum must, like the rest of us, have their skeleton in a cupboard.

And so the tale ends. It is sixty years since it began to be told—nearly two generations of men and many more of horses. Every owner, jockey, trainer, horse, who took any share in the story, as well as the vast majority of those who looked on, have gone to the Elysian Hunting Grounds beyond. History does, indeed, repeat itself in most affairs of life, yet it is safe to say that the network of circumstance which was woven about those few years of the middle 'sixties and which seemed to lift them out of a mere racing record into the regions of human tragedy, can never be woven to that same pattern again. Never in any Greek play did Nemesis so tread upon the heels of Fortune: never did Folly so hobnob with Pathos. It was a day that never can return. It is well so. GERALD S. DAVIES.

THE LOSS OF THE FOUNDLING



MASSIVE, STATELY AND BROWN. LOOKING UP LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET.

THE information, scanty as it is, that the Foundling Hospital has, to all intents and purposes, been sold for £1,500,000 gives grounds for profound misgiving. It is not that any sensible man can question the wisdom of moving the children to the pure air of the country, where the splendid work of Captain Coram can be carried on in conditions such as he himself selected, and probably be extended in more commodious premises. Such a transference was sooner or later inevitable, and the white aprons do but follow the Blue Coats and the Carthusians.

It is for the fine old buildings and their unique associations with all that is best in eighteenth century England that we are afraid, and still more for the nine and a quarter acres of timber and greensward in the heart of a congested city area. Bloomsbury is a quarter which, we believe, might have a future, as a residential area, as great as its past. Already the tide of squalor that envelops its lesser streets has been, if only momentarily, stemmed, and some fine old houses are restored to decency. But its great distance from any open space inevitably crabs it as a neighbourhood where children can be brought up. It is a wretched part for the children of any class to-day, for, with the exception of the tiny Red Lion Square and St. George's Burial Ground, there is absolutely no playground, nor, for that matter, a place for a grown-up to sit down, nearer than Hyde and Regent's Parks, some two miles distant.

The vital necessity for such an open space in close proximity to dwelling-houses is now recognised by all authorities, and steps are taken by public-spirited individuals to secure open spaces in areas of future expansion, as at Ken Wood, Box Hill and Kingston Vale. But how much greater is the need of such a part as Bloomsbury—densely populated and on the verge of becoming a slum in the heart of the City.

There are several rumours current as to its destiny. Appropriate as it would have been for the London University, it is, we believe, quite settled that they will not purchase the Hospital. Another rumour has it that Covent Garden Market is to be moved to that area and the whole machinery of distribution be thereby reformed. Certain it is that no more costly or confused system could be devised than that which has grown up in this once charming piazza, overflowing into and congesting a hundred narrow streets in the vicinity. Were the market to be moved to the Foundling Hospital site, the buildings and open space would have to go; and if there were any gain in cheap and efficient distribution, the sacrifice of the whole district that would result might be just worth while. But, except for its proximity to the Northern Railway termini and the principal roads from the north, there is no more in favour of a Bloomsbury than of a Covent Garden Market. The approaches are just as confused. If the market is to be moved, as moved it must be sooner or later, the neighbourhood of Victoria Station is infinitely preferable. There is a large area behind the station on the banks of the river, adjoining two railway termini and approached by the Embankment. No buildings of any value would have to be demolished and no residential area would be affected. Indeed, a slummy district would be cleared and its value be increased.

Meanwhile, Londoners may be well advised to take their farewell of the dignified buildings and stately grounds. These were fully illustrated and described in *COUNTRY LIFE* of October 16th and 23rd, 1920, and we have here space only for a bare suggestion of their charm.



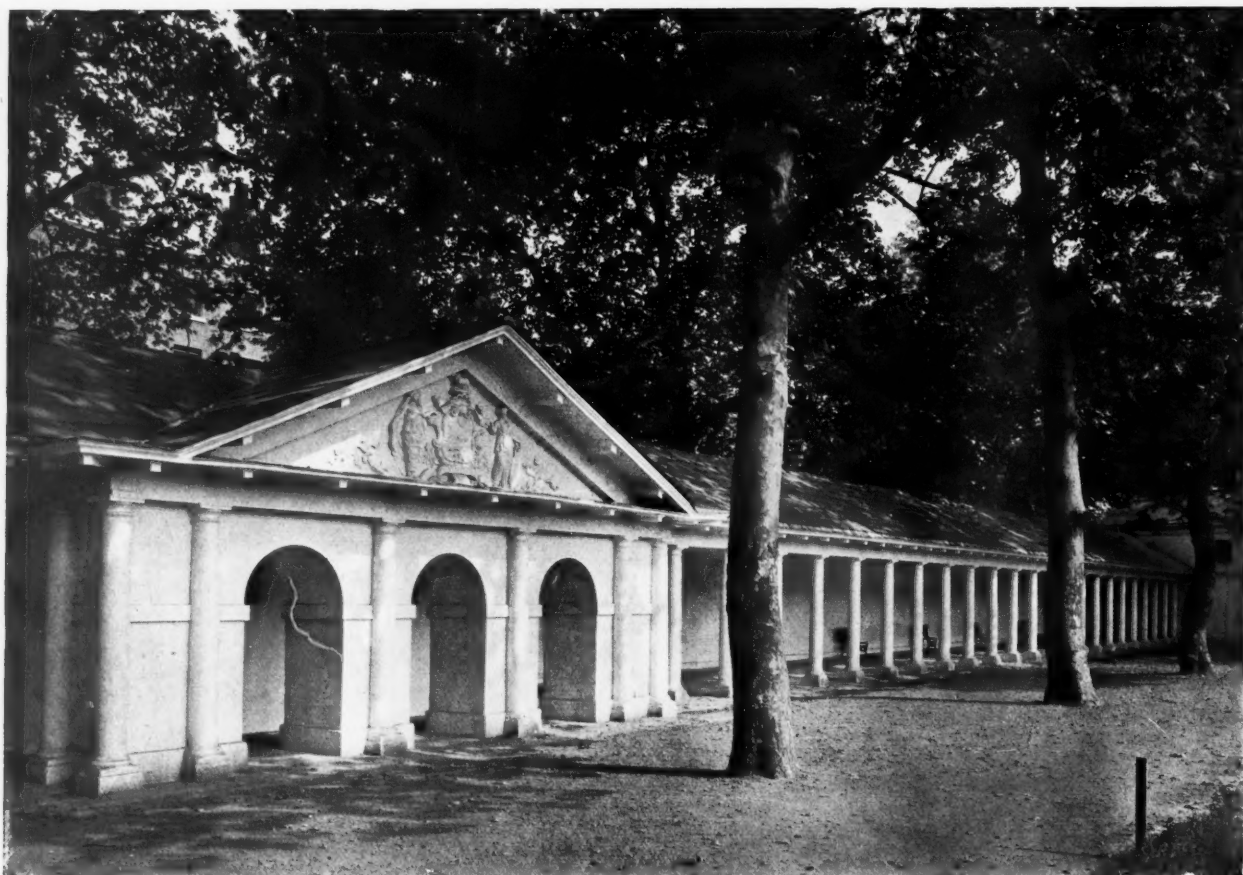
CAPTAIN CORAM, ABOVE THE NICHE FOR BABIES.



THE HOSPITAL, BLOOMSBURY FIELDS AND ST. PANCRAS IN 1756.

Captain Coram, who, by honest seafaring and trade, amassed a considerable fortune, first conceived the idea of a foundling hospital about 1720, but did not obtain a charter of incorporation till 1739, when temporary premises were hired in Hatton Garden. Soon afterwards the four famous fields were bought from Lord Salisbury for £7,000, and in 1742 the designs of Theodore Jacobsen were adopted for the present buildings. Contemporary engravings show how rural were then the Hospital's surroundings, midway between Oxford Road and the village of St. Pancras. It was a fashionable promenade to watch the foundlings at work in the rope-yards beneath the colonnades (that being their original *raison d'être*), and soon it became equally fashionable to contribute to the resources of the Hospital.

Prominent among these benefactors was a group of artists, headed by Hogarth, who set about decorating the rooms. Hogarth painted Coram's magnificent portrait—"the portrait that I painted," as he afterwards related, "with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel"; and Hayman, Wills, Highmore, Hudson, Allan Ramsay, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Rysbrach, Lambert, Samuel Scott, Monamy, Richard Wilson, Wale, Haytley, Carter, George Moser, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Taylor the architect, and John Pyne gave pictures or other products of their talents, which remain in the gallery. It is small wonder that this, at that time unparalleled, collection of contemporary art became a popular resort and that its success, after 1760, was one of the factors leading up to the founding of the Royal Academy in 1768. Handel,



ONE OF THE COLONNADES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE GREAT FORECOURT.

who frequently played the organ in the chapel, furthered the fame of this asylum for outcast children and outcast art.

Jacobsen, the architect, is chiefly associated with the Royal Hospital at Gosport, and deserves greater fame than he is usually accorded. The leading characteristic of his design was two large blocks, one for boys, the other for girls, joined by a chapel on the third side of the square. In general appearance his work has many points in common with the Georgian work, executed twenty years previously, at Kensington Palace, to which it is infinitely superior, notwithstanding the economy of materials. These are yellow brick, burnt in the adjacent fields, and Portland stone. The semicircular screen-wall, shown in the engraving of 1756, was demolished in 1853 when the present railings were substituted, connecting the extremities of the colonnades in a straight line. Jacobsen's central feature of a Tuscan pedestal

was preserved, but its pyramidal top, reminiscent of Kent's marblework in the Cupola Room at Kensington, was done away with in favour of William Calder Marshall's fine statue of Captain Coram. The niche below was originally intended for the reception of babies, but very soon after its erection the overcrowding of it led to the fixing of the iron spikes seen in the engraving and the ordinance that children must be brought to the doors of the Hospital.

It is painful and shocking that such buildings as these, rich in beauty and beautiful in associations, should be handed over to the housebreaker. If any real advantage to the life of the metropolis were thereby gained, the loss could be borne. Otherwise, unless a considerably finer building than most of those that have been given to London of recent years is erected, another breathing spot and another stately pile will be sacrificed to mediocrity.

THOMAS BEWICK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by himself, with an introduction by Selwyn Image. (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d. net.)

WE are glad that Bewick's *Memoir* has been reprinted. No edition has appeared since the first was published in 1862, that is, thirty-four years after it was written. Bewick had no particular desire to print it. It was written for the simple purpose of entertaining his son and daughter with an account of life as he had known it, and the style is as simple, direct and unaffected as would be natural in a man of his character addressing his children. In his opening sentence it is addressed to "My Dear Jane," and his object in writing it is that "it may at a future day amuse you and your brother and sisters." Although this was his object, the book is more than a Life. It is a revelation of something that probably he would not have dignified with so sounding a name as philosophy, although philosophy it is. The charm of the book, however, does not depend upon that so much as upon the light it sheds upon life and a atmosphere in the Northumberland of the late eighteenth century. Very few people realise how crude at that time were the ideas of preparing a boy for a career in life. Bewick came of a family whose circumstances were a little above those of the majority of their neighbours and who were, in toughness and efficiency, very much so. It was a time when neither father nor schoolmaster doubted the wisdom of not sparing the rod. At Mickley the dominie walked about the schoolroom with the tawse or switch in his hand, and the first crisis in the boy's life occurred when he was sentenced to be flogged, and this was to be done by what was called "hugging," that is, he was mounted upon the back of a stout boy "who kept hold of my hands over his shoulders while the posteriors were laid bare." One can guess the sequel from a very brief study of the portrait of Bewick that faces the title page. In the tail coat, top hat, knee breeches, gaiters and shoes worn at the period, he looks every inch a man who might have sung the song of Jock Elliot, "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" He sprawled, kicked, flung and even bit the innocent boy on the neck till he roared out and threw him down. On being seized again by the old schoolmaster, "I rebelled, and broke his shins with my iron-hooped clogs, and ran off." After that, he did not return to the school, but played truant every day and amused himself by making dams and swimming boats in a small burn. He was then sent to the Rev. C. Gregson of Ovingham, but swotting at Latin for no purpose that he could discern did not agree with him, and the margin of his book and "every space of spare and blank paper, became filled with various kinds of devices or scenes I had met with," and that is the first mention in the book of his inclination towards drawing. When the blank spaces in his books were filled, he would go to the gravestones and the floor of the church porch with a bit of chalk to figure what he had seen. At the time he did not know of other paintings beyond the King's arms in the church and the signs in Ovingham of the Black Bull, the White Horse, the Salmon and the Hounds and Hare. His father called this "mis-spending my time in such idle pursuits." The next step forward was when a friend gave him some paper, "pen and ink, and the juice of the brambleberry made a grand change." It will easily be understood that this clever, robust boy was foremost in the sports and pastimes of the period. Cherryburn stands on the banks of the Tyne, and the pitmen and farm labourers were devoted to sport. In winter they chased the fox or the hare, tracked the fougart, or polecat, in the snow, and hunted the badger at midnight. When the land was frost-bound and snow lay on moor and fell, the countryside was raided for vermin or anything else that could be hunted. Birds were flushed, and sometimes caught, by the terrier dogs, and trying dogs on the fougart, the otter and badger was considered the rarest form of amusement. When winter passed

away Thomas Bewick, even at that early period keen on fishing, got together his tackle, set gads and night lines, and in moonlight did many things now considered unsportsmanlike. The young generation, neither pampered nor spoiled, had inherited lawlessness from their fighting ancestors, and he was proud of them as "A bold peasantry, their country's pride," "and to this day," he writes, "I think I see their broad shoulders and their hardy, sun-burnt looks."

In describing his youthful days, he produces a pen portrait as clearly defined as his tailpieces. For instance, there is Gilbert Gray, the bookbinder who had been educated for a priest, but he would say to Bewick, "Of a 'trouth,' Thomas, I did not like their ways." So he made his way from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, and became shopman and bookbinder to Allan Ramsay, the poet, thence coming to Newcastle. Occasionally, the author lets us see that he was a man of his hands and could hold his own. He tells, for instance, a story of a friend of his who was something of a Bolshevik before the word was dreamt of, and who held "that property in land is everyone's right." He got a number of men to debate the point, and assumed that his friend Bewick shared his beliefs, but he became swollen with indignation when one whom he supposed a convert offered no help. Argument in those days very soon came to blows. The lecturer, calling him "a Sir Walter Blackett," referred to one who had been five times mayor of Newcastle and represented the borough in seven Parliaments, and made the threat, "If I had been as stout as you are, I would have thrashed you," but, not being so:

He then produced a pair of cudgels, and to work we fell. He did not know that I was a proficient in cudgel playing, and I soon found that he was very defective. After I had blackened the insides of his thighs and arms, he became quite outrageous and acted very unfairly, which obliged me to give him a severe beating.

Bewick had been slowly but surely developing during the vicissitudes of childhood. The *Memoir* would be valuable and interesting if it only recalled the conditions of country life a hundred and fifty years ago, but these things were of secondary importance in the life of the man. When he was out of his apprenticeship he was like a bear escaped from its cage, and one of the projects he carried out must have surprised the family. He got his mother to make up a parcel of necessary underclothing, and, "after sewing three guineas in my breeches waistband," he departed on a long walk, going by Haydon Bridge and Haltwhistle to Naworth Castle, Penrith and Carlisle. The glow of youth is pleasantly manifest in his description of the country he saw as he pursued his way from Langholm to Hawick and Selkirk:

I had been, in this short tramp, particularly charmed with the Border scenery; the roads, in places, twined about the bottoms of the hills, which were beautifully green, like velvet, spotted over with white sheep which grazed on their sides, watched by the peaceful shepherd and his dog.

He visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, and made a raid into the Highlands, which he seems to have enjoyed most of all. In those days the inhabitants of that country had not been spoilt by tourists, and he always found it difficult to induce the people to take money for anything they gave him in the way of refreshment, and that feature led to a beautiful little idyll which shows better than anything else in the book the fine, naïve, simple common-sense of his character. He had stayed all day and night at a house listening to a young man who played well on the Scottish pipes, while "I, in turn, whistled several Tyne-side tunes to him, so that we could hardly get separated." Before leaving he managed to put some money in the hands of the children.

I had not got far from the house till I was pursued by a beautiful young woman, who accosted me in "badish" English, which she must

have got off by heart just before she left the house, the purport of which was to urge my acceptance of the usual present.

This I wished to refuse; but, with a face and neck blushed with scarlet, she pressed it upon me with such sweetness—while I thought at the same time that she invited me to return—that (I could not help it) I seized her, and smacked her lips. She then sprang away from me, with her bare legs, like a deer, and left me fixed to the spot, not knowing what to do.

No wonder that he felt grieved that he could not hope to see her more.

In those days he kept himself in very hard condition. When he went for a walk, he never looked whether it was a

good day or a bad one. On setting out, he always waded through the first pool he met and had sometimes to wade a river. Yet he never changed his clothes, however wet or stiffened by the frost, till he went to bed. He slept with his windows open, "rolled in a blanket, upon a mattress as hard as I could make it." Nor did he suffer any illness, even in the shape of a cold, while he lived in this way, and he adds, "nor did I experience any difference until, when I married, I was obliged to alter my plans, and to live and behave like other folks."

Everyone knows the artist Bewick, but until they have read this book, they cannot truthfully be said to know the man.

CORRESPONDENCE

WHIP AND SPUR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with interest all Lieutenant-Colonel M. F. McTaggart's articles in your paper and was greatly interested in the one in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for November 22nd, entitled "Whip and Spur," in which he says, "It would be a very good thing if the Jockey Club and the Stewards of the N.H.C. would issue a rule that no jockey should carry anything else than a standard pattern cane." I have often thought what a good thing it would be if whip and spur were forbidden altogether in racing, not only from a humane point of view, but as a means of improving the "character" of racehorses. Given plenty of punishment a vicious animal can generally be made to race, and these animals when used for stud purposes pass on their vices to their descendants, as I think it is generally admitted that most vice is hereditary. Now, if all implements of punishment were forbidden it would, in nine cases out of ten, be only the sane, great-hearted horses which would win races, with the result that they would in due course produce the same natured animals, and in a comparatively few years a vicious racehorse would be a much rarer animal than he is to-day.—F. S. JACKSON.

PARAKEETS IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The ability of birds of the parrot family to stand our climate and fend for themselves at liberty is much greater than is commonly supposed. It is probably true to say that the majority of parrots and parakeets, when acclimatised and in perfect condition, could

stand an English winter at liberty if they could find food. I have known Leadbeater's cockatoos that have escaped from captivity survive the long, wet winter of south-west Scotland without any special artificial feeding. Blue-fronted Amazon parrots have been known to exist in a perfectly wild state in England for over a year. An Indian ring-necked parakeet lived for several years in Kensington Gardens, though he, it is true, was fed by various friends and admirers. The larger Australian parakeets of the rosella family become very independent after several months of liberty and are well able to support themselves on buds and wild fruits, even during severe winters, when our native birds are hard put to it to find food. There is little doubt that some species of parrots and parakeets could be successfully acclimatised in Great Britain; but, though they would be most attractive to the eye, their destructive propensities in the orchard would make the experiment an unwise one. It is, however, possible for anyone owning a fair-sized garden to enjoy, during the winter months, a vision of tropical splendour in bird plumage by getting one or two pairs of large, hardy parakeets and keeping the females in an aviary, while the males fly loose from the time the apples are gathered until the beginning of the breeding season the following year. Male parakeets whose mates are confined do not, as a rule, leave the immediate vicinity of the aviary, and the risk of their being shot is extremely small. About the best bird for such an experiment is the Australian king (Aprosmictus cyanopygus). It is perfectly hardy and will live out of doors in any part of Great Britain if given shelter from wind and wet when confined. The male does no damage

in the garden during the winter months and he is too big for winged vermin to tackle. He is not objectionably noisy, while his graceful sweeping flight and the gorgeous contrasts of his scarlet head and breast, green wings and dark blue back make him a most attractive addition to the grey winter landscape.—TAVISTOCK.

WEMBLEY 130 YEARS AGO.

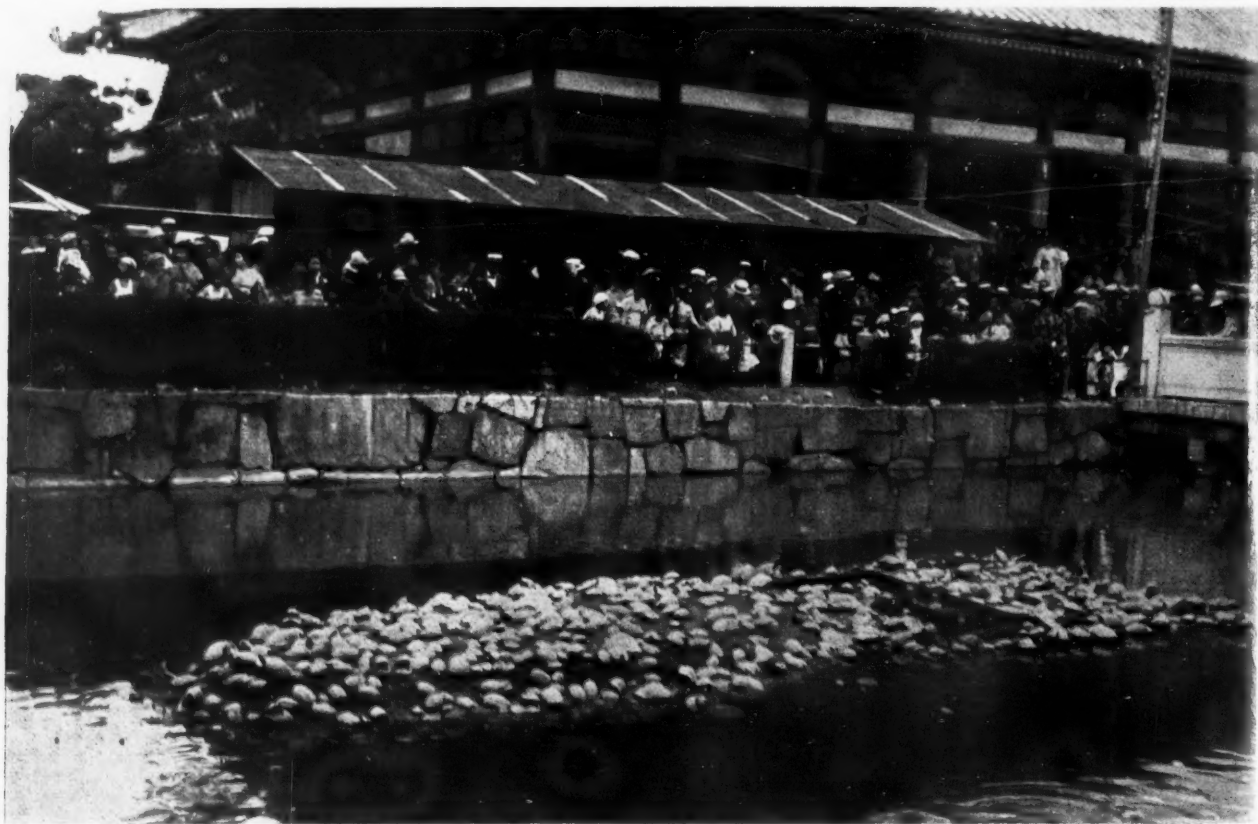
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may interest many who felt, and saw, the crush and bustle of Wembley this summer to read how Humphrey Repton, the landscape gardener, described it 130 years ago: "In the vicinity of the metropolis there are few places so free from interruption as the grounds of Wembley; and indeed in the course of my experience I have seen no spot within so short a distance of London more perfectly secluded from those interferences which are the common effects of divided property and a populous neighbourhood. Wembley is as quiet and retired at seven miles' distance as it could have been at seventy."—T.

A HOME FOR TORTOISES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the temple ground of the Tennoje, in Osaka City, Japan, there are two ponds in which tortoises are wonderfully abundant. The tortoise is considered as a symbol of longevity and people, if they happen to get one, would put it in any one of the ponds to let it enjoy the long life. On a fine day the rock in the centre of each pond is entirely covered over by the tortoises that come up from the water.—K. SAKAMOTO.



THE SACRED TORTOISE POND OF OSAKA.



SEVEN LITTLE SAUSAGES.

WESSEX SADDLEBACKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I say how much interested I was in your illustrations of Wessex Saddlebacks? While motoring near Bridgnorth in September we came upon a funny sight—a field full of little pigs, all asleep. I took a number of snapshots of them, sleeping and waking, and I think some of your readers may be amused at the enclosed picture of a row of potential sausages.—VERA M. GREEN.

"DOGS OF CHARACTER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to your article on the Chow in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE, may I, with all diffidence, offer you a résumé of my experiences gathered in a four years' stay in China? When I first arrived in Shanghai, in November, 1908, I was ordered to Nanking, and in both these places—which, as you know, are of considerable size—I tried for nearly six months to get a Chow puppy, as I wanted a guard for the house, and supposed that a native would stand the climate better than a European dog, all of which are subject to many troubles. I could not get a puppy anywhere, and was told by many Chinese that all the Chows came from Canton. It seems strange that a dog with such a long coat should come from such a hot district, but it is a fact that I never saw one, except two owned by foreigners in Shanghai, anywhere between the Yangtse and Kalgan, which is quite a long distance. Neither did I see any in Manchuria, and I was stationed in Mukden and in Autung, at the mouth of the Yalu river, for some six months. I was always looking out for a decent

dog, for I am very fond of them, and the only one I ever came across in native lands was a black and white Pekingese puppy I found in a small town in Chi-li Province. "Wonk" is the contemptuous name bestowed by the average foreigner upon the generally mangy and always abject pariah dog, which, together with the pigs, is the only scavenger the villages ever know, and because of his habits and his trick of acquiring rabies is always avoided and shot at sight if one is not too close to a village. There are a few Mongol temples around and north of Mukden, and the Lama (Mongol) priests keep a few big, heavy dogs as guards. They are shut up all day, fed on meat, and let loose in the compound at night, and Heaven help anybody who tries to get in. These dogs sometimes stand as high as a Great Dane, with heads on them rather like the very old Newfoundlands, and great long heavy coats. They are generally black, and the best of them have a strain of Tibetan mastiff in them. The Mongols who take caravans into Tibet sometimes bring back with them a mastiff puppy, but, if a dog, he has always been cut.—RICHARD CALDICOTT.

FIRST AID IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture of the huntsman of the South Notts Hunt relieving one of his hounds of a thorn. The patient's expression during the operation is, I think, very engaging.—HOWARD BARRETT.

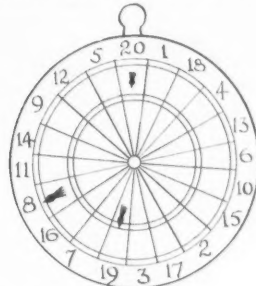


ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

INN GAMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

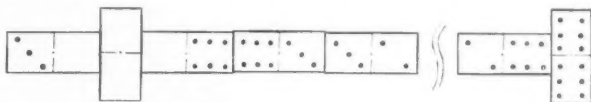
SIR,—
Now I halted once, as I journeyed West,
In a tavern by Calcot Row
Where two ancient villagers, blithe and hale,
Were throwing the darts for a quart of ale.
I called for a pint of the landlord's best
And I sat there and watched them throw.
And one said "William, 'tis chalker's drink,"
I wants ninety-three—an' 'tis there, I think."
A treble nineteen and a twenty true
And a double eight were the darts he threw.



Now, most wondrous true is the marksman's aim
Who findeth the distant bull,
And a vision keen may the batsman claim
Who timeth the perfect pull;
But yon ancient's eye, in his taproom game,
Had clarity as full,
When treble nineteen and a twenty true
And a double eight were the darts he threw.

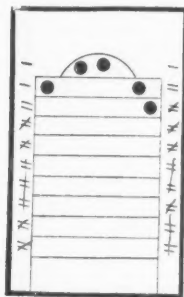
And I lay one night at a wayside inn
On the side of a Yorkshire wold;
A couple of customers, lounged at ease,
Were playing a rubber of "fives and threes,"
And one of them said "Noo, Ah'm bahn to win;
Tha canst call for a joog of old.
Dooble six—six-three—an' it's six aboot—
Six-blank—dooble blank—an' blank-three—
an' oot."

And here is the order his cards were played—
Full thirty and one was the score he made:—



Now, most wondrous clear is the chess king's brain
Who playeth at once a score;
And he who a living at cards doth gain
Of knowledge must have good store,
But this lounge, too, had of wit a grain
Or learning or luck or lore,
To compass the order his cards were played
That thirty and one was the score he made.

And I called in once on the road to Thame,
At a house called the "Barley Mow,"
Where I found a shove-halfpenny match toward
A player was bent o'er the shining board,
With a brace in the topmost "bed" for game
And a couple of coins to go,
He patted one up, and it cut the line;
Then muttered "I wins if I cuts un fine."
A stroke, and a click, and the coins lay dead
In the centre fair of the topmost bed.



Now most wondrous fine is the cueist's touch
Who scoreth a ten-score break;
And the task of a twelve foot putt, 'tis such
As alloweth of no mistake.
But the skill of these it is nothing much
Exacter than theirs, who make
The stroke that a couple of coins lay dead
In the centre fair, of the topmost bed.

—R. S. M.

(• Level scores.)



AT DAVOS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

SKI-ING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Looking through my Alpine photographs, I came across the enclosed, taken twenty-four years ago at Davos. It represents the start of the first ski race for ladies which I ever saw: perhaps the first ever held in Switzerland. The race was organised by the brothers Richardson, one of whom is seen in the foreground. All the competitors, I think, were English, and all—as will be seen—wore not only skirts, but long ones. It is extraordinary that any woman was persistent enough, let alone strong enough physically, to learn to ski with such a handicap. Certainly ski-ing would never have gained its present vogue

had not some pioneer women defied convention and adopted the now universal breeches suit. The costumes seen in this photograph are already barely believable in the eyes of the younger generation of winter sport enthusiasts. —WARD MUIR.

PROTECTION OF GREEN PLOVER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. H. N. Mortimer's letter in COUNTRY LIFE of November 15th, the green plover migrates far more than many realise, if we may judge by reports from lighthouses, and these reports are strengthened by what others note. Mr. Max Baker, in COUNTRY LIFE

of 22nd ult., says: "Within the last few weeks migration has brought them into evidence in flocks so large that they make their characteristic black line in the sky." Thanks to the assistance given by observant lighthouse-keepers in former years to the B.O.C. and by the R.A.F. officers to Colonel R. Meinertzhagen, D.S.O., one is enabled to ascertain dates and details of migration movements. In 1917, in northern France, large numbers were flying on March 11th northerly at 5,500ft., and equally so March 8th, 1918, at 6,500ft.; while some 400 were at 8,000ft. over Eastbourne, flying south-south-west, on November 1st, 1917. Now as to a few of the lighthouses which report green plover. In 1910 the Bardsey Light, February 23rd-24th, had large numbers continuously, from ten to twelve going north. The Eddystone on February 20th-21st, large numbers; Cromer Light, large flocks flying north March 22nd-23rd. In 1911, Bardsey, on January 4th, had flock flying south-west and large flocks flying north March 5th, 6th and 7th. The Skerries, large numbers passing all night March 7th-8th. In 1912, February 23rd, Bardsey reports birds all day at island. S. Bishop Light, many from south-east on March 27th-28th, and again 29th-30th; also Bardsey from south-east and S. Bishop Light many 30th-31st. Cromer Light great numbers passing up to midnight, and on April 20th large flocks all day; Bardsey also numbers passing off Northumberland all night April 27th-28th. In 1913 Bardsey Light reports earliest arrivals passing on July 30th, followed by large numbers, and August 21st, Yorkshire; while, on September 10th, migration of large numbers reported Fair Isle, Sale Skerry, Pentland Skerries, Lewis (Isle of), and right on up to November. Suffolk, large flocks from south-east, September 10th, 21st, 23rd, 25th. Large flocks in October from south and Yorkshire coast, 6th to 16th, from over sea. On Scotch Coast, south-west, numbers passed Little Ross Light—also Inner Dowsing and Cromer Light on five days. Great numbers arrived in Kent November 27th, and large flocks from north-east on Sussex coast—increased on 20th to 24th—also Cheshire 29th, while greater numbers arrived December 1st, Sussex coast, and passed on south and south-east. One could continue quoting dates and places, but the above may suffice to, perhaps, prove the migratory nature of the lapwing from and to Great Britain—and a factor for consideration in methods considered or adopted for its protection.—M. PORTAL.

WILD CATS IN WESTMORLAND

MACPHERSON, in his "Fauna of Lakeland," gives no definite records of genuine wild cats in Lakeland, except that William Pearson, writing in 1839, believes that one he saw caught in a snare at Cartmel Fell was genuine. The famous hunter John Elleray, who died some years previous to the publication of the Fauna in 1892, aged well over ninety, said that he had been in at the death of more than one wild cat. The archives of the Carlisle Museum show that one W. Hodgson, writing in 1885, states that Squire Taylor's pack of hounds killed one on Great Mell Fell in mid-Cumberland over forty years before. There, therefore, seems to be no definite record of wild cats in Lakeland at all. Recent writers state that the true wild cat only survives north of the Caledonian Canal. This is rather a sweeping statement to make, for I can vouch that twenty years ago it still survived in Argyllshire, and also, less than twenty years ago, one pair at least as far south as North Perthshire, as I know to my cost.

We hear from time to time of so-called wild cats of monstrous size and ferocious aspect being killed in different parts of England, notably the north, but all these on investigation have proved to be nothing but domestic cats gone wild, or feral cats, *i.e.*, domestic cats which have reverted to feral life, or even been born into it. I have examined many myself, and also shot not a few, but in all cases they have not been the true wild cat (*Felis catus*—*Felis ferax*), but merely domestic cats taken to a wild life.

Our domestic cat is descended from an imported species, either *Felis caffer* or *Felis maniculata*, for the true European wild cat is quite untamable, even if taken as a kitten.

The true British wild cat is distinguishable from the domestic species by being longer in the body and higher on the legs. A dark dorsal line runs down the middle of the back, and more or less dark vertical lines descend from it almost horizontal with the limbs, forming the stripes. The tail is also striped and is of uniform thickness throughout, terminating in a black tip, that of the domestic species being thinner and tapering to a point. Finally, the pads in the wild species are quite black, and there is a large gap between the canine teeth holding the incisors.

It has never been found in Ireland, although one popular natural history states that it is common there. Although the pine marten still survives in the English Lake District, I have never in my most sanguine moments expected to meet with the genuine British wild cat there. In the autumn of 1922 reports came from the shooting tenant (Dr. Fred Hogarth of Morecambe) of a wild tract of country on the Westmorland and Lancashire border of an enormous pair of cats, of which glimpses had been caught at rare intervals. The male had been shot at, but was thought to have got away. He probably died of his wounds, as he was never seen again, which is not to be wondered at considering the roughness of the ground and the tenacity of cats in general and the wild cat in particular. On October 29th the doctor was shooting this ground with three dogs ranging the undergrowth, when all at once a terrible racket began in a particularly rough place, the bay of one of the dogs sounding the extremity of fear and terror. Suddenly out of this thicket sprang one of the dogs, a cross-bred foxhound collie, to turn immediately to face the awful thing which followed him with every hair on end and mouth wide open: fury incarnate was what sprang out of the thicket with a tremendous leap as if expelled from a gun, and the doctor fired as one enormous paw went up to strike the terrified dog. The fiendish thing vanished immediately as if it had never been there, but after some little time, tracked by the dogs, the doctor found it in a small open space lying upon its side and moaning. The three dogs dare not go near it, not even when, a few minutes later, it lay dead, as it looked formidable even in death. The animal proved to be the female, and showed no trace of having kittens, as was at first thought might be the cause of her ferocity. The doctor most fortunately preserved the animal, which he has had set up. The doctor informs me that a few years previous to this a man named Wildman shot two very large cats in the same district and hung them up on a tree. This man has seen the doctor's specimen and thinks that his were identical. Thus died what is probably the only authentic pair of wild cats recorded in England for at least a hundred years. H. W. ROBINSON.



THE adaptation of old houses goes on apace, though, excepting those very large mansions which nobody seems to want, the supply is far short of the demand, for it is not the easy matter it used to be to go about the country and find a house here and another there which, with a little alteration and addition, might be made to suit the needs of the present. North Munstead is, however, such a house. It is a reconstruction by Mr. Harold Falkner for Capt. Sampson. When the work was undertaken, the structure comprised three cottages, which had been obscured by Victorian trappings. Originally there was a manor house on the site; later this became a farmhouse, and later still the farmhouse was divided into the three cottages. The record of the manor house takes us back to 1542, when Sir Ralph Elliot paid a yearly rent of 9s. for the house and 8d. a year for the land attached to it, the holder having to give military service to the Manor of Godalming. But so far as our present concern is we may start from the time, quite lately, when the place was three cottages. The Victorian trappings already referred to included some bad gables and poorly designed chimneys, to say nothing of windows which were quite out of keeping with the old fabric. In reconstructing the place, Mr. Falkner has endeavoured to work on traditional lines, but has eschewed make-believe. He had an old building to deal with, and in essentials he has done nothing more than

reconstitute what was spoiled in the nineteenth century (or at some earlier date). The work of reconstruction necessitated a very considerable use of timber. A good deal of this was obtained from outbuildings which had no further use. Where additional new timber was needed, it has been introduced in a perfectly frank and satisfactory way. This is well shown by the view of the entrance front (see below). The left-hand gable is original, and now that the Victorian "antler"



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SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bargeboards have been removed, it reverts to its old self. The right-hand gable is Mr. Falkner's work, done in a sound, sensible fashion, with the timber used constructionally.

The approach leads past an admirably designed lodge to the forecourt, which has a drive around a circular grass plot. Here, round and about, we see an extensive use of Bargate stone, alone or in company with brick. The walling, though new, has a mellow look, Bargate stone being a beautiful material; and the old tiles on the roof are a fitting completion to the fabric. The forecourt is enclosed by walls, and an incidental feature is made by an arched opening on either side. That on the left leads to a paved walk that extends from the garden house—formerly an outbuilding—to the tennis lawn, the space between this terrace walk and the house being laid out as a rose garden. On this side of the house, the south side, attention is drawn to the two very sturdy stacks that rise at either end. These are good pieces of building in brick and stone, though it is perhaps a question whether the upper part is not too massive. Old saddle stones are used as garden features along the paved walk, but of more unusual interest is a block of stone which was found in a pigsty near the house, while the work of reconstruction was in progress. How this stone ever got to Godalming is a mystery, for when brought to light and set in position it was found to be no other than a Roman altar, dating from A.D. 270—a Cumberland stone, erected by the second cohort of the Dacian legion, with the words "Deo Cocidio" cut on the face of it—to the god of the River Coquet in Northumberland. Many antiquaries have been to see this stone, but so far no satisfactory explanation has been given as to how a Roman altar erected in the north of England found its way into a Surrey pigsty.



Copyright.

HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

about, and a divan centrally placed against the end wall, with an Oriental hanging at the back of it. The fireplace is an open one of brick, and in connection with it may be noted, in passing, how smoke trouble, so common with fireplaces of this kind, has been cured. It was a blacksmith's device. On the back wall of the fireplace was fixed a small iron casing, like a square pipe cut in two lengthwise, its lower end finishing about 6 ins. above the fire, and its upper end opening into the flue on the right. This casing, blackened by smoke, is almost unnoticeable. Nothing could be simpler, yet nothing could be more effective. Precisely what the scientific explanation is, the present writer will not hazard, but it would seem to be that a column of super-heated air is taken up through this casing, and so causes just sufficient draught in the chimney to carry up the smoke.

The kitchen quarters of the house are to the right of the entry, and have been admirably schemed and equipped. The staircase, which leads up to the first floor from the end of the hall, is new. It is in oak, which here, as elsewhere, has first been treated with lime and then wax-polished. The bedrooms have had their ceilings removed, thus exposing the old trusses and timbers of the roof. In one of the guests' bedrooms, shown by an illustration on this page, a very fine old truss is seen. But side by side with the disclosing of the old has been the introduction of the new, in the form of fitted lavatory basins in the bedrooms (discreetly hidden so as to preserve the general harmony of effect), and there are two excellent bathrooms, lined with white Spanish tiles, and having enclosed baths and other fittings of latest type.

The gardens round about the house cannot yet be judged. A house may be built in a few months, but nature cannot be hurried on at the same rate. Thus the yew and box hedges necessary to complete the gardens will require years of growth

before they come to a right stature and size. Mr. Falkner is as much a garden planner as he is a house architect, and North Munstead, when years have elapsed, should be one of his most successful schemes.

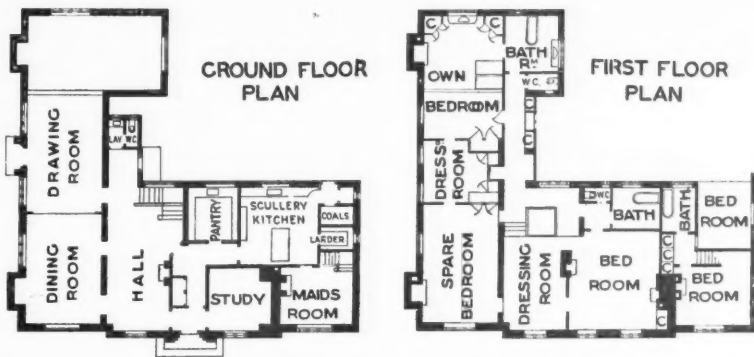
R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



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DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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DINING-ROOM.



A BEDROOM "COUNTRY LIFE."

THE CONSISTENT GOLFER

BY BERNARD DARWIN.



YOUTH IN THE MIDST OF AGE—VARDON, BRAID, MITCHELL, HERD AND TAYLOR.

REMEMBER, some years ago, that as a friend and I were taking our candles and going to bed after a solid day's golf in a big, solid wind, he started an argument on the stairs. His question was whether one would rather play golf like Braid or like Taylor. It was a question as hopeless as that of the respective merits of Dickens and Thackeray and as difficult to resist. We each had our preference. One advanced a "David Copperfield" in the shape of Braid's amazing recoveries out of the heather; the other counter-attacked with Taylor's flawless accuracy in never going into the heather, which was equivalent to "Vanity Fair." There never was the least prospect of our coming to an agreement, and our night's rest was perceptibly curtailed with no compensating result.

When by chance I recalled that scene only a day or two since, it occurred to me that any such midnight debate to-day would take a rather different form. Now the question would be not between Duncan and Mitchell, Mr. Tolley or Mr. Wethered, but, rather, whether one would rather play like Vardon, Braid, Taylor and Herd, considered as a composite whole, or all or any of the members of any younger generation. The question is an invidious one, and the argument would only end in hopeless disagreement as to the difference made on the one side by the lengthening of courses and on the other by the lengthening of the flight of the ball. Yet this much may be said: whatever may be thought on the question of brilliancy, however difficult it may be to decide as to who has been the best player on his best day, I imagine that most competent observers would agree that the older generation carries off the prize for one great golfing quality, that of consistency. Everybody can read in the books the number of championships that each of these great men has won—seventeen between them, of which only one is contributed by Herd, though he undoubtedly deserved more. But it is possible that the post-war golfer does not quite realise, just because he cannot remember, how, whichever of them won, the names of the others all clustered thickly time after time near the top of the tree. The most perfect single example was the Championship of 1906 at Muirfield, when the list began "J. Braid 300, J. H. Taylor 304, H. Vardon 305." I am not sure, however, that the most impressive record is not that of the *News of the World* Tournament. This was first played in 1903, and by that time Vardon might almost be said to have passed the culminating point of his career. For the first six years the list of winners runs thus: Braid, Taylor, Braid, Herd, Braid, Taylor. Then comes a period of two years in which two temerarious interlopers, the late Tom Ball and Sherlock, occupy the place of honour, and then we go back to the old lilting rhythm with Braid, Vardon.

There is consistency with a vengeance, and, making all due allowance for the greater number of good players and increased competition, I do not think that any younger golfers, whether

in the amateur or professional sphere, can show any such record of steadiness. With the younger generation it is rather a question of *aut Caesar aut nullus*. They have not the same genius for being there or thereabouts time and again. In our much humbler sphere we, the golfers in the street, can draw a comparison from our own putting. There is not a man of us who cannot putt very well on some days: only the man who can putt pretty well nearly every day is worthy to be called a good putter. Substitute the game of golf as a whole for putting, and that is what these terrible old gentlemen did.

In fairy stories people are constantly being given the opportunity of having one or sometimes as many as three wishes granted. When the offer comes, as it frequently does, from a wicked magician, there is generally a "catch in it" somewhere, and the deluded victim spends the last two out of his three wishes in trying to get rid of the ill effects of the first. Nevertheless, if the magician were to come my way and tempt me with one wish, I think I would risk it and should ask for this one virtue of consistency. I would, you perceive, be quite humble. I would not ask to play like Vardon or any great man, only to play my own good game, such as it is, consistently. It is such a modest wish that the magician might grant it with good-natured contempt, not thinking me worth powder and shot. Yet it would be worth the having. I should win a good many half-crowns and be spared many disappointments and much torturing thought about straight left arms or too flexible right knees.

In the absence of any magician, one can only try to attain to consistency as best one can. It is a very rare quality. That we can perceive if we recall the number of promising young golfers we have known who have flattered only to deceive. They seemed at one time likely to do almost anything, and they ended by doing almost nothing. Sometimes this is simply because they had to work too hard or took interest in a number of other things. In the latter case, at any rate, they have very likely got the best possible out of golf and life in general and need not be pitied at all. Many of them, however, have wanted—bitterly wanted—to play better, and have not succeeded, from the lack of something. It was an illuminating saying of, I think, the late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, that anyone could win a game when he was playing well, but it took a good player to win when playing badly. It is this power of playing badly and yet winning that is lacking in the disappointing players.

That tiresome thing called "temperament" (it is really a King Charles's head in all articles on game playing nowadays) has, of course, something to say to it. The man who remains stolid and placid, who does not, in modern slang, "go off the deep end" if he begins with bad play or bad luck, will always be more consistent than his excitable brother. But there is more than that. The consistent player is he who knows his own besetting faults, who can perceive the early stages of their attack

and can quickly apply the right antidote. This is a very different thing from trying all sorts of golfing "cures" at haphazard. Anybody who is playing badly knows that he is doing something wrong: the difficulty is to know what is wrong. There never was a golfer yet who had not, at any rate in the early stages of his career, some weak joint in his harness. Most people have more than one, and have it to the day of their death. The commonest of such weaknesses is probably that of fearing a particular length of iron shot. How often have we not all, or nearly all, taken a more or less straight-faced iron in order to play a half shot and then put it back in the bag and played a more whole-hearted slogging shot with a mashie? We know that the other is the right shot, but the slog with the more lofted club will at any rate put us somewhere over the bunker. And indeed when we talk of bunkers how many of us would be all the better for practising shots out of bunkers and how few of us ever do it! It is not so much the common thud or dunch

out of sand that finds us out: it is the shot to be played when the ball is lying clean. That might be quite amusing to practise and yet we do not practise it. I seem to have a hazy recollection that once upon a time there was a bunker, especially for the purpose of practising, on the grass plot in front of the club house at Walton Heath, but that nobody ever used it and it disappeared. In fact, the only people that I ever saw practising niblick shots were the pupils of a certain unofficial coach at a Welsh course, who always started their education in a stony ditch. Be the vulnerable spot where it may, the really consistent player is he who, acknowledging this weakness of his, has gone out in solitary practice and wrestled with it until it is a weakness no longer. He has taught himself to compass that particular distance, not necessarily in a graceful style, but by a sound method, and nobody whose methods are not reasonably sound can hope to be reasonably consistent. For him the good fairy is the only hope, and personally I have found it a most fallacious one.

ST. BERNARDS

IT is always unpleasant dispelling popular beliefs. Still, in the interests of truth, it has to be done. One such belief is that the dogs traditionally maintained at the Hospice of St. Bernard carry barrels of brandy slung round their necks with which to succour chance wayfarers. Alas! for this picturesque and comforting theory. Whatever may once have been the case, the St. Bernard dogs of the present day do not carry brandy. They carry something much more useful, *i.e.*, blankets.

I remember, when I was at the Hospice a few months ago, asking the Father in charge the reason of the change. "We have had to discontinue the old practice," he said sadly. "Travellers took advantage of it, and would sometimes lie down in the snow and pretend to be in danger, merely to encourage a dog to bring them refreshment. Of course, we still have brandy for those who require it. We keep it, however, in the cellars."

The world-famous St. Bernard pack was originally formed about the date of the Battle of Waterloo. The first members of it were bred from short-haired Newfoundlanders, crossed with Danish and Württemberg mastiffs. They had to be short-haired, as otherwise it would have been impossible for them to get through the heavy snow. At one date in their history a scarcity of food made it imperative to disperse the pack, and it was several years before it could be reassembled. When the late King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited the Hospice he was presented with a puppy. It did not, however, survive the journey to England. Two other specimens, however, purchased by a tourist during the 'sixties, were more fortunate, and served to introduce the breed into Great Britain.

The present pack maintained in the Hospice kennels consists of an average number of fifteen. They are magnificent animals, as big

as young calves, and strong enough to carry a helpless man. Some of them measure nearly 6ft. from muzzle to tail, and weigh up to 150lb. Their usual colouring is a mixture of red and white, but some are tawny or brindled. They are not always remarkable for good temper or gentleness of disposition. As a matter of fact, fierce quarrels among themselves (chiefly over the distribution of bones at mealtimes) are apt to occur. Oddly enough, however, it is recorded that, in years now long gone by, it was the custom "to keep the dogs in the refectory, to prevent fights among the guests."

The training of the St. Bernard dogs is a systematic business, and begins when they are mere puppies. It starts by sending

out a young animal leashed to an old one. This prevents it getting lost among the trackless drifts. After a time it is turned loose, and left to make its own way home. It soon discovers this, and can then be allowed out by itself. Before long, a young dog develops a very keen sense of direction, and will pick up the path in the heaviest snow and mist. Such a dog is always employed to act as a guide when provisions are being brought up to the Hospice from below.

When they are used to search for and assist storm-bound travellers, the dogs are despatched in couples. This is to permit one of them to remain at the spot where the wanderer is found, while his companion hurries back and guides the rescue-party. There are many stories of the intelligence and courage and devotion they have exhibited in this work.

The most famous member of the Hospice kennels was one called Barry. When he died, after long years of service and with numerous gallant rescues to his credit, his body was stuffed and forwarded to the museum at Berne. In memory of his exploits, the biggest and strongest specimen in the existing



DOGS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOSPICE.



SOME OF THE HOSPICE DOGS.

pack is always given this name. Like their masters, the St. Bernard dogs suffer severely from the rigorous climatic conditions to which they are exposed. They develop rheumatism and valvular trouble, and seldom live more than six or seven years.

The Hospice of St. Bernard stands at an altitude of 8,000ft. above sea level, remote and solitary amid trackless and eternal snows. One side looks down upon Italy, and the other upon Switzerland. For ten months in the year the buildings are completely cut off from the outer world, the summit of the Pass being covered with great drifts extending up to the second-floor windows. The surroundings are bare and bleak and desolate in the extreme. Neither flowers nor trees can grow within two hours' walk of the gates; "and no birds sing."

In the height of summer, however, the Hospice is not inaccessible, for there is a fair road from both the Swiss and Italian borders. Where the Swiss side is concerned, the best starting point is Martigny, and then onwards by car, a run of four hours. The route lies through the little villages of Orsières and Bourg St. Pierre. History has been made along every kilometre. In the dim days of a long bygone era it echoed to the tramp of Cæsar's legions; and it was by this winding and precipitous road that Napoleon led his army across the Alps to the battlefield of Marengo.

The monks of St. Bernard are all Canons Regular of the Order of St. Augustine. They enter the Hospice at the age of twenty, and the average duration of their stay is twelve years. Their health is then apt to break down, and they have to leave the district. Some, however, never leave. Such as these lie in the little *morgue* behind the chapel, for the ground is too hard to permit of ordinary burial.

At one time the community at the Hospice included a young Englishman, James Thomas by name. He was, however, unable to endure the climate for more than a couple of years. The number generally consists of fifteen, with a prior and a provost in charge. Each of the fraternity has his special work to perform. Thus, one receives the visitors, another acts as librarian, another attends to the dogs, another to the stores and accounts, and another to the kitchen; and the remainder are,

when weather permits, employed on a farm near at hand. Prayer and study occupy the rest of their time; and every morning and evening they all assemble in the chapel. This was built in the sixteenth century, and contains some fine carvings and choir stalls.

The Hospice of St. Bernard has an ever-open door. Nobody is turned away from it; and all comers—rich and poor, gentle and simple—have bed and board extended them without charge. Still, there is an alms-box, in which visitors may leave a donation for their hosts. A fresh system, however, is now being considered; and, if it is adopted, a fixed tariff will be imposed. The change will break the tradition of nearly a thousand years. Unfortunately, there is no help for it, since an increased revenue is imperative.

Like other institutions, the Hospice of St. Bernard has its rules, to which all guests must subscribe. They do not, however, press hardly. The most important among them is that, during the summer months (when there is a special demand on the available accommodation) no traveller from the outside world may remain under its roof for more than twenty-four hours. The only exception is when illness or bad weather compels a longer stay.

HORACE WYNDHAM.



THE FATHERS ON SKIS.

THE ATTRACTION OF MONTE CARLO

By STEPHEN GRAHAM.

ONE feels rather shy of announcing to friends that one is "off to Monte Carlo"; it sounds so reckless. And yet there are many refugees from England's chills and London's fogs who mentally give the preference to Monte Carlo when thinking of the cities of the South of France. Cannes is so English. Nice, despite its name, is not so nice. San Rafael is charming, but provincial. But Monte Carlo possesses a glamour of its own, combines, somehow, civilisation and wild nature in a charming whole, and is freed from that Anglo-Saxon exclusiveness which can be such a bore abroad. Life is more interesting there than elsewhere on the Riviera, and if the traveller can refrain from burning both pockets at the tables, he is always a gainer by his sojourn.

One day I met two young family groups who had taken a villa and had an almost exclusive interest in tennis and golf by day and in dancing at night—just too English in their way; but I noticed that the Casino was for them only an ornament of Monte Carlo, an occasional subject for conversation and occasionally for jokes. That deathly silence, those thick carpets, those excited but tense faces, those pompous attendants of the Casino made no strong appeal to their juvenile minds—a place for an adventure, but not the place for a spree. It is a painful thought, but if there were a jazz band playing in the gaming rooms, many more English and Americans would go in. But then, the Russians, the Italians, the French and the Jews do not wish to be disturbed by bad music.

Monte Carlo is the scene of one of the greatest of Blasco Ibañez's newer novels, "Los Enemigos de las Mujeres" (The Enemies of Women), lately filmed with some success. The whole place is there described in remarkable detail; a wholly modern study and, therefore, though in the novel form, one of the best books available on the subject of Monte Carlo life. A Russian aristocrat, exiled and somewhat impoverished, buys a villa there and with his young male friends vows to live without women, to ignore them, a new "Love's Labours Lost." Of course they fail—therein lies the story. But it is somewhat remarkable that such a vow should be taken in such a place, where vice and folly have been supposed to reign. Women are always supposed to be waiting for the young Fortunatus who breaks, or almost breaks, the bank. Those abandoned creatures come out of their *feuilletons* to squander the gambler's gains and



MONTE CARLO'S HARBOUR.

ruin his soul. But in reality one sees instead a matter-of-fact young man at one of those banks suggestively *vis-à-vis* the Casino making a transfer to some London or Paris account or giving orders for the discharge of his debts.

One should arrange to live at Monte Carlo for a long period to get a full impression of the place. A great gain is the use of a car, a big one by preference, so that one can traverse in comfort the steep roads that lead upward and inwards. The visitor should realise the vast magnificent background of mountains and moors behind the Riviera. From country inns there are delightful walks up to the verge of the snow. There are views of snowy ridges and peaks, a panorama of winter up above the enduring summer-land which is below. It is as if you saw the northern winter swept together and banked up behind you. And if the airs of Monte Carlo are too gentle, it is bracing enough for anyone in the Alpes Maritimes.

Returning from above, you come into the forgiveness of spring, to wild flowers, blooming shrubs, sun-gorged ancient palms and cacti which by suggestion make the weather seem

hot when it is merely warm. I like that time of the year when the oranges are in bloom. The wax-like petals of the little blossoms on myriads of trees give an impression of loveliness which is ineffaceable. Then, when the picking time comes, whole countryside are, as it were, put into church. The massed odour of orange petals permeates one's being. A well known soporific, it puts one to sleep in the afternoon if one but leans back in an arm-chair. At night it calms the whole soul and grants one a profound, dreamless, happy sleep.

It is a gay time, too. Thousands of Italian peasants come over the border seeking work, and find it in picking the orange blossom. They labour, not in artels, but in families, man, woman and children, all up in the orange trees singing folk-music at dawn, singing in choruses. Sacking is spread out underneath the trees, and all the singing labourers do is pick petals and let them drop till the petal harvest lies in heaps upon the sacks. The effect of the perfume on the labourers seems to be to put them in an exceedingly good humour and happy frame of mind.

A common saying about Monte Carlo is that it is so artificial that when you arrive there you feel as if "the curtain had just gone up." The remark is in a way just; there is that feeling but perhaps it is due as much to the dramatic quality of the place. The



AN OLIVE TREE FRINGE TO MEDITERRANEAN WATERS.

curtain has just gone up on the drama of life. If you are there for the first time, it feels like a *première*. You come as a critic and have a stall. But there has been a long queue waiting to get in. There is scenery which at first view is grotesque; cactus and cypress, orange shrubs and date palms, "red-hot-pokers"; unwonted lighting effects of the southern sun in winter show the formal gardens. You have been transported out of your familiar plane of space and time. You begin merely to look on when your rôle is to live.

The *habitus* of Monte Carlo learns to like this artifice, this stage scenery of Nature. It gives a sense of triumph over mere ordinary life. One learns that living can be an art and need not always be just mere living, living because one cannot change or stop. It is for that reason that there is more elegance in dress in Monte Carlo than elsewhere. French and Italian women vie with their American and English sisters. The men have their varying styles, from that of the Argentinian dandy in showy tie and vest to the impeccable Pasha who matches his brown skin with a perfect refinement in the colour of his clothes. France is, of course, the most hospitable of countries in that people of all nations can most easily feel at home there, and what is true of France is true of the Principality of Monaco. It fits in to its remarkable setting all sorts and conditions of humanity. It is one of the most truly international and cosmopolitan spots in the world in that it absorbs and tones down to a harmony all the varying nationalities that come there.

As regards the Casino, it would be unfair to detract from its importance. It is the great mystery box of Monte Carlo. But you could not make a new Monte Carlo anywhere by merely building a new Casino conducted on the same lines. It is the tradition and history of the Casino which gives it its main attraction. All the world has been at the tables some time or other. They have a past; the air is tense with the excitements of bygone ages. It is not a place of religion in any sense, but it is a cathedral where for a long time have been performed the rites of Chance. It is one of the great vantage points for watching pure chance and its effect on the hopes and fortunes of men and women. The atmosphere is that of a club. You leave hat and coat and stick behind when you enter. You walk up the carpeted stairs without guide or tout. You are made at home from the first. And the tables, with their screened lights and delightful soft tones of colouring, are surrounded by elegant-looking strangers happily met, it seems, for a quiet parlour game.

There is more in it than that, as you will see when you begin staking your francs, but it takes a long while and many visits to unravel the mystery of the fascination of the game. Without the Casino, Monte Carlo would, it is true, be disenchanted. But it is not everything in Monte Carlo. Many live there for those other delights and do not visit the tables, though it gives them an enduring thrill to know that the absurd rites of Chance are ever being performed in their midst.

HARE AND RABBIT COOKERY

BY MAJOR HUGH B. C. POLLARD.

THE savoury hare and the nimble rabbit are mentioned in all cookery books, but it is doubtful if the scant space accorded them is in any way comparable with their merits or their popularity. The hare, it is true, has at least the standing of a modest country gentleman (except in Scotland, where a blue mountain hare is often refused by the most lowly folk), but the rabbit; well, the rabbit is, perhaps, a bit democratic. I do not think it is due to the costers' barrows with their grim row of "nice ninepenny rabbits," ghastly under the flaming naphtha lamps, or to an association of ideas of gifts of coal, red blankets and rabbits by the squirearchy. No, the idea goes back farther than that, for I have read somewhere that Cromwell, the other, not damned Noll, had it cast up as a charge against him when he fell that he was "of lowly birth and loved a dish of coney." The odd thing about rabbit is that though it may be low, it is deuced good, and, what is more, it figures very frequently on the lunch menus of such respectable clubs that one would imagine the cold grouse would flop off the side tables at the very suggestion of such a vulgar dish. Now, it is obvious that if it was not a popular dish it would not be retained on the exclusive menu. In a lower stratum of society the rabbit replaces the chicken of the bourgeoisie and it is remarkable that it also enshrines one of our very few British attempts to make a sauce. Take a good plain cook who has probably learnt violin playing and a little Egyptology at the Council School. In the intervals of this essential education she also learnt a little cooking and mastered the three British sauces: bread sauce, mint sauce and onion sauce. But for rabbit it is hardly likely that onion sauce would have survived in spite of shoulder of mutton.

The rabbit lived in Old Testament times, and, probably, overheard some of the wisdom of the patriarchs. Anyway, he has never forgotten the injunction to "increase and multiply," and there has never been any serious danger of a rabbit shortage.

Technically, he is not game at all, but a "beast of warren"; actually he is productive of an enormous amount of sport. The schoolboy promoted from that semi-toy, the airgun, to a light "four ten" usually achieves his first real triumphs against the ubiquitous rabbit. The farmer who looks to the sale of his game-shooting rights to buy his next year's seed, yet uses his ponderous old piece of artillery to lay low the rabbits that bolt when the last patch of corn in the harvest field is being reaped. And lastly, when the game season is over or odd days are to be filled, there are few sportsmen who do not enjoy a day's ferreting.

The farmer, naturally, grumbles about the excess of rabbits, but very often would be better advised to spend more time thinning down the rats than the rabbits, for the former do infinitely more harm. The shooting tenant, as a rule, helps in every way and does his best to keep the rabbits down to a reasonable number. From his point of view, though, it can be overdone, for it is seldom realised that every covert holds a certain amount of vermin, stoats, wandering cats and feathered bandits, whose main dish is young rabbit. If the rabbits are too reduced the game will suffer, as predatory appetites are diverted to these even more savoury dishes.

The hare is, so to speak, typically middle class and given to small families rather than to the heedless proletarian increase of the rabbits. Whether this difference between the hare and the rabbit is because they are different animals or whether rabbit morality has degenerated through burrow dwelling and overcrowding, we can leave to some nature-faking sociologist or a

parliamentary commission on the problem. So far as cooking is concerned, a hare is worth three or four rabbits, and, from an epicure's point of view, a well grown leveret is worth a dozen. There is in this something of a problem, for one would say that the diet of hares and rabbits is much the same and their physical characteristics no wider apart than those of the goose and the duck; nevertheless, the hare is by nature brunette fleshed and gamey and the rabbit a somewhat insipid blond. We had better, perhaps, not pursue this parallel farther.

To my mind there is no doubt that the habitat and diet materially affects the savour of both rabbit and hares. A Scotch blue hare is a lean, dry beast compared to any good brown hare of more favoured countries, and there are perceptible differences in the flavour of the hares (nearly as big as donkeys some of them), shot on the rolling Hampshire downs where juniper shrubs and strong aromatic herbs flourish, and those shot in lush Essex water meadows. These differences of flavour are even more appreciable in the rabbit, whose tender white flesh possibly absorbs more of these subtleties of diet flavours. A pine wood rabbit may be almost indiscreetly resinous, a marsh rabbit is distinctly more pulpy fleshed than an upland heather scratcher, and a young rabbit who has dieted on sun-parched wild thyme and the short nibbled herbage round a chalk soil warren is very nearly ideal. Sand-dune rabbits shot near the sea also have a savour of their own, and tinned Australian rabbit which, for our sins—pride of Empire, a good Radical would probably hold—was served out to us as a ration for a space in Flanders, is prohibitively nasty.

The cookery book of modern days should pay reverence to that time-worn jest attributed to Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book, "First catch your hare." This fossil jest has annoyed thousands of people. Actually, nothing of the sort appears in the book, but even if it had the words would probably have been a misprint for "first case your hare," meaning first skin him—as in Shakespeare's "All's well that Ends Well": "We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him." Just so! Mrs. Glasse (who by the way was a man), wrote "First cast your hare," but it is hopeless to expect that the celebrated misquotation will ever die.

The first thing to do with a hare is to decide whether it is a young one or a good old stager. If the latter it will be necessary to marinate it for at least a day. The usual tests are that the skin on the inside of the thighs is easily tearable in young hares; so, too, the ears should easily split from point to base and not be tough and cartilaginous. In young hares there is also a pea-sized nodule over the front paws and the belly hair is whitish rather than predominantly fawn coloured. A full grown hare is rather a big dish for a small family, so it is wise policy to make two dishes of it by cutting the "rable," that is to say, the saddle and hindquarters, away from the front portion just back of the shoulder blades. The "rable" will make an excellent roast, the remainder a *salmis* or *vagout*. It is also as well to note that a fresh killed hare or a patriarch is materially improved by a sound beating with a rolling pin. This treatment should be energetic but should just stop short of breaking the bones.

The question of marinating is an arguable point and some people toss the head and champ on their bits when it is suggested. Extended observation, wide reading and considerable travel discloses that all the really best cooks marinate both hares and rabbits whenever they consider that the game falls short of being

perfect in condition and ideal in age. The only difference in their practice being the length of time game is left under treatment. French housewives and cooks have special marinades of their own, the recipes of which are treasured family traditions. A marinade is essentially a steeping mixture which performs a double purpose. It makes the meat or fish more tender and it also communicates to the tissues a delicate flavour, or rather aroma or bouquet, which could not be communicated to it by any process of cookery. It is, so to speak, an irrigation of the raw tissues of the meat by accessory fats and extracted vinegary essences of balsamic herbs, onions and savoury vegetables.

The pungency of the marinade and the length of time the meat is steeped are regulated according to the needs of the case, and the four subsequent marinades may be taken as representing four successive degrees of pungency. Sometimes, when there is a good deal of game and a large household, it is worth while keeping a good deep bath of marinade going, but as the mixture is expensive it should be kept when temporarily done with. To do this, quadruple the quantities of the following and, after use, boil them up for five minutes to re-sterilise them and pour them off into fruit preserving bottles or large narrow-necked bottles. Add to each bottle an air seal of a good spoonful of salad oil and keep the bottles upright in a cool place. They need reboiling from time to time and always after use.

Marinade No. 1.

- 6 dessertspoonfuls of salad oil (real olive).
- 2 dessertspoonfuls of vinegar, white wine or red wine vinegar; if malt vinegar is used, two teaspoonfuls to a dessertspoonful of water should be used.
- 6 bay leaves.
- 2 sprigs of chopped parsley.
- 2 medium onions cut in rings.
- No pepper.

Rub the meat down with salt and lay it in a deep china dish. Sprinkle the ingredients round and over it, and pour the oil and vinegar over the whole. The meat should be turned and basted with the liquid every hour or so. This marinade is excellent for marsh rabbits or any meat requiring a slight spicing to bring out its rather faint natural flavour. Also good for coarse fish.

Marinade No. 2.

- A glass of white wine or half a glass of white wine vinegar and as much water.
- A liqueur glass of brandy.
- 6 bay leaves.
- 4 sprigs of thyme.
- 4 cloves.
- A teaspoonful of pepper ground from the pepper mill or six whole peppers.
- 2 sprigs of parsley chopped fine.
- An onion or shallot cut in rings.
- A fraction of a clove garlic.

Proceed as for recipe No. 1. If time is short, the strength of the marinade can be much enhanced and its action hastened by bruising all the above ingredients in a stoneware mortar before putting them to the wine. This is a moderate strength and excellent for leverets, etc. Six hours is enough time for a leveret, but a hare is best left in overnight.

Marinade No. 3.

- Cut up finely in slices:
- 2 carrots.
- 2 onions.
- 4 bay leaves.
- 4 parsley sprigs.
- 6 quartered shallots.

Braise these to a warm colour in two dessertspoonfuls of butter, then add a glass of white wine, vinegar, pepper and salt, and a tumbler of water. Boil up, simmer for half an hour and strain before use.

Marinade No. 4.

As above, No. 3, but substitute two tablespoonfuls of salad oil for the butter and add a little pounded peppercorn, some grated nutmeg and a blade of mace at the vinegar stage.

Wine may be substituted for vinegar and port is excellent when preparing either a marinade for venison or old hare. They will both be improved by twenty-four hours' or even two days' soaking in the mixture.

The heart and, in particular, the liver of a hare are valuable accessories to the gravy, but sometimes when the preference of the household is for decidedly well hung hare, these giblets or "umbles" have gone a stage farther than is desirable. They should never be used unless perfectly sweet, and it is no bad plan to parboil or fry them a day or so before to ensure their keeping. Hare, as a general rule, needs to be very thoroughly cooked, but not overdone in any case; it should not be in the least underdone or red in appearance.

1. *Roast Hare*.—Skin, draw and truss a hare, marinade it for a day before cooking in marinade (2), (3) or (4), according to taste. Roast for an hour and a half to two hours according to size, basting frequently, first with dripping, finishing with butter. To the juice in the pan add some good stock and a tablespoonful of red currant jelly and make it into a good stiff sauce, which should be poured over the hare before serving. The liver and heart, if used, should be fried, minced or rubbed through a sieve and added to this. Serve with forcemeat balls.

2. *Roast Hare*.—To relieve dryness, either marinade as above or lard it with fat bacon. Mix the dripping and gravy with the *purée* of half a dozen tomatoes and a little wine. Season this sauce and cook for a quarter of an hour with a little seasoning.

Port wine is often added to the gravy served with roast hare, but this brings it very close to jugged hare in flavour in place of retaining its distinctive flavour as a dish.

3. *Baked Stuffed Hare*.—A stuffed hare takes about twenty minutes to half an hour longer to cook than an unstuffed one and is cooked precisely like a roast, but in the oven.

The stuffing is usually bread-crumbs, onion, suet, parsley and mixed herbs, but a trace of cinnamon, a very little chopped lemon rind and a clove or two improve the usual mixture out of all recognition.

An excellent French stuffing is as follows. Crumble stale bread-crumbs, not crust, into a cup of cream. Add two onions, stuck with cloves, and let it simmer for a few minutes to take flavour. Chop the hare liver very finely and add it to this *panade* or base, then pound the whole with an equal quantity of butter, the yolks of two raw eggs, pepper, salt and a sage leaf or so. Stuff the hare with this and sew it up. Tie the fore paws back through the hind paws and cross these to the front so that the beast is in the natural attitude of running. Cover the whole with strips of fat bacon and wrap in buttered paper. Cook for an hour and a quarter, then remove the paper and barding, sprinkle with pepper and salt and brown nicely. Stir two spoonfuls of gooseberry or red currant jelly into a glass of port or madeira and serve as a sauce.

4. *Baked Hare*.—*Mousquetaire*.—This is an odd recipe which I frankly admit I have not yet attempted, but I am assured that it is quite easy and very good in that it is far less dry than ordinary roast or baked hare.

Draw, but do not skin, a hare, stuff it with its own liver chopped with calves' liver and butter or *foie gras*, all fried together lightly for a minute or two. Sew up the opening and cover the whole unskinned hare with a close wrapping or bag of oiled or buttered paper and bake it in a slow oven for about an hour and a half.

(I do not know if paper cooking bags are still to be obtained from the *Daily Express*, but they would evidently be the very thing. Their paper bag cookery stunt was one of the few real triumphs of modern journalism, for it really did try to educate the masses.)

When done, de-bag your hare and serve him couched amid a forest of parsley.

A good *poivrade* sauce to go with it is as follows. To a glass of white or red wine vinegar (or half this of malt vinegar diluted with an equal amount of water and a lump of sugar), add chopped parsley, thyme, bay leaf, chopped shallots or onion, pepper, chopped capers and a teaspoonful of French mustard. Boil rapidly till the vinegar is much reduced, then throw in a good piece of butter and sprinkle in a dessertspoonful of flour, stirring vigorously the while. Add enough stock to bring it to a thin cream consistency and let it all simmer for a quarter of an hour.

5. *Braised Hare en Casserole*.—Skin, draw and bone a good hare, lard it or stuff with chopped fat bacon and seasoning, roll into a ball, dust with flour and tie in shape. Put two ounces of butter in a casserole, heat up and brown the breast nicely. Take it out and put a layer of fat bacon at the bottom of the pan, then replace the hare and add round it the bones, etc., which you have broken in a mortar, a calf's foot cut in chunks, carrots and onions cut in rings and a selection of spices and seasoning as in a braise. Add a glass of white wine, a squeeze of lemon and enough good stock or Lemco, etc., and, above all, a dessertspoonful of brown sugar. Cut a disc of buttered paper to fit between the lid and the pot or lute it down with paste. Let it cook on the side of the stove, simmering slowly for four hours at least. (It does well in a hay box or fuelless cooker.) Strain before serving. This dish can be eaten hot or cold, which is the reason for the calf's foot. If hot, subtract a good cupful of the gravy and reduce to half, adding red currant jelly and wine to make a sauce. If cold, strain it all out into a big pudding basin or game pie dish when the gravy will set as a jelly and the excess fat can easily be removed.

6. *Jugged Hare*.—This is a sovereign way of cooking hare, but the best results are obtained by dedicating a hare to it immediately on its arrival in the larder. If you decide to jug your hare, it is important to conserve as much of the animal's blood as possible; to this end it should be hung by its hind legs and a receptacle placed under the head to catch any blood. In order to prevent it coagulating a little vinegar and water should be placed in this dish.

Skin and draw the hare, being careful to clear out the gall bladder and retaining the liver and heart cut in pieces. It can well be marinated for two days if it is at all old or strong. In any case it should be marinated in Marinade No. 2 for at least six hours. Dry carefully and fry lightly in butter, then dust with flour and let brown nicely.

Cut a quarter of a pound of bacon in dice and braise together with half a dozen small and tender onions cut in rings and the chopped liver and heart.

Now put the hare joints in a deep crock or casserole and add half a pint of good stock, any gravy from the original frying and half a glass of white wine. When this boils add the braise of bacon and onion, liver, etc. Let it all simmer for an hour, then add the blood and a dessertspoonful of red currant jelly, two bay leaves, two cloves and a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve with red currant jelly.

7. *Jugged Hare*.—Another way includes beef and forcemeat balls, thus making a substantial dish for a large family.

Make the hare forcemeat (see recipe given below). Skin and empty the hare, and wipe it inside and out with a damp cloth. Cut it into neat pieces about the size of a small egg, and turn these about in a frying pan over the fire with a little dripping till they are equally browned all over. Drain them from the fat, and put them into a wide-mouthed earthenware jar; pour a glass of port wine upon them, cover the jar closely, and let the hare soak in the wine for twenty minutes. Cut the steak into very thin slices 2 ins. long and an inch wide. Spread a little forcemeat upon each slice, roll it neatly, and fasten with a small skewer. Fry the rolls in the fat till they also are brown, then put them with the hare. Have ready some good bone stock, strongly flavoured with onions. Pour a little of this into the pan in which the hare and the pieces of meat were fried, scrape the bottom to obtain all the flavour and gravy, pour the stock over the hare, adding more stock to cover it entirely. Throw in six cloves, two bay leaves, an inch of stick cinnamon, the juice of half a lemon, and a little pepper and salt. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of forcemeat over it all. Put the lid again on the jar, place it up to its neck in a stewpan of boiling water, and keep

the water boiling round it for an hour and a half. Make all that remains of the forcemeat into balls the size of marbles. Fry them in hot fat, and put them into the jar a few minutes before the hare is served. Thicken the gravy with a little arrowroot. Put the pieces on a hot dish, place the forcemeat balls round, pour a little gravy over the meat, and send the rest to the table in a tureen. Send red currant jelly as an accompaniment. If more convenient, the jar containing the hare can be placed in the oven in a dripping tin filled with boiling water, care being taken to keep up the supply of water round the jar. When this plan is adopted the hare will need to be cooked two hours and a half instead of one hour and a half. The jar chosen for this purpose must be of a good size, as it is important that the pieces of hare should not be closely packed, but that there should be plenty of room for the gravy to run between the pieces of meat. It should have a tightly fitting cover belonging to it, and if this is not at hand, two or three folds of brown paper must be tied over it. This method will make

the hare go much farther, and excellent soup can be made from the remains.

To make hare forcemeat, mince finely a quarter of a pound of beef suet and two ounces of raw lean ham. Mix, and add a teaspoonful of mixed savoury herbs. If dried herbs are used, such as are sold in bottles at the grocers, two teaspoonfuls will be required. Add about two inches of thin lemon rind, chopped very small, five ounces of fine bread-crumbs, and a little pepper and salt. Bind the mixture together with the yolk of two eggs.

8. *Jugged Hare and Olives*.—Cook a hare or a leveret in a casserole with butter and herbs, spices, etc., as indicated in previous recipes. Add flour to thicken to a *roux* and brown the joints, then pour in two cups of stock or *consommé* and stir in the blood and minced liver. Add a full glass of wine and a handful of chopped stone olives. Sharpen the taste if necessary with a little wine vinegar.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

MR. BALDWIN'S AGRICULTURAL POLICY.

MR. BALDWIN has not been long in starting on the course which we recommended strongly after the result of the General Election was declared. His first step is to call together a conference of landowners, farmers and workers in the hope that they may agree as to the main features of an agricultural policy. The objects to be aimed at are set forth in an official document. The essentials are: one, that we should have a healthy and thriving rural population; two, the area of arable land must be increased, as that is necessary in order to provide employment for a greater number of men and give a larger amount of saleable agricultural produce per acre. If this were done, too much weight need not be attached to the production of wheat. Supposing a million more acres were put under the plough, it would be very easy to divert it to wheat in case of necessity. Emphasis is laid on the need to secure the highest possible standard of profitable production from all the land in the country, whether arable or grass. These are sound general principles, and the application of them is surely possible without any clash of interest between the three classes who are engaged in husbandry. But contrariness is part of human nature. It will require much sense, tact and goodwill to create an atmosphere in which the three interests can be brought into harmonious working.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOWS.

This week and next week are very important in the history of fat stock, and already there have been many interesting contests.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS HEIFER *versus* CANADIAN STEER AT NORWICH.

At Norwich the most interesting event was the fight for the championship, which was interesting on its own account as, for the first time, a formidable competitor was found in the Canadian-bred steer, Blofield Rodeo. It marks the first time that a British-bred animal has had to contend for the championship with one from the Oversea Dominions. The Aberdeen-Angus won comfortably. She is an extraordinarily well grown, well developed heifer. Elaine of Basildon is two years, ten months old. She took the first for heifers of any breed crossed or mixed and won the supreme championship at the Norwich Fat Stock Show. Her live weight is 13cwt. 2qrs. 12lb., and she was bred and exhibited by Major J. A. Morrison, Basildon Park, near Reading. There was no question in regard to the victory. For one thing, the steer was of age unknown. It won first in the class for Canadian steers over three years, and won the first prize for the best ox or steer at the Norwich Fat Stock last week, but its age is doubtful and it stood no chance against Major Morrison's splendid heifer.

In Shorthorns the King came out top with a Lincoln Red named Wolferton Beauty. She scaled 15cwt. 24lb. at two years nine months, and had an easy triumph. She was first and breed champion at the Royal Show at Leicester. Major Morrison came second with a roan heifer, Basildon Princess Mary II, scaling 15cwt. In Red Polls Mr. Carlyle Smith was first with Ashwoor Vim and the King came second. Sir Eustace Gurney won in the class for those above two years. His steer was breed champion. The champion pen of sheep was produced by Sir Jeremiah Colman and a very fine lot of Southdowns they were. The Suffolks from Carlton Grange were the best of that breed. In pigs the champion pen were Middle Whites from Mr. William Harker. The two weighed 5cwt. 3qrs. and had an easy victory, the reserve champions, being a pen of Cross-breeds, were Large White—Large Black. They weighed exactly the same as the Middle White champions.

THE BIRMINGHAM SHOW.

Seldom have the Midlands produced a show of such all round excellence as that at Birmingham this year. All the classes were well represented, the most prominent of the exhibits being of the Hereford, Aberdeen-Angus, Shorthorn and Welsh breeds, worthily supported

by a fine collection of Cross-breeds, which are especially interesting at a show of fat stock. The King here was a very successful exhibitor: the Prince of Wales, with his representatives from the Duchy, not being so successful. The King won two first prizes, a second prize, the breed cup and the junior championship with Herefords, and a first prize for a young Shorthorn steer. The Herefords were unusually good and the best were the two from Windsor. Sir Hugo, scaling over 17½cwt. at two years eight months, got the better of the heifer Peerless who came within 12st. at approximately the same age. The bullock was awarded the breed cup and was placed third for the supreme championship of the show. Lavender Lass was placed reserve for the breed cup and won the *Birmingham Post* Challenge Cup for the best animal under two years old. The black cattle from Wales showed up very well, the winner of the cup being a steer exhibited by the Hon. Mrs. L. A. Brodrick. He weighed nearly 16½cwt. at two years ten months two weeks. In the well filled Shorthorn classes the Duke of Portland was well to the fore, winning the breed cup with Welbeck Lad, a great roan weighing 16½cwt. at two years eleven months. He was the finest calf from the white cow, Welbeck Lass. Mr. James A. de Rothschild produced a good steer in Waddesdon Star and one equally good came from Major J. Kelsey-Burge in Thanetianion Macintosh. The King's Windsor Rocket beat Major Morrison's Basildon Ernest II and was reserve to the Welbeck steer for the breed cup. Messrs. J. and J. Kay's Lady Elizabeth won against Major Morrison's young heifers, but that was more due to their greater age than to anything else. There were three classes of Aberdeen-Angus and a total of fifteen entries, all up to a very high standard. Major Morrison exhibited his Norwich champion, Elaine of Basildon. She beat Mr. J. J. Cridlan's Jilt 9th of Maisemore, and the two will probably have an opportunity of fighting it out before the judges at Smithfield. Here, as at Norwich, the cross-bred animals were of a high-class, the two most successful exhibitors being Lord Durham and the Duke of Portland. Lord Durham won the breed cup with his young steer, a very handsome black which just missed the junior championship. The young heifer from the same herd, which was at the top of her class, had the better of the Duke of Portland's old steer for the reserve. Lord Durham also came out top in the young class with a blue-grey heifer ten months old. In the sheep classes Major Morrison was the most successful exhibitor, winning the challenge cup and the Lord Mayor's prize with a very fine pen of lambs from Basildon weighing 5cwt. 1qr. 18lb. Major Morrison won the championship in both the cattle and the sheep classes. In the pig section Mr. A. J. Cox won the open championship and the special cup for the best pigs suitable for bacon curing, the breeds being Middle White—Large Black crosses and Middle White—Berkshire crosses.



G. H. Parsons.

H.M. THE KING'S HEREFORD STEER, SIR HUGO, WINNER OF THE BREED CUP AT BIRMINGHAM FAT STOCK SHOW.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON NATIONAL HUNT RACING

IMPRESSIONS DURING THE FIRST WEEK.

THE National Hunt season of racing has opened quite auspiciously. Not always has it been possible to say this at the end of the first week of a new season, but that it is so I have not the slightest doubt. The man who loftily declares that he finishes with racing for the year when Newmarket season ends at the close of the Houghton Meeting does not realise what he is missing in the way of virile sport. There is a spectacle as well as arresting incident in watching steeplechasers take their fences: whether of the plain variety, the open ditch or the water. Or, again, what more delightful than to see the ease with which proficient horses will skim over hurdles as if simply loving the experience. We see some horses bred in the purple labour tremendously when subjected to hurdling. They have no aptitude for it, and do not acquire the knack of flying over the tops of the gorse-covered hurdles with little or nothing to spare. This is the reason that some horses, which are useless on the flat because they are lacking in speed, become champions at the hurdling game. And also why an owner of a failure on the flat never gives up hope until his disappointment has been given his chance at hurdling.

At this opening part of the season we see a rush of new blood endeavouring to win some renown at hurdling. It would not be fair, however, to ascribe the excellent start made last week to the presence of so many hurdling aspirants in the field. The truth is that a great many people are very keen on National Hunt racing, and its popularity is spreading. The taste for it is being accepted with something approaching enthusiasm. It is certainly a new sign of the times. The worst enemy of the winter sport is the weather. It is often so diabolically bad. Newbury last week had to suffer from this cause, though it was a capital meeting nevertheless. Kempton Park was rather more fortunate, but in a general sense interference from wintry visitations of heavy rain, deep going, fog, frost, snow, or biting cold winds have ever to be reckoned with. Mere rain and deep going bothered us last week.

"If there were only in training as many steeplechasers as hurdlers," remarked a very well known trainer, who has trained more than one Grand National winner, "the racing would indeed be great." It is perfectly true there is a pronounced dearth of *bona fide* steeplechasers. No doubt some will graduate, as the season progresses, from hurdles to fences, but there must always be a doubt in such cases. Some trainers prefer to bother only with hurdlers; others find more satisfaction and, doubtless, profit in training steeplechasers. The Hon. Aubrey Hastings and Robert Gore are far more associated with 'chasers than hurdlers, though when the latter had the horses of the late Sir Charles Assheton Smith, he was never without one or two top class hurdlers, that had been acquired for big sums.

Percy Whitaker is probably keener on 'chasers, too. You see, he has ridden them himself for so many years in their schooling and in public. On the whole, there are better and bigger opportunities for 'chasers. The money is considerable, and if you do happen to get one or two really reliable jumpers with stamina and some speed, you can be sure of enjoying your season—that is, if the handicappers do not take a too exalted view of your horses. It is so easy to weight a horse out of a steeplechase; ask any of the trainers I have named. Personally, I think 12st. 7lb. should be the absolute top weight in any class of steeplechase. If a horse can keep on winning under that big weight, well, good luck to him. It means that he is giving away 2st. 7lb. when the bottom weight is 10st., and 3st. in the case of the Grand National.

The agents of owners and trainers in England have long been busy trying to buy 'chasers for reasonable amounts in Ireland, but they have not succeeded. Either the high-class horse they are seeking simply does not exist just now or fabulous prices are being asked for him. One reflects that about the time that such horses should have been bred Ireland was in a very disturbed state, and it is possible that the activities of the small breeders, who in the past have produced the many good class 'chasers that have found their way to England, were seriously curtailed. A revival will, of course, come. It seems a long time ago since such great ones as Jerry M., Cackler, Southampton and others came from Ireland. I think, without question, that Jerry M. was the best steeplechaser that I have seen. He was a great fellow the day he won the Grand National under 12st. 7lb., and yet he was once almost rejected for his wind at a price which the vendor in Ireland would laugh at to-day for a horse not half as good.

An Irish 'chaser who rather impressed me last week is Sir Edward Edgar's Mount Etna, trained by Percy Whitaker. I noticed him first of all in the paddock at Newbury before a small party of them went out for the Open Steeplechase of three miles. Lukeston, who had only recently taken quite well to 'chasing after a useful career as a hurdler, was a short-priced favourite, but, while he tired and began to jump slackly, Mount Etna was always commanding him, and won readily enough from the old Grand National winner, Music Hall, of whom we may not have seen the best that day. What is so much to be liked about Mount Etna is that he is a very fine specimen physically, and that, while he jumps so very well, he

can also stay. I believe he cost a pretty big sum after he had shown some fair form at Baldoy, but soon after coming into his English stable he took to breaking blood vessels. That being so, his trainer gave him lots of time to build up and get strong, and the policy of patience looks like paying well, as it almost invariably does with horses.

Holdcroft won a handicap steeplechase of two miles at Newbury with 12st. 12lb. on his back. For a 'chaser he is about the hottest I know of. He must be all vitality and pent-up nervous energy, which he tries his best to explode in his races. Last week, for instance, he came on to the course in a heavy sweat. It was not sweating weather, let me remind you, but either the horse was funkling the ordeal or he simply could not contain himself. There is nothing of funk in the way he races into his fences and clears them like a deer. The funk you would suppose would be with the rider: only Jack Anthony knows him well and trusts him. So, away they go to the head of affairs. The water jump the horse never has liked, but the open ditch and the rest are taken as if they were hurdles. Never is there a thought of waiting with him because he has a big weight. He must do it in his own unique way, and that is all there is to it. Such horses, of course, do not win Grand Nationals. They have their limitations; but while their powers last they are certainly more like steam engines than usually sober-sided 'chasers.

Mr. T. W. Blenkiron, the chairman of the Kempton Park Company, has a 'chaser out of the ordinary in Le Cellier, and it was appropriate that he should win last week end on this most popular course. So far as I remember, this horse was of little or no account on the flat, and he was no more than just fair as a hurdler, but he has taken to 'chasing in the right way. He showed aptitude for fences a year ago, and now we had him under quite a fair weight winning a two and a half mile steeplechase in the most approved fashion. Maxtoi, a horse with quite a good winning record, was backed to win this race, but Le Cellier just swamped him between the last two fences, and probably caused him to fall in an effort to race him over the last fence.

Lord Woolavington has had varied fortune with the 'chasers bought on his behalf in Ireland. Southampton and one or two others did him very well, but, on the whole, there have been too many disappointments. One such is Sir Huon, who made two appearances at the Kempton Park meeting. He was out to win, of course, if he could, but probably he was also there to show the handicappers how very much he is over-estimated and, therefore, over-weighted. Another well known 'chaser that won during this first week of the new season was Colonel Anthony's Clashing Arms. His was a simple task at Birmingham, but it reminded us that this is a very good horse still.

At this jumping off point in a new season interest is chiefly where the hurdlers are concerned and with the young newcomers to the game. They are the three year olds, which until the end of the year are only asked to compete over a mile and a half. From the moment they become officially four year olds, which happens on the first of January, they must race over the usual distance of two miles. The result is that while the distance remains at a mile and a half there is a general scramble to win one or more of such races with horses whose stamina is open to some doubt. It is a reason why there are bigger fields in this class of race than in any other. For instance, at Kempton Park no fewer than twenty-three competed for the Wimbledon Three Year Old Hurdle event. This is reaching the danger point, and when nothing happens as they charge at the first flight of hurdles you marvel. From then onwards there is a big stringing out, since many are hopeless and others are merely out for the benefit (which is unquestioned) of the experience in public and the schooling. The one who is in despair about such a big field, especially when the going is heavy, is the individual responsible for the upkeep of the course. He knows it is being cut and scarred beyond recognition. It takes an awful lot of getting in order again at the time when grass is not growing.

This Wimbledon race and also one for the beginners at Newbury earlier in the week—there were sixteen runners in this instance—was won by a bright chestnut horse named Golden, owned by Mr. A. Boutall, junr., who has not hitherto had much of any consequence in his ownership, and trained by Walter Earl, who is now taking up the position as private trainer to Mr. S. B. Joel. On the flat Golden has been no better than a selling-plater over short courses, but there is no questioning his fine hurdling ability. Only a horse right out of the ordinary would have won at Kempton Park after being tailed off the best part of a furlong through having made a poor start. He is by Marten, the sire of Dumas and other good winners. Marten is, I fancy, the property of Mr. Thomas Moore at his stud in Ireland. Golden is extremely handsome except for the excess of white about him. Of course, in these races it is perfectly true, as I have already suggested, that many horses are run primarily for schooling purposes, and they are not thought to be fit or proficient enough to win. It is just as well, therefore, to consider this point in appraising the merits of a winner. Yet in the case of Golden I am satisfied he is very good indeed. The Kempton Park race and the manner of the horse's win were more than sufficient evidence.

PHILIPPOS.

THE ESTATE MARKET STRONG AND IMPROVING

THE temptation to survey the Estate Market, if not from China to Peru—a great African auction has just been successfully held in London—at least from January to December, is irresistible in a Christmas Number, and as there is no reason to suppose that anything can happen in the remaining week or two of work in that market to vitiate or substantially modify any general conclusions concerning the trend of business throughout 1924, the moment may be convenient for recording some, at any rate, of the impressions made during a remarkable year. The chief of those impressions must surely be that 1924 will worthily rank with the three or four years preceding it as a period of great activity in all sections of the market and of satisfaction with results. It differs in one important respect, and that is worthy of note, that the indications of the course of business in the estate market in the coming year are unquestionably full of encouragement. There is a feeling of confidence, and prices, while good and improving, are at the same time on a reasonable level. Intending vendors will doubtless hold that the coming year should give good opportunities of realisation to advantage, and a resultant increase of auctions may be predicted. There is nothing like an auction to effect a sale, with its special publicity, and the practical certainty of selling either before, at, or just after it.

Many millions sterling have been again poured into the purchase of landed estates and residences, a cautious advance has been made in the breaking-up of large estates and, while plenty of speculative buying for re-sale has taken place, a vast preponderance of the transactions has reflected the continued desire of those who have not hitherto had land to acquire it, or of those who, having land, desired estates of larger acreage or more convenient situation. Corporate bodies have added their quota to the year's aggregate, and large acquisitions have revealed the intention of institutions in London and elsewhere to move into rural surroundings, or, in at least one notable and recent instance, the view that agricultural land at its present prices offers a sound and advisable medium for permanent investment on the part of perpetual corporations. Farmers are again, after a brief interval of comparative inaction, competing for farms under the hammer.

Never before in the history of the market has there been such alertness on the part of vendors and agents to point out the latent value of land for development. In contemplated auctions of properties in the vicinity, and not always the near vicinity, of towns prospective purchasers have had invitations to consider the value of the whole or part for building schemes. In some cases it may be questioned whether, if building were carried out, it really would not, as has been suggested, impair the amenities of the principal element of the property, perhaps a house of moderate accommodation on two or three acres, any part of which could hardly be dis severed in ownership and control without diminishing dignity if not amenity. Of course, contour or a wooded screen may serve to render new and perhaps small houses unobtrusive, and stipulations may, while not unreasonably meddlesome, secure that what is erected shall be worthy of a good site. The prices obtainable for small detachable areas suitable for one or more good villas have been so tempting that they have turned the scale, and have led in the first place to purchases of places with available sites and then to re-sales of the ripe frontages, the buyer retaining the house and what land he requires.

Despite all that is heard of the difficulty of building, good progress has been noticeable in the covering of sites secured for country houses, and it seems that the local builder knows how to rise superior to the troubles as to labour and materials that afflict his brethren who are engaged in more ambitious schemes in the towns. If much of the work that has been planned and done may not afford a very gratifying theme it serves its purpose, and we are glad to be able to add, from observation of a good many new and quite small houses in various parts of the country, that the aesthetic is not entirely ignored in the quest of the practical and the economical. No doubt that is to the good, not merely of the countryside but of the building owners, who will

find that, if they wish to sell their houses, the beautiful, or at least the artistically designed and well proportioned, dwelling will fetch a much better price than the purely utilitarian.

No reference to building land would be complete without an allusion to the discovery of a large tract of land to the north-west of London. The adventurous had long known of its existence, and one or two, and only one or two, who united capital to adventure, had taken time by the forelock and had bought large areas while it was yet agricultural land. Then the "tube" wormed its way from Golders Green, and Londoners woke up to the rural beauty and the residential charm of Edgware, and in a few months the prices that were obtained at auction, when the discovery was first made, have become ancient history, of small use as a guide to what must be paid now, moderate though they remain, to pick up sites anywhere within a mile or two of the "tube" terminus. Something comparable has happened in the southern suburbs where the "tube" is penetrating, and new centres are springing up in which enterprise is destined to reap profits similar to those that have accrued and are accruing at Golders Green.

Road facilities everywhere, the ubiquitous motor omnibus in particular, are increasing, and the small car is contributing to bring within the ambit of building development places that, even a year or two ago, were regarded as outside the residential range for persons whom business or pleasure drew daily to the towns. "Room for a garage" is the current commonplace where a garage does not already exist. The provision of shelter for cars near railway stations has reached almost the dimensions of a new, though not very remunerative, industry, and an instructive, and somewhat amusing, article might be written on the expedients of the small car owner to make it available for the greatest good of the greatest number of his household. As proof of the extent to which townsmen live beyond the limits of their work, it may be mentioned that at one small station some miles from Liverpool Street as many as sixty or seventy bicycles are accommodated every day.

Prices at auction and privately of the larger estates which have come into the market this year have shown an upward trend, and real increment of land values has resulted.

What may almost be called the spectacular "break-up" of large domains in the year immediately after the war, when these columns were filled week by week with news of the sales of thousands of acres, and publicists played with the "slogan" "England is changing hands," has taken place sufficiently long ago to enable the resultant state of affairs to be gauged. Predictions in some quarters as to what would happen to our great English ancestral homes have not been justified in the event. Many may remember the clichés, "shorn of their broad acres the mansions will fall into decay," and so forth, but it has happened otherwise. From week to week throughout the present year announcements have been made in the Estate Market pages of COUNTRY LIFE of the purchase of important seats for private occupation by those to whom the fact that there was no large area of farms to look after appealed as a distinct advantage. In this respect affairs are tending to a position of stable equilibrium, and the course of events shows an adaptability to new circumstances that must make for the continued vigour and prosperity of country districts. There will be no regrets, because the new occupying owner of farms, and the villagers who have gained a wider vision of the world than ever their forebears knew, no longer look in the traditional spirit of dependence to the tenant of "the great house" to do things for them on the scale that was formerly expected. The change is fundamental, and it makes the country house all the more agreeable to the new owners who also have a new outlook on life. Common interests, however, are not lacking and, broadly speaking, scope can still be found for friendly co-operation between the new-comers to mansions and their less conspicuous neighbours.

Incompatibility with present needs has brought some large mansions under the hammer this year for demolition, but that fate was averted at the eleventh hour in the case of Wood Norton, and may, but more likely may not, be averted as regards a Berwickshire seat that has lately been mentioned in the

Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE. Two noteworthy instances have been recorded during the year of the attempt to perpetuate mansions by cutting them up into flats, but in neither case have the immediate results been very satisfactory. At the same time, the suggestion had its uses, and there is reason for saying that the rather elaborate plans and specifications that were prepared for converting a Midland mansion have found careful students in other places. The cost, however, is heavy, and the difficulty of sub-division is usually almost insuperable. Some mansions of the more modern type have found a new use as country clubs, and the educational needs of the rising generation have served to take three or four more very well known houses out of the market. Institutional purposes are the intention of the buyers of certain other large houses, and this will involve a complete rebuilding scheme as regards some of them and the disappearance of the existing seat.

The smaller country house having a moderate acreage continues first favourite in the market, and many hundreds of them have changed hands during the last few months. Buyers have an amplitude of choice and an inducement in the reasonable prices that are asked. The uninterrupted demand for such properties proves that there is a discreet and commendable appreciation of the benefits to be derived from entry into the possession of established properties—houses that have been well built in the pre-war manner and with grounds that reveal the beauty that has come with the passage of years. It may be interesting to try to make a garden, but the operation is known to take too long to hold out an alluring prospect for most men by the time they have acquired the means and position to enable them to buy a country house. For this reason they are wise in preferring something already formed, for they may find in some degree of replanning all the pleasure they want and scope for the outlay of as much as they can afford.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

A PROVISIONAL arrangement has this week been completed by the Governors of the Foundling Hospital for the sale of that famous establishment and the rest of the estate in Bloomsbury. A great development scheme is contemplated there, and the price provisionally named in the contract is as near as may be a million and a half sterling.

The sale, when completed, will enable the transfer of the school into the country. It is rightly described as being the largest recorded single transaction of its kind in London property.

An illustrated article in two chapters by Mr. H. Avray Tipping appeared in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XLVIII, pages 502 and 534) and gives the most concise and at the same time authoritative account that has been published of the famous school, founded by the old sea captain, Coram.

SALES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

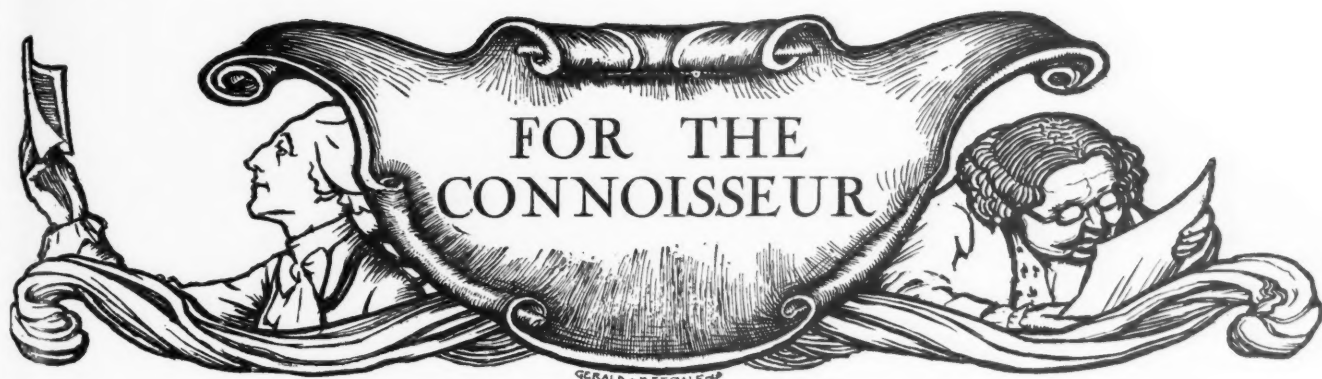
SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., the Home Secretary, has sold Tacolneston Hall, near Norwich, a finely panelled Queen Anne house and 250 acres near Norwich, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., who sold it to him on behalf of a client four years ago.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin's house in Eaton Square is offered, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, at £8,000, or less than half what it has cost the Prime Minister. Another Cabinet Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, has entrusted his town house, overlooking Hyde Park, to Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for sale.

Colworth House and 770 acres found a buyer before the auction, which was to have been held this week at Bedford, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They have also sold Edgware building land during the week, and the remaining portions of Morland Hall estate, Alton, comprising the residence, park and home farm; also Donnington House, near Shrewsbury, in conjunction with Messrs. Alfred Mansell and Co. The Hanover Square firm has sold Colwood Park House, Bolney, 73 acres, and Rotherfield, Reading, Messrs. Nicholas acting for the purchaser of the latter.

Reference to other transactions must be deferred until next week. It may suffice to say that business has seldom seemed more active than in the last few days

ARBITER.



MR. S. B. JOEL'S EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FURNITURE

THE furniture which Mr. S. B. Joel has brought together in his London house covers the period between 1740 and 1760; but to understand the evolution of the Chippendale style it is necessary to glance backward over the previous twenty years. England in George I's reign was governed by a small oligarchy—a Whig aristocracy full of self-confidence, which by securing the Protestant succession had consolidated its power. Of that society, selfish, coarse, ostentatious and entirely worldly, nothing speaks more eloquently than the furniture made for its great Palladian houses. Sober merchants and country squires might still favour Queen Anne simplicity, but for the governing class all must now be cumbersome and magnificent, with ornament on so vast a scale that, visiting their palaces, we seem to have arrived with Gulliver at Brobdignag. It is as if society had sought a symbolism and found one to express its deep conviction that the worship of Mammon shall never be overthrown—great shells, acanthus, and florid festoons for the riches of the earth, the heads of lions for self-reliant strength, satyr masks for the wit of Sir Robert Walpole's table. To find all this they went back to a society closely akin in the ancient world, and compounded a medley from the vestiges of Imperial Rome, set off with Genoa velvets and gilding.

But if Burlington and Kent "restored to art its genuine lustre," it was a lustre soon to be dimmed. Kent's reputation was at its height about 1730, when he was admitted to Pope's circle on almost equal terms. The fashionable world, not content with furniture, urged him to design them cradles and birthday gowns; but they wearied of his inventions before he died in 1748. For a space it had pleased the patrons of art to pretend that they were living in the Italy of the Renaissance: the game ceased to interest them, and French fashions again became supreme. The influence of Boulle, Berain and Marot had given to English furniture of the late seventeenth century something of Continental form and character. During the last years of Louis XIV art was in eclipse, the Court told its beads and repented of its wickedness; but the old King was scarcely in his grave before the style known as *Regence* was born. The sinuous lines, subtle curves and delicate ornament of this new style were well calculated to appeal to those already tired of Early Georgian solidity. Wealthy Englishmen travelling on the Continent saw and admired, and on their return home brought back

furniture from Paris—whence, indeed, they had never ceased to obtain it, and its influence, to a lesser degree, can again and again be traced in the previous twenty years. The English cabinetmakers, faced with a new outbreak of "the epidemical distemper" of French taste, set to work to supply the demand. If the chair (Fig. 1) is compared with those made in the previous decade, it will be seen that by about 1740 the Early Georgian style was already in transition. The finely modelled lion masks are entirely orthodox, but on the cresting the tell-tale French cabochon ornament appears; the splat has lost its vase shape and is opened out into four uprights connected by



1.—MAHOGANY LION MASK SINGLE CHAIR, matching a settee in the same collection. French influence is discernible in the cabochon and acanthus ornament of the cresting. Circa 1740.

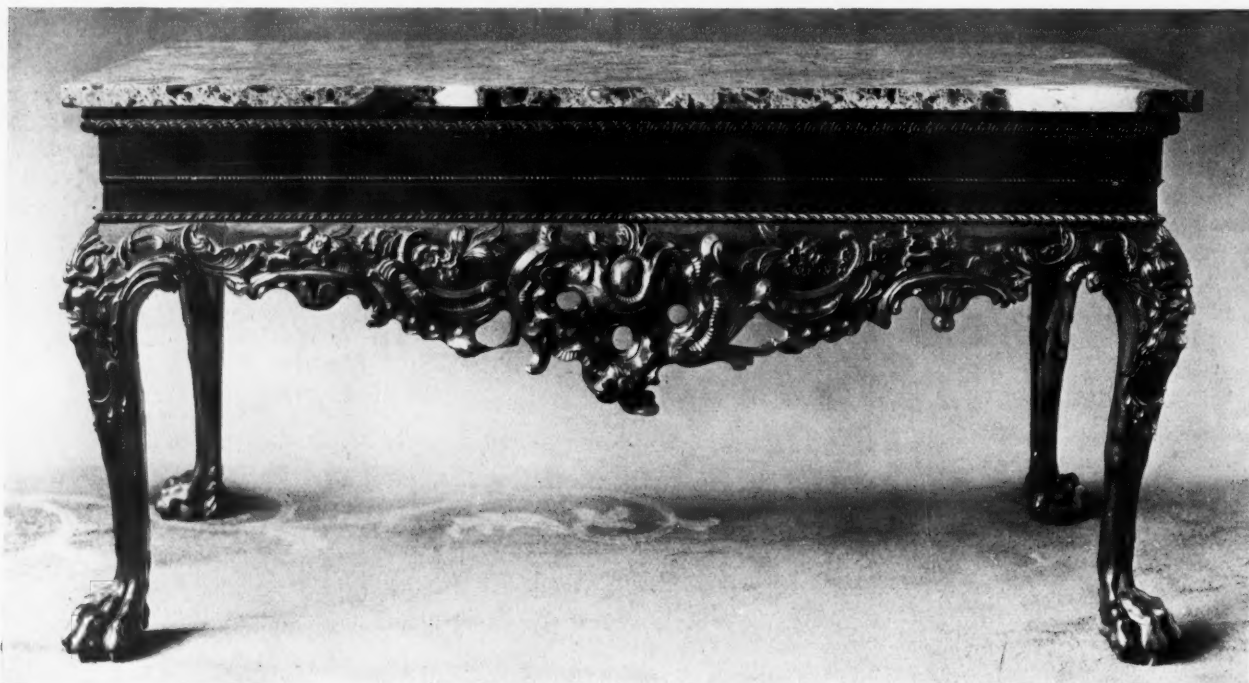


2.—MAHOGANY LIBRARY TABLE supported on cabriole lions' paw feet: the drawers bordered with ribboned acanthus mouldings; the brass handles in French taste. Circa 1745.

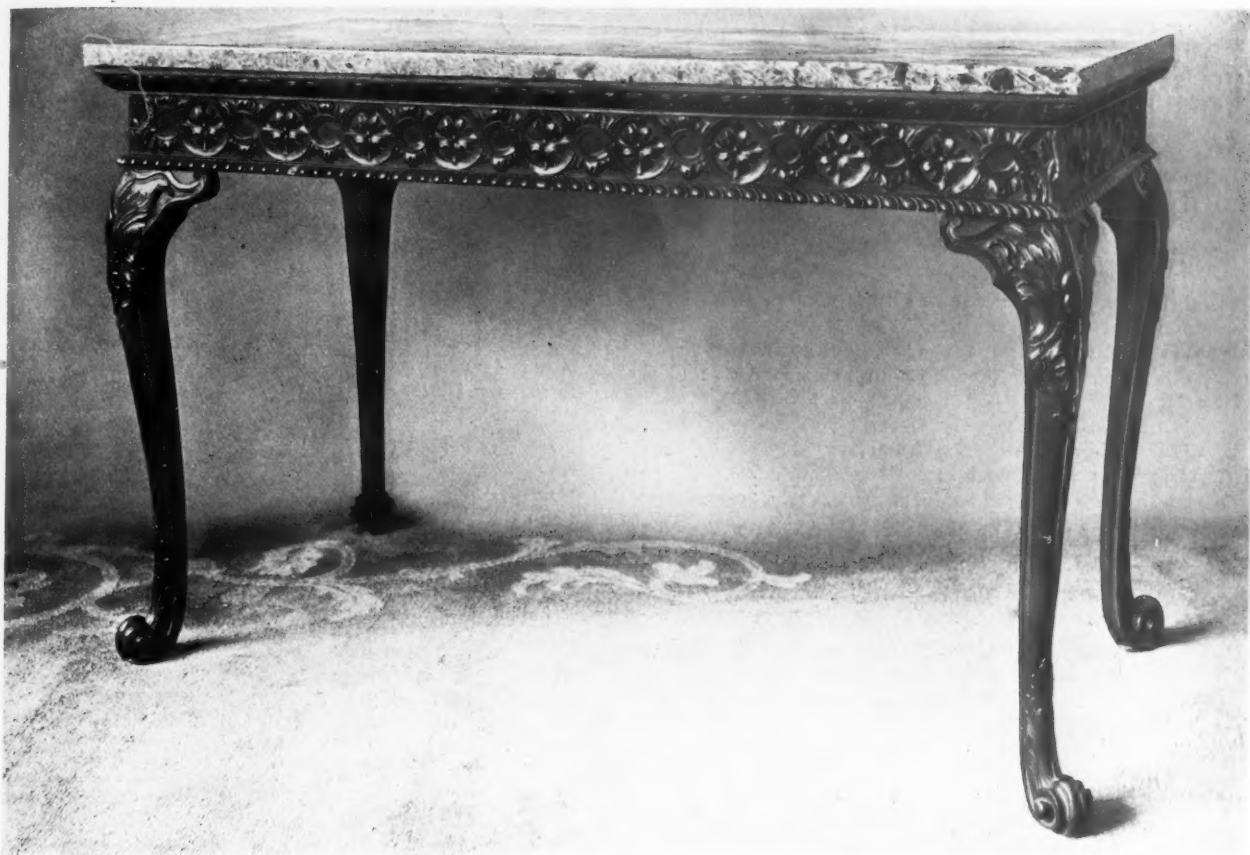
rosettes. Mr. Joel has a double chair-back settee which corresponds in every particular, and at Nostell Priory there is another single chair, evidently from the same set.

It is quite possible that the new style would have remained lawless, inchoate, a mere travesty of the French, had not a craftsman arisen who was to reduce its elements to order and stamp them with a strong national character. That Chippendale embodied in a recognisable style tendencies already active is proved by his book, first published in 1754. He called it *The Gentleman and Cabinet-maker's Director*, as being calculated to assist the one in the choice, the other in the execution of the

designs. Beyond some insignificant ventures, mainly confined to single articles of furniture, no book of the kind had been produced in England—certainly nothing comparable in range and variety. It has been suggested that the "Director" was prepared for Chippendale by another, and that Mathias Darly, the engraver of the plates, was the true author of the designs. This theory is sufficiently refuted by Chippendale's original drawings, of which there are many in existence. He tells us that his pencil has but faintly copied out the images his fancy suggested, but, almost without exception, the plates in the "Director" are far below the level of these



3.—MAHOGANY SIDE TABLE WITH MARBLE TOP. The cabriole legs are headed by Indian masks, and the apron is carved in early rococo taste. Circa 1745.



4.—MAHOGANY SIDE TABLE WITH MARBLE TOP. The carving of the frieze and the slender cabriole legs finishing in scrolled feet are in the style of about 1760.

drawings. The furniture of this period owes its excellence to the successful fusion of diverse qualities—French lightness and elegance blended with English sobriety and reticence. Hitherto French forms had been imperfectly naturalised, now they were translated into English terms and imbued with a simple domestic grace: the translation, never literal, substitutes one kind of beauty for another. Chippendale's designs became common property directly they were published. He was, of course, responsible for only a small fraction of what was produced at the time, but the furniture known to have come from his shop enables us to recognise his distinctive manner.

Mr. Joel's collection shows the style to which Chippendale has given his name, at first in embryo and then fully formed. The library table (Fig. 2) is a forerunner of those illustrated in the "Director." It is supported on sturdy cabriole legs finishing in lions' paw feet, the sides are panelled, and the beautiful handles are in the French taste. After 1750 cabriole legs were discarded for a square moulded base, and such tables were generally made with drawers on one side and doors on the other. A great variety are given in contemporary trade catalogues, and Chippendale writes that "they frequently stand in the middle of the room which requires both sides to be made useful." Although from the nature of their situation this necessity did not apply to mahogany side tables with marble tops, they were even more important pieces of furniture. With the spread of

a less grandiose taste they supplanted gilt console tables as sideboards in large dining-rooms, passing through a remarkable evolution of beauty and grace. Fig. 3 dates from about twenty years after these tables were first made. Below the frieze is the deep apron beloved of Early Georgian designers, once a mere field for the favourite lion's head, but now carved with C scrolls and flowers centring in a perforated French *coquillage*.



5.—MAHOGANY "COMMUNE TABLE" closely resembling a design in the third edition of Chippendale's "Director," published in 1762.

The cabriole legs finish in paw feet, and on the knees are Indian masks wearing an expression of enigmatic gravity—a somewhat incongruous mixture of *motifs* representing the outgoing taste. The second side table (Fig. 4) shows what twenty years of continuous change had effected: the elements of the style are no longer confused, but have now settled down into ordered harmony. The shallow frieze is carved with a familiar Chippendale pattern, and there is a new elegance in the curve of the slender cabriole legs, which finish in scroll feet in place of lions' paws.

Screens of the type of Fig. 6 were, according to Chippendale, known as "Horse Fire-Screens" to distinguish them from the variety on a pole and tripod stand. The needlework is of earlier date than the frame, almost too early to be by one of that circle over which Mrs. Delany presided with reproachful reminders that covers for furniture "begun so long ago" were not finished yet. The stitches are fine and the blend of colours beautiful, but the lady who worked it was not very happy in her treatment of figures: they stand amid their flower-strewn meadow like two dummy boards strayed out of a long gallery. Sometimes these screens framed a panel of tapestry from the newly established Fulham manufactory, of which Bubb Doddington pronounced the productions to be "very good but very expensive." There are many of these screens in existence, varying in excellence, but small examples of what Chippendale calls "commode tables" are rare indeed. They were for dressing or writing, and, like his commodes, show a determined attempt to capture something of French elegance in furniture of this kind. Fig. 5 closely resembles a design on Plate LXVII in the third edition of the "Director": Chippendale proposed either nine or three drawers, and here there are four. "Specious drawings impossible to be worked off," said his critics; but if we suppose this table to have been made at the famous shop in St. Martin's Lane it supports Chippendale's contention that he was able to improve on his designs, "both as to Beauty and Enrichment in the execution." In the matter of enrichment he has, perhaps, gone a trifle too far, but the treatment of the scrolled acanthus carved apron connecting the legs with the drawers is masterly. Among Mr. Joel's smaller pieces of furniture are an attractive pair of candlestands, made about the same date as the commode table. Such stands were used to support candelabra, and supplemented sconces and chandeliers in the lighting of large rooms. In the "Director" they are largely represented, ranging from the comparatively simple to the extravagantly ornate. This pair belongs to the former category, and are partially gilt with the burnished gold which Chippendale says "will have a very good effect."

RALPH EDWARDS.



6.—MAHOGANY FIRE SCREEN framing a panel of *petit-point* needlework of earlier date. Circa 1760.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PLATE AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS

By E. ALFRED JONES, M.A.

READERS of previous articles in COUNTRY LIFE on the old plate at the Church Congresses of 1922 and 1923 will have noticed that pious women figured frequently among the donors of precious old silver, often cherished family things, which they bestowed upon the Church in their lifetime or bequeathed at their death. A rare Edward VI cup of 1551-52 was the gift of a widow to a Hampshire church; while a Nuremberg cup of 1540-80 was "The Gift of the Women" to Bromley-le-Bow Church. The rare chalices in Lichfield Cathedral and in the parish church of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, dated 1670-71 and 1676-77, were presented by the Countess of Huntingdon of the day. In the first part of the present article an account was given of silver vessels, given by the Duchess of Richmond and Lennox and the Duchess of Lauderdale to two churches.

These precious gifts are mentioned by way of introduction to the many pieces of plate presented by godly women to churches and exhibited at the Oxford Church Congress. First in date (after the gifts of the above duchesses) is the elaborate and massive service, the gift in 1663 of the Duchess Dudley to Pattishall Church, near Towcester, with a threatening proviso against alienation by churchwardens or any other officer or inhabitant of the parish, therein recalling the curse in the inscription on the celebrated cup at Pembroke College, Cambridge, "Qui Alienari Anathema sit." This service consists of a chalice with its paten-cover, a massive flagon, a paten and a "bread bowl," and all are embossed with acanthus leaves and flowers in the bold manner characteristic of Charles II plate (Figs. 1 and 7). Supporting the sacred monogram, a conspicuous feature of three of the vessels, are standing figures of angels, also in high relief. The

chalice only is hall-marked, for the year 1663-64; the other vessels are not marked. The flagon in its form and in the large embossed flowers and acanthus leaves recalls the noble pair of flagons of the same date which were sent by Charles II as a present to the Czar Alexis of Russia in 1663, with much other valuable plate. Enlightenment as to the precise use of the fourth piece in this service is afforded by the following entry in the parish register of Bidford in Warwickshire: "... her Grace the Duchesse Dudley hath freely given and bestowed a large flagon a breade bowle and a great chalice etc."

In his interesting illustrated article on "Archbishop Laud and Church Plate of the Seventeenth Century" in COUNTRY LIFE for October 21st, 1922, Mr. W. W. Watts suggests that all the groups of plate presented by the generous benefactor, the Duchess Dudley, to various churches were of the mediaeval form, believed to have been revived by Laud. The Pattishall service is later than most of these mentioned by Mr. Watts and is of such a very different character as to suggest that the Duchess was no longer under Laudian influence in ritual, if ever she was. She was the wife of Robert Dudley, son of Queen Elizabeth's favourite courtier, the Earl of Leicester, who abandoned her. The unhappy lady was created Duchess of Dudley by Charles I in 1649 and died in 1669, just six years after her gift of this great service of plate to Pattishall. Her daughter, Lady Frances Kniveton, followed her example by presenting services of silver to several churches in Derbyshire.

With the rare flagon and "steeple" cup in All Saints Church, Oxford, mentioned in the first part of this article, is a great plain silver flagon, of the same form as, but more massive than, the Duchess of Lauderdale's flagon illustrated in that



1.—CHALICE 1663-64. FROM
PATTISHALL.
Height 9½ in., diameter 5½ in., paten
cover 1½ in. high.



2.—TANKARD 1678-79
AND DISH 1671-72.
Wylle, Wilts.



3.—LARGE CHALICE AND PATEN
COVER, 1661-62.
From Ickford. Height 9½ in.,
diameter 5½ in.

article. It was made in 1673-74, and its history is fully explained in the following interesting inscription, surmounted by the donor's arms in a lozenge and the coronet of a baroness:

To
The Service of Almighty God,
AND
The use of ALL-Saints Parish in the City of OXFORD
THE
GIFT OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Susanna Baroness Grey of Ruthen
In Memory
That the body of her Generous, Loyall & Religious Father
Charles Longueville Baron Grey of Ruthen,
(Who being in his Maties Service in the time
of the late Rebellion; & dying in this City)
WAS DEPOSITED IN THIS CHVRCH,
Till such time as it was removed
TO EASTON
In the County of Northampton:
WHERE IT NOW RESTS
Expecting a Joyfull
Ressurrection.

The total height is 12 ins. and the original weight marked upon it is 56 oz. 12 dwt. It was made by the same goldsmith as a flagon of a different shape in Chester Cathedral. Charles Longueville, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, a devoted Loyalist and supporter

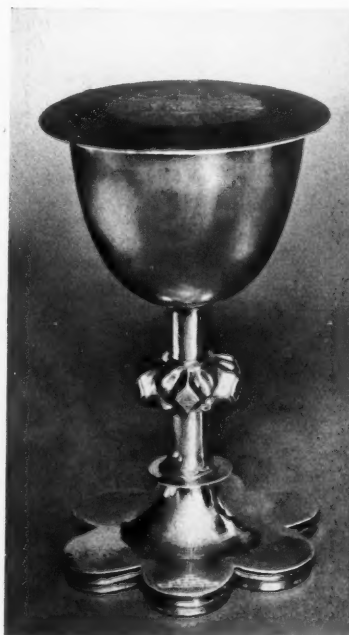
of Charles I, died at the King's Garrison at Oxford on June 17th, 1643.

In striking contrast to the Duchess Dudley's ornate chalice is the massive plain chalice with its paten-cover, dated 1661-62, in the church of Ickford in Buckinghamshire, inscribed:

Ex dono Gilberti Episcopi Londini nup Rectoris de Ickford in Com Buck

This is one of the largest chalices known, the height being no less than 9½ ins., the diameter of the mouth 5½ ins. and of the foot 5½ ins. The paten-cover is inscribed "Ickford Communion plate." The donor, Gilbert Sheldon, at that time Bishop of London and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was Rector of Ickford from 1636 to 1660, except for the period of his ejection during the Commonwealth (Fig. 3). Surprise has been expressed at the great holding capacity of this vessel: in forgetfulness of the vigorously enforced ordinance of the time that all the parishioners should communicate at least three times in the year, particularly at the great festivals of the Church—Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide.

The elaborate decoration predominant in the plate of Charles II is again apparent from the great silver-gilt flagon of 1672-73, 13 ins. high, in the church of Easton Maudit, County Northampton—the burial-place of Lord Grey de Ruthyn, commemorated in the inscription on the flagon mentioned above. This is a departure from the more common type of cylindrical shape prevailing at the time. The decoration, as will be observed from the illustration (Fig. 9), consists of the conventional acanthus



4.—CHALICE FROM STEEPLE ASTON,
AN EXAMPLE OF "LAUDIAN" DESIGN
Height 5½ ins.



5.—BLEEDING BOWL, 1686-87.
St. Mary's, Oakley. Brill.



6.—CHALICE, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY,
PROBABLY FLEMISH.
Burford, Oxon. Height 5½ ins.

leaves, cherubs' heads and clusters of fruit. It is inscribed "For ye Church and Chappell of Easton Mauditt."

Exhibited with the pre-Reformation chalice from Wylle was a large plain tankard of the year 1678-79—another instance of domestic plate presented for ecclesiastical purposes (Fig. 2). The contemporary arms of Stevens are engraved upon it: On a bend three garlands. Crest—a demi-lion guardant holding a wreath, and the motto: "DABIT DEUS HIS QUOQUE QUARTUM." Below the arms is the following inscription:

DEO TRIN-VNI, OPTIMO, MAXIMO, POCVLVM HOC ARGENTEVM DAT, DICAT, CONSECRATQVE JOHANNIS STEVENS HVIVS ECCLESIE DE WYLL RECTOR, IN VSVM SACRAMENTALEM IN COENA DOMINI. ANNO DOM: 1686.

The donor, the Rev. John Stevens, was rector of this parish from 1664 until his death in 1701. A plain silver circular dish, 11½ ins. in diameter, engraved with the rector's arms impaling those of his wife: On a chief two mullets, was presented the year after his wife's death. It is hall-marked for 1671-72, and bears the same inscription as the tankard, except that the words "PATINUM HANC ARGENTEAM" are substituted for "POCULUM HOC ARGENTEUM".

An addition is here made to the list of Charles I chalices made under pre-Reformation influences in design, at the suggestion, it is thought, of Archbishop Laud. This little silver-gilt chalice, only 5½ ins. high, has a "mediaeval" knop on the tubular stem, engraved on the six diamond-shaped projections with the



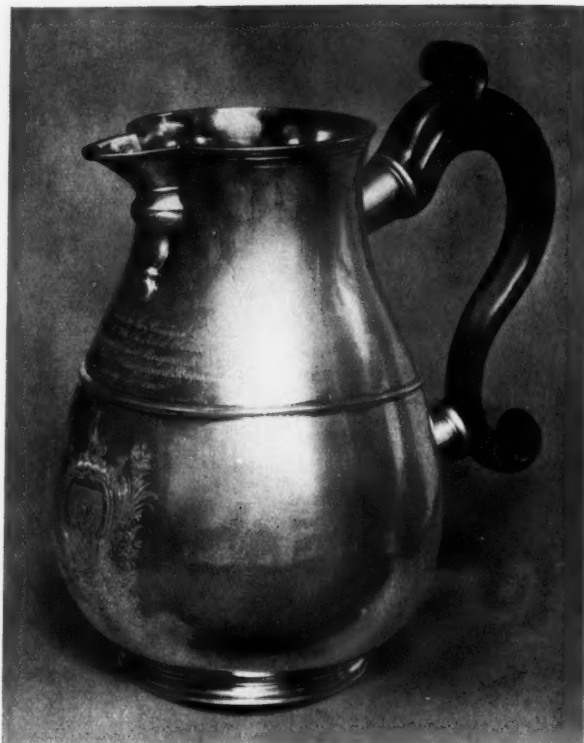
7.—FLAGON, COMPANION TO FIG. 1. CIRCA 1663.
The Duchess Dudley's gift to Pattishall. Height 13 ins.

sacred monogram alternately with the monogram "M R A," with a heart below. The sexfoil foot has been inspired by a chalice of about 1515. Instead of the usual Crucifixion on the foot there is a plain cross. The plain paten, which is 3½ ins. in diameter, is engraved with the sacred monogram (Fig. 4). It belongs to the Church of Steeple Aston, where there is a beautiful cope of the fourteenth century, enriched with Scriptural scenes and martyrdoms of the Apostles, which was one of the many vestments mutilated or wholly destroyed by the fiery zeal of the reformers. One noticeable departure in these "Laudian" chalices from their pre-Reformation prototypes is in the shape of the bowl, which resembles one of the little old English tumbler cups rather than the wide-spreading bowls of English chalices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

A curious vessel for a church is the next illustration (Fig. 5). It is a silver bleeding bowl of 1686-87, as used by surgeons in the days when bleeding was regarded as a remedy for most human ills, but given to the service of the church as an alms basin. The initials of former owners, W. I.R., are pricked upon the pierced handle. It belongs to the Oxfordshire church of St. Mary's, Oakley.

One more piece of domestic plate, a massive plain beer jug, is in the church of Twyford, Berkshire (Fig. 8). The handle is of wood, the height is 9½ ins. The following inscription is engraved upon it:

This piece of Plate was given by the Principal Inhabitants of the Parish of St. Mary in EXETER To John Walker D.D. the Rector in Testimony of their

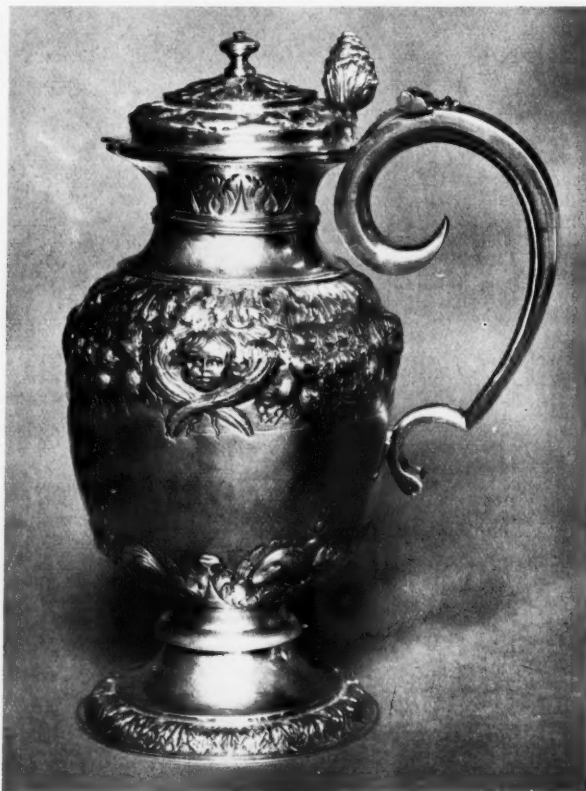


8.—SILVER BEER JUG, EXETER, 1722-23.
From Twyford, Berks. Height 9½ ins.

Respect A.D. 1720. And to perpetuate the Memory of their regard Bequeathed it to the Heirs of his family for ever.

Below the inscription the arms of Walker of Exeter are engraved in a "Chippendale" mantling of the middle of the eighteenth century: [Azure] a griffin segreant [argent] a border engrailed ermine. Crest—A greyhound sejant, collared and chained [or]. Motto—CANDIDE ET CONSTANTER. I. Elston of Exeter was the maker of this fine old jug in 1722-23. The parish records would probably reveal the donor's name.

Foreign plate included a small plain silver chalice and paten of the seventeenth century, probably Flemish, exhibited by the Vicar and Churchwardens of Burford, Oxon, with an English sixteenth century mortuary helmet and an Italian chalice of the fifteenth century. The former is engraved with a crucifix and is 5½ ins. high (Fig. 6). The plain paten is 3½ ins. in diameter and



9.—SILVER GILT FLAGON, 1672-73.
Easton Maudit. Height 13 ins.

is engraved with the sacred monogram. There were also a tall pair of German silver candlesticks, 28½ ins. high, decorated in repoussé with cherubs' heads, clusters of fruit on a tripod base, and variously described as Italian and Spanish. Each candlestick is inscribed:

THE CHURCH OF
ST. MARGARET
LEIGH DELAMERE
WILTS

All doubt as to their country of origin is settled by the marks upon them—the pine cone of Augsburg and an unknown maker's mark, "IM," in an oval punch, of the second half of the seventeenth century. The church of Leigh Delamere was entirely rebuilt in 1846 by Joseph Neeld of Grittleton, lord of the manor, who had bought these candlesticks in London a few years previously and presented them to the church.

Reference has been made earlier in this article to the old plate presented by women to churches. From the old Abbey

Church of Tewkesbury came a plain flagon of 1733-34, engraved with the arms of the donor, Mrs. Elizabeth Dowdeswell. An earlier piece, in the form of a salver on a stand with a gadrooned edge, dated 1701-2, was the gift of Martha Gough to Bushbury Church in 1737. It is exactly like one of the year 1699-1700 exhibited as the gift of Henry Long to Steeple Ashton Church; Mrs. Anne Long of Rood Ashton bequeathed a sum of money to this church in 1649, and a silver chalice was bought; this was exhibited at Oxford. Sir Humphrey Foster and his wife "ye Lady Anna Foster," gave a Charles I chalice to Aldermaston, Reading.

Among the interesting exhibits at Oxford were several English "mortuary" helmets of the sixteenth century, two or three complete with their crests, from different churches.

I have to thank the clergy and churchwardens for permission to illustrate their treasures in this article, and Mr. J. H. Hart, the organiser, and Mr. Littleton Hay, the curator of the loan exhibition, for many courtesies.

FOUR FRENCH WORKS OF ART

AN interesting light was thrown on some of the great French artists of last century by a recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. The most important work present was the newly discovered Daumier, "L'Emeute." This is one of the very few paintings by the Master on a large scale with life-size figures. Inspired probably by the revolution of 1848 and memories of earlier risings in which the artist had taken an active part, it is yet the very opposite of a political cartoon. Daumier is here not taking sides, nor revealing the right or wrong of a movement, but expresses impartially and with deep sympathy and understanding the human interest of the crowd. And yet how easy it would have been to get a collection of types, perhaps historically correct, but meaningless artistically if the artist had only gone in search of character, had only aimed at recording a fact like so many painters of wars and revolutions have done. The subject does not easily lend itself to artistic treatment, an expression of disorder, of the forces of destruction let loose in the world is not easily combined with the unity and cohesion necessary in a work of art. Daumier has surmounted these difficulties by going to the root of the matter rather than recording the

outward manifestation. The wild enthusiasm of the principal figure, the leader of the mob, is expressed in the powerful diagonal formed by his shoulders and raised arm, which is repeated in order to still further accentuate the general movement of the crowd in the dark and stooping figure on the left and in the receding line of houses on the right. Only about half a dozen figures are clearly defined, but the idea of a vast number of people all moved by one impulse, though through a variety of different motives, is splendidly suggested. The characterisation of the miserable, half-starved figures, some like the youthful leader filled with such high hopes that the inward fire almost lends beauty to his wretched physique, others blindly following, gives life to the linear and plastic composition. But it is Daumier's power to give the utmost expression with the greatest rapidity and economy of means that makes him so singularly successful in a subject like the present one.

Though sometimes connected with the romantic movement, Daumier is in reality an isolated figure, showing little dependence on earlier styles of painting and foreshadowing rather the extreme simplification of the modern movement. Very different in this respect are the methods of Degas as shown in the highly



H. DAUMIER: "L'EMEUTE."

interesting painting of two heads which figured in the same exhibition. It is a copy, and in many respects an amazingly faithful copy, of a picture in the Louvre ascribed to the school of Gentile Bellini. Few modern painters have devoted as much of their time and of the best of their ability to copying Old Masters as Degas. Every style of art from the classicism of Poussin to the elegant grace of Lawrence attracted him, and we find by the side of his most realistic rendering of present-day life, like his subjects of the toilet or of the racecourse, these ever recurring motives from the Louvre. The picture before us may be described as an exact rendering of the original in the handwriting of Degas. The composition, the drawing of details, everything except a few arbitrary changes in colour, have been retained, but the touch is different. This nervous, elongated brush stroke, so characteristic of Degas, and the result no doubt of his habitual practice of working in pastel, is the only modern factor which modifies the Venetian composure of the original and without any apparent alteration lends a new spirit to the work.

Even more surprising in its divergence from the artist's typical manner is a piece of sculpture by Gauguin. It is one of the very earliest artistic experiments of that strange personality, who was a few years hence to throw up a prosperous business in order to devote himself entirely to art and who persevered in spite of having to suffer the most severe privations, until finally he turned his back on European civilisation and gave free rein to all those primitive instincts which he had inherited from his Creole mother and which had been fostered during the years of his



GAUGUIN: "HEAD OF MADAME GAUGUIN."

childhood spent in Peru. These primitive leanings, however, were not to appear in his art before he had learned to express himself in the language of his day. A striking instance of the perfection which he achieved in the broad grasp of form combined with infinite delicacy of modelling and tenderness of expression is the marble head of his wife, Mme. Gauguin, at the Leicester Galleries. It was executed in either 1875 or 1876 when Gauguin, while accumulating much wealth by speculations on change, began to collect modern pictures and to spend his evenings and Sundays in the practice of art. He was then living at 74, Rue des Tourniaux in a house rented from the sculptor, Bouillot, in whose studio Gauguin sometimes worked and whose influence is probably discernible in this marble. Though strangely different from the rude carvings of the artist's Tahitian days, this beautiful head already shows how deeply he was moved by a penetrating, dreamy gaze so frequently occurring in his later works, especially in painting.

To pass from these profound, thoughtful and soundly executed works to the shimmering landscape by Sisley is like coming out of a room peopled with strong personalities into the open air, into the solitude of a sunlit garden. Light and atmosphere, and the vibration of life are the chief concerns of the artist in this case. No problems of expressive form, or even of composition, distract him from rendering with the utmost suggestiveness the appearance of the scene, and since paint is not capable of giving the full range of tone found in nature, he has recourse to the optical delusion produced by the juxtaposition of pure colours, thus giving the impression of greater luminosity



E. DEGAS: "DEUX TÊTES D'HOMMES." (16½ ins. by 24 ins.)



A. SISLEY: "LE LOING A MORET."

than would have been possible had they been mixed into compound tones.

The characteristics of the four works of art which we reproduce in these pages, a deep sympathy with humanity and power to express the same in plastic form, a study of the principles of composition as revealed in the works of the Old Masters,

but adapted to modern technique, an understanding of form which is both broadly decorative and subtly expressive, and a devotion to the evanescent charm of light, these are among the qualities which have produced the modern movement in France and have given distinction to the best among contemporary artists.

M. CHAMOT.

CARVED RED LACQUER

IN FURNITURE AND ORNAMENT.

AMONG the fine handicrafts which the Chinese have made their own, carved red lacquer holds a peculiar position of interest, for even those who have not mastered the alphabet of Chinese art and symbolism can appraise this difficult art, demanding from the craftsman a long apprenticeship of patience and the fine Oriental precision of touch. Each of these great pieces, tables, vases and boxes, must have been the work of months. As Gautier writes, the artist should try his strength against "rebellious" material, gold, bronze, enamel; and to these should be added carved lac, in which the Chinese, as Le Comte wrote in the late seventeenth century, "perform with a very few instruments and plain engines what our artificers in Europe do not execute with almost an infinite number of utensils."

The basis is, in almost every case, wood, though there is a vase lacquered upon porcelain, and a jardinière upon metal in this collection in Messrs. Spink's Oriental gallery. Upon this base is first laid a lacquer composition; then a coarse linen or hempen cloth. After this the lac is applied in successive coats, until the required thickness is built up. Though the dominant colour is that of the outer surface—cinnabar red in three-coloured lac—an intermediate thickness of dull sage green is used for certain details, while the ground is buff-coloured. The piece is then handed to the carver, who cuts away the surface to the ground, and carves the ornament in relief.

While the majority of available pieces date from the revival of the art in the Peking factory under the Emperors Kang Hsi and K'ien Lung, some rare early specimens show the art fully developed. Such is the large table in this collection, which was, from the leading *motifs* of its decoration—the five-toed dragon, the symbol of the Emperor, and the phoenix, the Empress's symbol—made for Imperial use. The table-top has as its central feature a twelve-lobed compartment on which the five-toed dragon ascends on the right of the central sacred lotus, while to the left, a seven-tailed phoenix descends. The space between these two creatures and the border of this compartment is filled by the lotus foliage and flowers. In the four angles between this inner compartment and a rectangular border are six-tailed phoenixes and a flower filling. The border itself has the descending hierarchy of four-toed dragons alternating with five-tailed phoenixes on a ground of lotus flowers; and similar dragons and phoenixes are carved on the faces of the three long drawers which extend the entire depth of the table. The over-sailing top is supported by pierced and carved brackets, and below the drawers is a panelled surface and pierced brackets. The legs, which rake slightly outwards, are carved with floral detail. This piece has been ascribed by an authority to the Wan-Li Period (A.D. 1573-1619), and from its importance and early date would be a valuable addition to the national collection at South Kensington.

A second table, without drawers and of exceptional design, dates from the revival under the art-loving Emperor Kang-Hsi,

The top is 2ft. 9½ins. square, and the legs are cut into scrolls of characteristic form. Upon the top, sides and outer faces of the legs is distributed a naturalistic design of grape vine in fruit, with squirrels seated among the trails. This all-over and varied ornament is rounded and plastic in modelling, entirely distinct from the usual sharp-cut detail. The Imperial factory must have had no slack moments in the sixty years' reign of K'ien-Lung (1736-96), who abdicated three years before his death in 1798. Carved lacquer furniture was made for his palace—screens, tables, chairs, and couches; and his Imperial throne, probably the largest single piece of carved lacquer in existence, is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The pieces of this period which are here illustrated came from the Summer Palace of Yuan Ming Yuan, Peking, in 1860. The pair of vase-stands in three-coloured lacquer, which also came from the Summer Palace, are exceptionally interesting; the five-lobed top, which is in flat inlaid lacquer of a brocade design framed in a key-pattern border, rests upon five legs of cabriole form, meeting in the centre in shaped scrolls rendering the phoenix; the two-tiered plinth and the sides of the top are carved with lotus flowers and foliage, and with the *svastika*. Another object from the Summer Palace is, again, of peculiar form. It is a pagoda, the roof of which, hung at the angles with bells, lifts off to disclose a jewel tray, and the second balcony of the pagoda also lifts off. The hip rafters and the newel caps of the balustrade are also of bronze; and one end of the middle stage is fitted with two doors which, when open,

disclose three jewel drawers running the whole length of the pagoda. The lacquer is red, with the exception of the ground of the floral panel in the centre, which is blackish-green. A stand for a jewel in red lacquer, which is carved in a free style, represents five-toed dragons clambering out of waves on to rocks and up to the clouds above, where the summit is hollowed out to receive the sacred jewel—in this case a sphere of glass.

The circular box of four-coloured lacquer is a very fine example of cutting, the depth of the relief exceeding a quarter of an inch. Every detail in the design is symbolical. In the top is seen the Shou Lao, the God of Longevity, seated on a rock by the shore, with his stag and an attendant with a crooked staff contained in a circular medallion within the character denoting spring—longevity and spring being sought-after blessings in the Taoist scheme of things. This symbol hovers over a bowl or basket filled with Taoist symbols of happy augury, from which rise ribbed and diapered emanations in fan form. To right and left are two dragons among clouds, the right-hand dragon carved entirely in the red plane, the left-hand creature sunlit to the green plane except for his prominent midrib. The sides are enriched with scenes in four panels upon a dark green and yellow diapered ground. Not only is this box unusually deep in cutting, but the decoration is carried out in four colours—an outer red layer, then dark green, then auvergne, and finally a buff. This third colour, auvergne, which is extremely rare, is used on the panels round the sides.



TOP OF A TABLE, RED LACQUER.
2ft. 9½ins. by 3ft. 11ins.



RED LACQUER STAND FOR CRYSTAL BALL.
Height 20ins.



RED LACQUER TABLE CARVED WITH THE IMPERIAL DRAGON AND PHOENIX.



RED LACQUER VASE ON PORCELAIN BASIS.
Height 14ins.



CIRCULAR GIFT BOX IN FOUR-COLOUR LACQUER.
Diameter 20½ ins.

The cover for a five-lobed box, resting upon a five-legged stand, is also interesting in detail. It is entirely of red lacquer; the sides are diapered and carved with panels of vases and flowers. The box enclosed, which is of inlaid lacquer of varied colours—green, slate-blue, red and black—contains a set of six smaller boxes of the same inlaid lacquer, of which the central box is decorated with three peaches and the five outer boxes with the five bats (*fu*) indicating the five blessings of longevity, riches, peace, love of virtue and a happy end. This is, in every way, a delightfully finished object. In a four-lobed box the lid is carved with a panel of



FIVE LOBED BOX AND STAND IN RED LACQUER.
Height 6½ ins.

birds among trees, while the sides are carved with panels of fruit, such as the "Buddha's Hand" citron, and with the eight symbols of happy augury. The unusual amount of buff ground of the green ornament gives this example a very varied colour effect. Two cap-stands in red lacquer are decorated with brocade patterns and with scroll foliage. A tablet case of red lacquer, which is carved with five-toed dragons, was evidently prepared with great care for use, but the blue sheets upon the yellow silk leaves have never been written upon with gold ink; the last four leaves of the tablet are yellow paper sprinkled with gold leaf.

Among monumental pieces are three vases, of which the two smaller, a pair (one of which is here illustrated), have the body carved with the eight Buddhist lucky symbols spaced at equal distances on a ground of lotus scrolls. The pair of fish seen in the centre are emblematical of felicity and fertility. The vases, which are of rich red lacquer upon a blackish green ground, are of fine quality and are extraordinarily heavy. The larger single vase is deeply carved in three-colour lacquer with horizontal bands of ornament, the body panels being decorated with conventionalised bird forms, while the small ornate handles terminate in a stag's head.

A gracefully shaped vase is lacquered in red upon a porcelain basis, a very rare feature; and the top and base are bound with gilt bronze. The carving is everywhere deep; upon the neck are carved sea-dragons pursuing their course among waves, while upon the body the seated Buddha is represented in meditation, and a disciple. An inscription runs as follows: "Eulogy of the Lohan, composed by the Emperor."

In his left hand he holds his Indian scroll-bag
In his right, a set of food bowls.
At home or abroad, sitting up or lying down,
He will never be separated from them or put them aside.

Long ago when Buddha was in the world
He saved this hoary old man
By preaching the Law in a voice as powerful
As the roaring of an angry lion.

Actually the old man carries a bowl in his *left* hand, in his right a *vajra*, the thunderbolt emblem. The carver, who was supplied with the verses, evidently misunderstood the terms used in the inscription.

A second inscription relates to the Buddha:

EULOGY OF THE LOHAN, COMPOSED BY THE EMPEROR:

His tense posture and clasped hands
What secret power do they imply?
He who has signs and he who lacks signs
[i.e., outward signs of Buddhahood]
Which is the true patriarch?
Behind his head is the round disc,
Like the moon just at its full
The service of his feet he needs no more
And has kicked off his straw shoes!

The Buddha's shoes, indeed, are seen neatly laid aside in the carving.



VASE OF THREE-COLOUR LACQUER.
Height 23 ins.

FURNITURE at the BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB

THE English furniture exhibited this winter at the Burlington Fine Arts Club is not narrowly limited to a period; it is, however (if we except two fine oak pieces), almost entirely of walnut, a wood, as Charles Estienne writes in the "Maison Rustique," "good and kindly to work, to make fine pieces of work because it is smooth and polished of its own nature." In date the Gothic standing cupboard lent by Captain N. R. Colville takes precedence, dating, as it does, from the early sixteenth century. The front has two rows of panels with an openwork door in the centre of each, the upper panels are carved with open work, marvellously perfect, the lower, on linenfold. The spandrels below are carved with a characteristic leaf filling. The top has been renewed, otherwise the piece is in remarkable preservation.

The second oak object is a late Elizabethan oak table lent by Mr. William Burrell, which rests upon six massive bulbous legs elaborately carved and jewelled; the frieze, which has a gadrooned border, is also richly treated with winged human masks between panels of inlay of naïve design.

The development during and after the reign of William III in finished use of walnut veneer for wall furniture, such as bureaux, cabinets, fall-front desks upon stands, also for settees and chairs, is fully shown at the exhibition. In pieces of fine quality, richly figured wood or burr wood was employed in the most visible portions of the furniture, while straight-grained veneer served to overlay less prominent parts.

One of the most delightful and delicate exercises in the architectural manner is a tall and narrow bureau cabinet from Mr. Percival Griffiths' collection. The carcase is of oak, but the drawer linings—a very unusual detail—are of walnut, and the front and interior are overlaid with carefully chosen burr veneer. The piece stands upon short cabriole legs finishing in claw and ball feet, and the door of the upper stage is fitted with a bevelled mirror-plate, as was customary with fine secretaires. The contrast of the gilt limewood frieze and enrichment of the scroll pediment is highly effective. The upper stage, when the

door is opened, has in the centre a pedimented cupboard in which the entablature draws out as a shallow tray, while the capitals of the Ionic pilasters are gilt. On either side of this central cupboard are vertical partitions. In the desk portion there is also a centre cupboard flanked by pilasters with gilt metal Corinthian capitals and bases. Equally good is Mr. Griffiths' hoop-back chair, also veneered with burr walnut, in which the splat, which is connected with the back uprights, is carved at each side with acanthus, and, where the ornate cresting is carved, with acanthus centring in a shell relieved against a punched ground. The kneehole dressing-table in the same collection, which is a rare and interesting piece, is veneered with burr walnut, while the fluted and console-headed pilasters are cut out of the solid. When the top is lifted up a looking-glass and sunk compartments for toilet accessories are disclosed; but when closed this piece has the appearance of a kneehole writing-table. It dates from about 1735, and was used by Lord Byron at Newstead Abbey.

Mr. Griffiths also lends two barometers and a mahogany magnifying glass in a carved circular base contained in its original oval case. Upon the bottom of the drawer is a tradesman's label inscribed: "Matthew Loft master at the 'golden spectacle' the backside of the Royal Exchange." A portable and independent barometer by Daniel Quare, one of the greatest English clockmakers, is notable for the finish of its ormolu mount and expansible feet. It must date soon after 1695, when Quare obtained his patent for this type of barometer, which, according to his specification, "may be removed and carried to any place though turned upside down, without spilling one drop of the quicksilver or letting any air into the tube."

Of miniature furniture there are a walnut gate-legged table and a high-backed armchair in painted beech, the latest note among the furniture in the exhibition is the miniature Regency harp inscribed: "No. 1933, manufactured for Lady Domville by F. Egan, Dublin, harpmaker to his most gracious Majesty Geo. IV and the Royal Family."



GOTHIC STANDING CUPBOARD. EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY. LENT BY CAPTAIN COLVILLE